

Til min Kjære Edward.
fra hans Broder

Adolph Drenth.
(A. Alexander)

Chis
Juli 1876.





The Amateur :

A

PRIVATE MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
ADOLPH BRANTH.

VOL. II.

JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1876.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE AND TWO PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE ENTIRE PROFIT (Page 262) HAS BEEN DIVIDED
BETWEEN THE GLOUCESTER INFIRMARY
AND THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE EYE
INSTITUTION.

Gloucester :
PRINTED AT THE OFFICES OF THE "GLOUCESTER STANDARD."
1876.

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The Amateur :

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

VOL. II. No. 1.] JANUARY 1st, 1876.

[Price 6d.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, AFTER DEDUCTION OF
PRINTING EXPENSES AND POSTAGES, WILL BE APPLIED
TO CHARITABLE OBJECTS.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS! and we also sincerely wish our readers a Happy New Year.

May the glad tidings which the angels, nearly nineteen centuries ago, proclaimed to the sin-burdened earth be of comfort to all! It cannot be expected that "the Amateur," on its way from house to house to friends far and near, will find a "Merry Christmas" in the domestic circles of all; one may be depressed by sickness, another saddened by the loss of a dear friend or relative, but we do hope that this Christmas may be BLESSED to those burdened by sorrow and adversity, yea, that it may be BLESSED TO ALL!

24th December, 1875.

COMFORTED.

I sought the house of prayer
 In sorrow deep,
 Feeling that even there,
 Grief would not sleep.

"COME LET US SING"—Ah no!
 Forgive, to-day!
 Sweet chant and music flow—
 One voice away. . . .

"WE PRAISE THEE, LORD"—not yet
 Can thus I feel;
 My cheek with tears is wet—
 Still, let me kneel.

"BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD"—
 Alas! my heart
 Is piercéd with a sword,
 Its "songs" depart.

Hark! faith in "I BELIEVE"
 Looks trem'bling up—
 Yea, meekly, I receive
 This bitter cup!

"LIFE OF THE WORLD TO COME:"
 Surely—God sent!—
 My heart no longer dumb,
 Adoring bent.

"LIFE OF THE WORLD TO COME:
 The "raiséd dead,"
 A voice from that bright home
 Where He has fled.

"LIFE OF THE WORLD TO COME."
 In that to share,
 Shall be the total sum
 Of all my prayer!

LITTLE ROBIN.

THE LILIES IN THE GARDEN.

On a radiant summer morning,
 I walked through a garden bright ;
 Where the roses and geraniums
 Glowed beneath the new-born light.
 Dewy turf, like emerald gem,
 Sparkling in a diadem.

Through the ranks of gorgeous flowers
 I paced slowly—with my eyes
 Well nigh dazzled by the colours—
 Every turn a new surprise.
 While in spires of purest snow,
 Tall white lilies stately grow.

They were fair and very lovely,
 But they shone not like the rest ;
 Ruby roses, purple pansies,
 Calceolaria's golden vest,
 And beneath, the blue lobelia
 Might be counted with the best.

Like a band of rainbow glory,
 All the flowers together blend ;
 Like a beautiful life-story
 Harmonized from end to end ;
 They looked up, to greet the sun,
 From their places one by one.

For the sun had brought their beauty
 Forth in wondrous power to-day,
 He had painted the sweet petals,
 With their varied colours gay,
 And they blessed him for his shining,
 Smiled in answer to his ray.

Not the less, I loved the lilies,
 But their flowers were very pale ;
 Here and there, a drop of amber,
 Lay within their snowy veil,
 Like a blossom on the breast,
 In dead hands we cross to rest.

Fair, they were, and next their whiteness,
 Brighter colours, well were set ;
 Seen against the crimson roses,
 These most crimson seemed to get—
 O, that garden in the sunshine !
 All its splendour haunts me yet.

But the day wore on to evening,
 And the great sun sank to rest ;
 Stars came forth, like countless treasures,
 Hidden in the sky's deep breast,
 And the twilight hushed the sleepers
 In the cradle and the nest.

Once again I paced the garden,
 Where at dawn, my feet had trod ;
 Very dim the turf beneath me,
 Gray and sombre looked the sod,
 Spangled now no more with dew-drops,
 Pure as souls gone up to God.

All the colours rich and glorious,
 That had met my wondering gaze ;
 Ruby roses, purple pansies,
 Shining in the sun's bright rays.
 All had vanished, all had fled,
 Blossoms colourless instead.

But beyond like nothing earthly,
 Stood the lilies pure and white ;
 Gleaming out amid the darkness,
 Clothed like spirits, with the light,
 In a strange ethereal beauty
 Breathing incense to the night.

So in days of joy and brightness,
 I have seen the glad and gay,
 Basking in the sun of pleasure,
 Always happy, while they may—
 But when storms of trouble sweep,
 Often then they fail and weep.

So in times of pain and trouble,
 I have seen the pure and fair,
 Rise to bless us with their goodness,
 Steadfast in their love and care,
 Wearing round their foreheads white,
 Aureoles like the saints in light.

Lilies these, in God's own garden,
 Lost in glare of noon-tide bright ;
 Scarcely noticed, little heeded—
 Till the shadows of the night
 Close around—then they are seen,
 Shining out in spotless sheen.

Lilies these, which stand revealed,
 Where the darkness spreads its pall,
 Like good angels sent to help us,
 Lest our faltering footsteps fall ;
 Whispering, when we faint and tremble,
 Love supreme is over all !

Let us bless God for His sunshine,
 And the glories it may bring ;
 Flowers of youth, in rich luxuriance,
 Like the blossoms of the spring ;
 But if darkness o'er us steals,
 Learn the beauty it reveals !

Stately lilies, fair and gracious !
 Rising out of shadows, dim
 Ye have brought to me sweet lessons,
 Of the power, that dwells with Him,
 Who across the gloomiest night
 Sends a ray of Heaven's own light.

EMMA MARSHALL.

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HENRY AND OTTILIE.

A narrative, in fragments, written in German by A. ALEXANDER,
translated by OLIVE FANSHAW.

THE Ball was over, and the delight of dancing had been so great that the day had dawned unperceived. The beech trees stood in their fresh green foliage and the early notes of countless singing birds, mingled with the cheerful voices of the guests. Henry, a young sailor, who was one of the dancers, was always interested in the study of nature. He had caught a butterfly of varied colours, and this apparently engaged his attention, far more than the lively chatter going on around him. To decide to what class his captive properly belonged, seemed to him an all-absorbing topic, and wrapped in thought, he scarcely noticed that the guests were already on their way home. It happened that Ottilie, a shy little girl to whom no one had paid much attention, was left behind, and Henry's native chivalry was aroused as he saw this young girl so entirely forgotten, and at once, without wasting many words, he offered her his arm and followed the others. Ottilie, who was reserved and not communicative in a crowd, became lively and bright in her conversation, when with one or two people. As Henry's disposition was similar, it was not surprising that an animated flow of words soon began, and that the topics were more sensible than those generally discussed by people who can always talk—more for the sake of talking, than to express what is really in their hearts. Henry, in his profession as a sailor, had already seen much of the world, and he related with ease and animation the little adventures of his travels. Ottilie thought his graphic description of the celestial beauties, with feet, two inches long, quite charming. She laughingly proposed that he should make his permanent home in such a heavenly country, and Henry thought, that with an angel like Ottilie, he could easily do so, but he kept his thoughts to himself.

In the meantime they had reached Ottilie's home, and Henry had to take leave of her.

From that day an entire change passed over Henry. All his thoughts were concentrated upon one object:

Ottillie! Everything beautiful and good recalled her to him. All that was bad and sinful, he hated more intensely than ever. He saw her often, but his conversation was no longer unconstrained—for on that beautiful morn, the early sun of love had shed its mild beams upon his heart. Ottillie was evidently pleased with Henry's attention, and unawares, her young heart began to thrill with the first sweetness of early love.

"If we still lived in Paradise, with what beautiful harmony life would glide on! There every want would be provided for, in Paradise the word 'money' would find no place in our vocabulary, we should not be obliged to swallow bitter prosaic pills so often, in order to enjoy the poetry of life!" These were Henry's thoughts one morning before he again sailed—and yet he acknowledged that work and work alone can keep us contented. The consciousness, throughout our daily struggles, that we must work in order to obtain that which, we as free men, enjoy, and hope to enjoy, is just what gives us the most perfect satisfaction. The hope of tasting some day the fruits of our toil, makes us joyful at the time. The highest happiness must be to enjoy the present moment, looking forward trustfully to the future, making us feel independent of fate.

But did he do this? did he look forward trustfully to the future? His love for Ottillie was deep and sincere, and to possess her seemed to him the pinnacle of human happiness, but how could he ask for her hand, while he was not in a position to support her? He felt sure she was attached to him, but was the love in her heart as true as that which glowed in his? He might bind her by a successful wooing, but was this right and in accordance with his love, which should only desire her happiness? How uncertain did that future appear, which he wished to ask her to share with him! If she loved him as he loved her, she would remain his first and true love, without having given him a promise, upon that point he was convinced, and he decided not to propose to her.

It can easily be imagined that the farewell was a trying

one to Henry. He tenderly pressed Otilie's hand, a tear glistened in her eye, which he saw, but he controlled his feelings, though the remembrance of this parting was often present to his mind, when far away from her he loved. He dreamed over and over again, when on his weary travels, of the days gone by, and he often seemed to hear the echo of her last farewell.

Henry's duties called him amongst other places to Batavia, here he fell ill. A violent fever confined him to his bed for many weeks. During this time the fever prevented the exercise of his reasoning faculties. In the height of his delirium he saw all sorts of wild pictures. One night he had a singular dream. He dreamed he was close to the entrance of a large palace. The sound of beautiful music floated towards him, while within there appeared to be bliss and happiness. What overwhelming joy it would be to gain admission to this glorious abode! He knocked—and instantly an angel stood by him, he bore a quiver full of arrows, and snowy wings completed the appearance of this heavenly vision. In his hand he had an arrow, which he offered the astonished Henry.

"Thou comest alone!" said the angel, "alone thou canst not enter into this scene of bliss. Dost thou love no being on earth to whom thou wouldst sacrifice all thou hast in this world?"

Henry thought of Otilie. "Yes" said he, "I love a kind and gentle maiden, for her I would sacrifice everything; Otilie is her name."

Scarcely had he spoken the words, when he saw as through a mist, yet clearly and distinctly as in the brightest sunshine, the figure of Otilie in the far distance; by her side an angel resembling his companion, with snowy wings and a heavenly expression in his lovely eyes, he was playing on the harp and Otilie seemed enraptured with his song; he thought that he had never seen her so fascinating.

"Is she the one for whom thou wouldst give up everything," asked the angel?

"For her I would give up my life," answered Henry, "all, everything on earth!"

"Keep thy word, and the choicest happiness on earth

shall be thine, go into the castle and behold there the true blessing which accompanies pure love. The felicity that thou seest there awaits thee. Thou shalt be rewarded for thy self-sacrifice by such blessed harmony."

Bewildered with happiness, Henry listened to the melodious music which resounded through the hall, and an ardent longing urged him to be there, where the purest love made a beautiful harmony. He saw Otilie and longed to fly to her, which was to him the highest possible bliss! He advanced a few steps—and awoke!

From that time his sleep was quieter and more natural. His physician soon permitted him to return to sea, and in a short time he was well and cheerful as before.

Years have passed away since that event. Henry came back and found Otilie still free and true to her first love, and now he felt justified in soliciting her hand; Otilie assured him she had long secretly loved him, and overflowing with happiness he pressed the first kiss on her lips.

Through diligence and ability Henry gained his position as commander of a large ship, and brought his young wife to China. After a time, circumstances admitted of his settling there with his wife, where they still live, happy in each others love.

When a friend enters their hospitable doors, he is received with a hearty welcome, and often do they speak of these passages in their past life. Otilie declares that the same day on which Henry lay ill, and had the wonderful dream, she was thinking anxiously of him—thus that very hour, the angel appeared also to her, sheltering her with his wings, singing to her his strain of comfort and hope, and no doubt occasioned the noise which frightened her so much on that eventful night. Otilie persists in saying, even now, that she was awakened by a sound in her room that night, and when she got up in order to see what it was, she thought she heard Henry's voice and knocks downstairs. Her fancy being overwrought, her excited frame of mind helped to give her such a profound impression of this event,

that she still believes that a "spirit"—something intangible, but real, occasioned these knocks!

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Here our little story closes, it may not be thought unworthy the perusal of the readers of "the Amateur" for it is founded on events, which actually occurred to friends of the author.

As "the Amateur" will reach the distant shores of China, where Henry and Ottilie still live, the author would fain express his hope, that Thorwaldsen's two angels, which accompanied the original MSS. in German, may still preside over the domestic bliss of his friends in their far off home.

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

Sing to me now, my wind-enamoured lyre

A quiet song; I am but heavy-hearted.

My face is pallid as a burnt out fire,

My eyes are hot with sorrow and vain desire,

For love and I have parted.

I come back sad to you, sweet comforter;

Awake, and soothe me, and let me sleep or dream.

Sing not of her, nor of the days that were.

Nay, and why not? sing on, sing only of her;

I love no other theme.

Of all songs else for what song should I yearn?

Rests one unsung wherein some pleasure lies?

Or what new sorrow is left me yet to learn?

Back to the flame that burned me I return,

Too fond, too little wise.

I listen: and catch your meaning as you sing:—

—"Out of the east ascend both morn and night,

And soon the night is queen where day was king;

So out of love delight and sorrow spring,

But sorrow o'ertakes delight."—

This is a right true saying. Well, what more?

—"Life turns to gall the honey of by-gone years

And memory weeps for laughter gone before.

Thus all delight proves bitter at the core,

And mirth is mother of tears."—

Lo, now you say a true word. Well, say on :

—“What sing the old singers of love’s birth of yore?
A daughter of the sea, whose ceaseless moan,
Whose bitter savour and treacherous wiles are known,
Should love prove glad, sweet, sure?”—

Behold! your words are wisdom. None of these
Have I found love. But, sweet, take up your part :
—“Men may live smiling, breaking jests at ease,
While sorrow o’ershades the soul, and troubles seize
And feed upon the heart.”—

Now surely here is truth. But sing again :
—“Let not a man form hopes or nurse desires.
Oft shall he miss the end of all his pain.
Mark too the moth, who labours to attain
The lamp’s fallacious fires.”—

Alas! most piteous end. Yet one more strain :
—“The sweetest flowers their cups with poison fill.
Joy holds pain’s germ; but neither seed nor grain
Pain bears of joy : excess of joy is pain;
Excess of pain, pain still.”—

Ay, this is true. What sad things you repeat.
Sing now of her for whom these tears are shed :
—“Love’s cup is bitter; leave the dregs of it.
Forget. Turn back from fields where shadows flit,
Shadows of sweet days dead.”—

Lo, now your song has said a foolish thing.
How shall I turn away whom love has bound?
Or how forget, whom sorrow’s clinging sting
By day, or in the night remembering,
Smites with a still fresh wound?

Your counsel jars and grates upon mine ear.
Look, now I shall relax your culprit chords,
Undoing all your music; lie you there,
Robbed of your voice, and found no longer dear,
Because of foolish words.

The mute winds fan my face. How silently
 The moon is stealing on her journey through
 The dreaming stars. Away, sick memory!
 Alas! poor harp, if night so sadden me,
 I yet may turn to you.

F. WYVILLE HOME.

THE STORY THE OAK TOLD ME.

I DWELL on the skirts of a large forest; many are the friends I have in it, for I love its leafy denizens, and sitting quietly amongst them, listen to their old-world-stories as I understand their language in its varied tones.

My favourite tree is the stately oak, and one of the stories, I am going to tell you, was rustled forth by it on a quiet summer evening, when even the giddy gnats stayed their dance to listen to "the king of the forest's" simple story.

My memory extends years before the present generation, in their stately mansions, encroached on the borders of our forest, when, in a cottage close by it, a poor man, and his wife lived.

One day, as he returned from his work, the man found a woman, who had sunk down on the road overcome by exhaustion. Poor as he was, he was charitable, and, took her to his hut—there she died leaving a baby—a little girl. The poor people buried the mother, but then arose the question what to do with the child? Their own children, being grown up, would not allow them to keep it. At last, they resolved to ask the advice of the lady of the manor. Their path lay through this forest, and on their way they rested on a felled tree which was near me—thus I learnt their story.

On their return, I heard them praising the lady much, and I gathered from what they said, that she had offered to adopt the child—provided no relations could be found—and to bring it up with her own. I saw the dear little one taken to the house the next day, and, as it passed, I drooped my branches and kissed its cheeks, saying, 'Dear

deserted little one, be happy, we all love thee'—it smiled, and I knew that there was in its being, a chord we also possessed.

The baby grew into the child, and she often came here with her young companions, who made the woods ring with their laughter. She, however, would soon leave them, and creeping under some of our thick foliage, would think—and strange dreams would flit across her little mind, and she would speak aloud and tell them to us—and we understood her—though she understood not herself.

I believe I was her favourite—do you see on this side how some of my branches touch the ground? that is because she prayed me to form a hiding place for her—and I tried to do so. I loved her dearly—she was a strange child, unlike the others, who were always merry, laughing, chattering, fidgetting creatures—often in the midst of her mirth a cloud would overshadow her face—she would steal away from her playfellows to me, with a book, or come and earnestly ask why, and, how, different things were?

Yet do not think with all this she was amiable—oh, no!—she possessed a proud, fierce, and if roused, obstinate spirit. As a child, when in punishment for some fault, she would come and tell me how she really had tried to be good, but how she had failed, and sobbingly add why she had failed she knew not, for she had asked God to bless her, and enable her to become good, but she supposed He would not, for she was so bad. Her feelings were easily hurt, instinctively, she felt herself to be different from those around her, and, though she never told anyone, she felt all the little speeches that were made to her. I remember, when she was about ten years old, she came in great distress, and told me that some cousins of her brothers (such she called her adopter's children and they called her sister) were staying at the house, and she having called one 'cousin' he replied, "that can't be, for you know you are not Aunt's child, you are *only adopted*, and therefore *not my* cousin;" and the girl added, "dear oak, he looked so coldly at me and turned so away from me, that I looked as if I did not care, till I got out of sight, when I had a good cry and ran to you. I felt so lonely

because he did not care for me; I felt sad also to think others would say the same." About this time she used to wish to go home if God would let her.

Thus she grew up to girlhood—she never read child's books—always older ones—and she read much of celebrated, and, clever, women; she read, and had her dreams. Why could she not be something great? Oh! how she wished to do some glorious deed, and, die. Poor thing! she was far from being clever, and, though we loved her much, we acknowledged that from a very pretty child she had grown into anything but a pretty, or, handsome girl—but yet with all this she wished to make her name (mind, not herself, but her name) celebrated.

Soon she learnt more about her own history, and found that the friends, with whom she seemed surrounded, were not hers but her adopter's. That the children, as they grew up, looked on her with a pitying—not a loving eye. Heard too, from several people, that 'she was a child of charity'—thought much of what she heard—knew that by and by, when her adopter was gone, she should be alone in the world and have to make her own way in it—*believed* (mind I say believed, for she was not certain of it) *believed*, from what she heard one day, that not only was she an adopted child, but that she was also a child of—, a child such as good people pass by on the other side, with a shrug of their shoulders, and say 'poor thing' to a child without a name. Then she put aside her desire for fame with a little sigh and a little murmur, but added: "It is better so, it will teach me to give up greater things,"—and it *was* better for her, dear child. One day she told me, she had seen a picture of herself when a child, and looking in the glass saw how altered she was, and doubted if her adopter loved her so much now—poor child, she knew not what she said, she had begun to mistrust everyone. About this time she thought of her path in life—traced it out as it must be—told me that she never would be a cloud in the life of anyone, or a blot on the name of any person—how she rejoiced in her freedom, and would never be in bondage to anyone—(not knowing she was in bondage of her own pride). I smiled, for I knew human nature better than she.

A little time after, she had her resolution tried. There was one whom I noticed she never spoke of, if she could help. She brought books as in olden times to read, but often the book would be laid aside and she would muse, and I noted it. One day she wandered here with her book, he found her, and what passed you mortals can easily guess; suffice it to say that here she carried out her resolution, told him of herself—told him what she believed she was—that she would never be a hindrance in any man's path—never a stain on any man's name—bade him gain his way and make himself great—and then take to himself some well and honourably-born woman—bade him go—and he left her there. She came under the shelter of my drooping branches, and none knew the agony of the time she spent there, but myself. She conquered herself. Some weeks elapsed before I saw her again, and when I did so, she was no longer a child—she was a woman—her character was changed—she saw her duty plainer, and did it—she was not so proud—she tried to help the poor—quietly she pursued her path and all children loved her. In a few years she heard of his marriage—met him after he had won his way to an honourable post—heard him spoken of with respect—saw him with a happy wife and merry children—was very happy, and thanked God heartily, joyously, and sincerely.

Her dreams were realised—she was left alone—her kind adopter died. She left this part of the country, and some years elapsed ere one day I found her with us again. She talked to us as in olden times—told me how she supported herself—how happy she was in doing her duty—how she tried to smooth the road of others—how she had succeeded—and that now her hair was grey and her face had lost its freshness, she was expecting to be called away—and had come to see *us*, her oldest and dear, dear, friends, before she died—and then with many tears she left us.

We see many things that are denied to you mortals. A little time after, two white forms hovered over us—the eyes of one rested lovingly on us for a moment ere it passed away—and we knew that she whom we loved was
AT LAST AT PEACE.

SYLVIA.

A SIGH.

Farewell to my lover tender !
 Farewell to my friends and kin !
 Away with the false delusions,
 Away the works of sin !

I come with a wrung heart wailing,
 Oh light of that dear face grave !
 Let me touch but the hem of Thy garment,
 For that were enough to save.

It was Thou, oh Father ! who sent Him
 From the glorious realms above ;
 Love called Thy dear Son from Heaven,
 It was love, it was nothing but LOVE.

Farewell to my lover tender !
 Farewell to my friends and kin !
 Away with the false delusions,
 Away with the works of sin !

GOLDEN GREY.

SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE.

MANY a time, since the death of this great man, have I been asked who was Sir Charles Wheatstone? What has he done for us? The best answer is, to ask a few questions: Who was Archimedes? Aristotle? Bacon? Newton? Priestley? Watt? and Faraday? I would then say that Sir Charles was one of these shining stars, which at times in the world's history have come forth to illuminate our intellectual darkness.

The early life of our hero does not seem to be matter for publication; Born at Gloucester in 1802, and educated at a private school—that is all we can learn about him! Perhaps his father, who was a citizen of Gloucester, held an unimportant position, and our chroniclers are silent about

the early life of young Charles, hoping that the brilliancy of his career would not be dimmed by the obscurity of his origin.

Well done chroniclers! ye are wise men in your day. But, shame, shame, that it should be so. We conceited English folks talk of caste in India, and yet think less of the noble scientist because he once wielded the hammer. Look back to the lives of the men who have most benefitted humanity, and have done most to secure that commercial prosperity which we now enjoy. Shakspeare was an actor; Faraday, a printer; Stephenson, a pit-boy; Miller, a stone-cutter; and yet these men, with hundreds of others, rose to the highest and proudest positions.

In 1823, then only 21 years of age, we find Charles Wheatstone in business, on his own account, as a musical instrument maker, in London. In the same year, he wrote an article, on "New Experiments in Sound," which was published in Thompson's *Annals of Philosophy*. In 1827, two papers appeared in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* on "Experiments in Audition," and a "description of the Kaleidophone;" in 1828, he contributed another paper to the same Journal, entitled, "Resonance of Columns of Air," which attracted considerable attention from the scientific world, and prepared men's minds for the great discoveries which the author was destined to make. "Transmission of Sound," was the subject of his first paper to the Journal of the Royal Institution; this was quickly followed by two, read before the British Association in 1831, the first on "Purkinje's Figures," and the second on the "Theory of Bernoulli's Wind Instrument."

But his first great discovery was the determination of the velocity and duration of the electric discharge, by means of rotating mirrors. This was the subject of a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1834. The experiment was performed, as follows:—the inner and outer coatings of a Leyden jar were connected by a copper wire several miles long, which was cut through in three places, one in the middle, the others near the jar, the cut ends terminating in knobs, separated from each other about a quarter of an inch. When the jar was discharged through the wire, sparks appeared at each of the gaps, which to the

unaided eye appeared simultaneous, but when seen reflected from a rapidly rotating mirror, the middle spark was later than those at the ends. Knowing the speed of rotation of the mirror, and the displacement of the spark, the velocity was easily determined; this was found to vary with different arrangements, between 100,000 and 200,000 miles per second.

In 1834, Wheatstone was appointed Professor of Experimental Philosophy, at King's College.

In 1835, he read a paper before the British Association on "The Prismatic decomposition of electric light," and explained that the bright bands, thus obtained, were due to the metals between which the sparks were passing, and not to the electricity; this discovery has been of the utmost value to the spectroscopist, although not generally attributed to Sir Charles Wheatstone. At the same meeting, he read a paper on "Imitation of Human Speech by Mechanism," which will, no doubt, be the means, at no distant period, of enabling our unfortunate dumb brethren to convey their ideas in an audible manner.

In 1836, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and read a paper, entitled "Contributions to the Philosophy of Vision;" this led to the discovery of the stereoscope. Now I can see some of my readers smiling, and saying to themselves, "only a toy." True, but a child's toy will very frequently determine the child's position in after life. Very few scientific instruments have given more harmless enjoyment than the stereoscope.

Dear reader, have you not felt the difference between a visit to an acquaintance who has nothing but wine, tobacco, and small talk, and one who possesses a stereoscope, microscope, or a telescope. If Wheatstone had done nothing else but invent this charming little instrument, he had deserved well of his fellow men.

But from this time till his death, the number of papers contributed to various societies and publications were so numerous, that it would weary the unscientific reader to go through their titles. In 1855, he was appointed a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, by the Emperor of the French, and in 1868, received the honour of knighthood from her Most Gracious Majesty.

I have, however, reserved till last, the great discoveries by which he will be remembered until we fall into that savage state which some wise folk think possible.

First then, comes the Electric Telegraph. In 1836, Wheatstone entered into partnership with Mr. W. F. Cooke, who had been on the continent and conceived the idea of transmitting messages by electricity. In these two men we had all that was required to carry out the most complex ideas. Cooke was an excellent mechanician, and Wheatstone, a profound philosopher.

Taking advantage of the important discovery of the great Danish *savant*, Hans Christian Ørsted, (that a current of electricity passing through a wire parallel to a magnetic needle, would deflect the needle) they devised an arrangement by which signals could be transmitted from one point to another; and in June, 1837, completed a telegraphic system on the London and Blackwall Railway. The greatest tribute that can be paid to the memory of these excellent men, is to say, that their arrangements, as then devised, are in use to-day.

The partnership, however, after five years of good work, was dissolved; and we now find Wheatstone working alone.

His next step was to devise a telegraph, in which a pointer was made to indicate the letters of the Alphabet, instead of employing the deflections of the needle; the electricity being obtained from the rotation of a coil of wire before the poles of a bundle of magnets.

This invention has done more to extend the telegraph to private houses and warehouses, than all others. We may therefore, hope that at some future day, every house will be supplied with its telegraph wire, and when one is desirous of hiring or purchasing a residence, it will be an anxious enquiry as to the condition of the wires.

We now come to the consideration of an invention, which, outside the scientific world, is very little known, and even by young students of electricity is regarded as a very difficult matter. I refer to the so-called "Wheatstone's bridge, or balance." A metallic wire, such as is used to convey electricity, may be a good or bad conductor, just as different substances vary in their conducting power for

heat. To the practical telegraphist, then, it becomes important to determine between them. By means of the Wheatstone bridge, this may be done as easily as the same wire could be weighed in an ordinary balance. But passing from electricity, we must not forget the elegant little Photometer, which, although far superior to those in general use, has been somewhat despised. It consists of a small silvered bead, made to move quickly to and fro, by a train of multiplying wheels; when the bead is placed between the lights, which are to be compared, the reflections from the two sides will vary if the two lights vary; if, however, the lights be equal, the strips of light will be equal also. Now all that is required is to square the distance on each side, and the relative intensity of the flames is determined.

The discoveries I have mentioned, are only a few of the many which have been made by Sir Charles Wheatstone, but I am sure they will be sufficient to make any resident of Gloucester proud that Sir Charles was a Gloucester man.

He died at the Hotel du Louvre, in Paris, and was buried at Kensall Green Cemetery. His coffin bore the inscription:—

SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE,
DIED OCTOBER 19th, 1875,
AGED 73 YEARS.

Farewell, Wheatstone, we have lost thee in the flesh, but let us hope we may meet thee in the spirit!

G. EMBREY, F.M.S.

TO MY WIFE.

My fair young wife, your lustrous eyes,
Bright as the stars above;
Once shyly glanced into my own,
And taught me how to love.
When wearied with the world's hard strife,
And tired with cares that be,
Still like the stars those eyes shine out,
And draw me home to thee.

Once on a time your pretty hand
 Gave me a rose to wear,
 With loving words, and payment sweet
 I took the flow'ret fair.
 When saddest thoughts oppress my mind
 And troubles pain me now,
 That tender hand falls soft and cool
 Upon my throbbing brow.

And when the "May" was white with bloom,
 And birds sang soft and clear,
 You spoke in gentle voice of hope—
 A hope to me most dear.
 My wife's sweet voice still comforts me
 And counsels gently too,
 The kindly comfort, ever free
 The counsels good and true.

Your husband, but your lover still,
 No other heart I prize,
 No rose in other cheek I see,
 No light in other eyes!
 Your husband, but your lover still,
 My wife, my sweet, my love,
 Till death shall part us here on earth,
 To meet in heaven above!

JULIUS GREY.

A GAME OF CROQUET.

(A SKETCH.)

"WHO are those two bright-looking girls playing croquet down on the lawn?" said my friend, as he laid aside his newspaper, and looked out of the open window in the reading room of "The Hotel," at the quiet watering place of——

"I believe they must have come from fairy-land, they look so light and airy!"

"Let us go and join them; do you play croquet?"

"No! I think it is a stupid game, only fit for curates and old-maids, I cannot see anything in it."

"Never mind, we have nothing else to do,—come along."

"But I am very awkward at all such things, and should not like to be laughed at."

"Nobody will laugh at you—those ladies are evidently excellent players, I daresay they will teach you, if you ask them."

"I should think it would be very pleasant to be taught by them."——

"Will you permit us the pleasure of joining you?" said my friend, raising his hat.

"Oh yes! we shall be very happy, but we are only poor players."

"My friend does not play at all, and will have to rely upon your good-nature to teach him."

So it was arranged we were to play with partners, the elder sister with myself—the younger with my friend; and as my turn came last, I had time to look about me, and see what sort of "playmates" we had. My partner—whom her sister called Millicent, was: in Longfellow's beautiful words:

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

There was a dreamy, but very winning expression in her bright brown eyes, it was one of those happy faces, you like at once, and that gain on you more and more. Her sister was, I should say, three or four years her junior—she was all life and cheerfulness; her rich golden hair waved over her shoulders in luxuriant profusion, adding much to the natural charm of her pretty child face. It would be impossible to say which was the handsomer of the two, or the more fascinating; the one was a child, and a child only—the other, with the appearance of dawning womanhood, yet retained the innocent look of the child—the combination was charming. Such then were my playmates

in my first attempt at croquet, and I began to look with more friendly eyes on the formerly despised game.

"A gentleman told me, that if you were to hold your mallet like this—you would find it easier to play" said Miss Millicent, after watching my first ineffectual attempt to get through the second hoop. Gentle reader, whoever you may be, please to observe the extreme modesty of this remark—she did not say—"I think that if you held your mallet like this" but gracefully sheltered herself behind (as she thought) a higher authority. It was the same all through the game; I began to feel interested; how is it, I thought, the ladies do not seem to play so well now, as when we watched them through the window.

"Now really, this is too polite, you make me quite confused, do play as you played before, and don't mind me!" . . .

"It is this gentleman's turn now."

"Which gentleman?"

"Would you mind telling us your names?" said Miss Millicent, "it is so confusing, as we do not know." . . .

"My name is Vernon."

"Monsieur Vernon, c'est à vous maintenant!"

"Je vous demande pardon, but I am charmed to hear you speak with such a pure French accent. I am something of a judge, having passed much of my time in the fair valleys of Southern Europe."

"Do you also speak Spanish?" asked the younger sister; "we are so curious to hear what it sounds like."

"A los pies de V^{ds}. Ruego a V^{ds} que me consideren siempre su servidor, pues me gusta de servir a dos Senoritas tan amables, tan dignas y tan hermosas como V^{ds}."

"I did not understand a word of it; what is it in English?"

"Oh! it is only the Spanish way of saying 'good morning,' a little too lengthy, perhaps, for English ears! But I see it is nearly five o'clock, so I must be off, as I expect Mrs. Vernon by this train." Au revoir!

I met the "break" coming from the station. At first I feared I was doomed to disappointment—but just as it was passing, I caught a glimpse of a lovely fresh young face peeping out. Regardless of the dust, which was deep, and

+ only 10d.
more 10d.

the foot-board, which was narrow, I put my hand on the door, and with one bound was inside the lumbering old vehicle, forgetful of everything, save that I held in my arms my precious, my beautiful wife. "My wife!"—only those who have experienced them can understand the sweet thoughts those two words bring to the mind; how well I remember the pride with which I first uttered them! Since then, summer and winter, ~~+~~ storm and sunshine, have passed over us, but each day, that ~~has~~ passed, has only made you more dear to me, and more beautiful in my sight, *ange de ma vie*!

But I am wandering from my subject. At dinner, it so chanced that my wife and I sat opposite my fair young friends of the morning. They exchanged a few words in a low tone, when they saw us enter, and looked with evident surprise and admiration at my companion. Next day we made their friends acquaintance, and Millicent told my wife that when I left them, the preceding day, in order to meet her at the station, they had amused themselves speculating upon *Mrs. Vernon*, and that they had decided she was "fat, fair, and forty," hence their whispers at dinner! My wife was charmed with the gentle manners, and sweet tempers of my young playmates, and they became great friends; and I myself have often thought with pleasure upon "My first game of croquet."

CHARLES VERNON.

Our next number will contain, besides other interesting matter, "Adieu," by Mrs. Marshall; "The Kitchen Middens in Denmark;" and "A Visit to a Lapp Encampment." Contributions are welcome.

THE AMATEUR is published every month, and single copies can be had at 6d. each, at Davies & Son, Booksellers, 6, Northgate Street, Gloucester, or on application to the Editor, Postbox, No. 26, Gloucester.

SUBSCRIPTION—payable in advance:—twelve months 5s. 6d.; which can be remitted, in stamps, to the Editor, at the above address. Post Office Orders should be made out to the order of Adolph Branth, Gloucester.

SUBSCRIBERS abroad, as well as at home, will receive their copies post-free.

CONTRIBUTORS must subscribe for one year.

COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to the Editor of the AMATEUR, Postbox, No. 26, Gloucester, and must be accompanied by NAME AND ADDRESS.

The Amateur :

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

VOL. II. No. 2.] FEBRUARY 1st, 1876. [Price 6d.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, AFTER DEDUCTION OF
PRINTING EXPENSES AND POSTAGES, WILL BE APPLIED
TO CHARITABLE OBJECTS.

A D I E U.

As given by Madame Norman Neruda on the Violin.
HELLER and ERNST.

I cannot say Farewell—for all my heart
Rises in passionate pleading for delay ;
How can I leave thee, when our spirits meet,
As hour by hour we tread life's rugged way :
I leave thee not beloved ! and yet, the knell
Sounds deep and solemn in the word Farewell.

I dare not say Farewell, with yearnings manifold
I cling to thee, and who shall bid us part ?
Yet well I know, like a black shadow cast
Upon the mountain side, that darkens all the Sun—
That word divides me from my heart's best joy :
Thou art my Sun ! how can I live to tell
The cold and utter blank, thy absence sets between
Me and all blissful days—how dare I say Farewell ?

Why must I say Farewell? thy heart and mine
 Were made to beat in unison complete—
 Sweet as the harmony of some grand chord,
 Which rolls out full and true, nor hath our love the heat
 Of stormy passion in youth's fitful day—
 A calm September with its golden haze
 Unlike the jubilation of sunny May!

Must I then say Farewell? Ah yes, oceans may roll between,
 And duty hard and stern, shall ring out her decree;
 But as two rivers, parted all their course,
 Mingle at last in one great boundless sea;
 So shall my spirit find thee, and in those realms divine,
 Thou wilt awake beloved, to know that I am thine.

EMMA MARSHALL.

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THE KITCHEN MIDDENS IN DENMARK.

A paper read before the Gloucester School of Science Philosophical
 Society, by EDWARD F. BIRD.

THE city of Copenhagen, surrounded as it is by lovely scenery, and itself full of objects of interest—the residence of a refined court, the seat of government and of learning, and a great centre of commerce—combines attractions for men of intellect, business, or pleasure. Much of its charm for tourists is due to the number of its admirable museums. One that cannot fail to fascinate strangers is the well-arranged museum for Northern Antiquities—for though the contents have, for the most part, been found in Denmark, and relate principally to its earlier inhabitants, the interest attaching to the collection is cosmopolitan rather than local.

Here are found an almost infinite variety of primitive weapons, utensils, tools, and ornaments of various materials, some very rude, while others show great taste and careful workmanship. These various matters have been turned up by the husbandman, dug up from peat bogs, or found in tumuli, kitchen middens, etc., and are recognised as relics

of the ancient inhabitants of Denmark. Some of the articles of gold and of bronze are of such extreme beauty and value as to excite the envy of collectors. Formerly, it was often possible to buy good specimens of the finders, but this is not the case now. All treasure-trove belongs, by law, to the State, and, as the metal value is paid to the finder, very little passes surreptitiously into private hands. Rich and poor feel a pride in the museum as a national collection, it is therefore constantly receiving important additions, and its arrangement leaves nothing to be desired.

About fifty years ago, Danish Antiquarians became convinced that these relics, found in great abundance and variety throughout their country, could be looked upon as records from very different ages, by means of which it would be possible to trace the course of civilisation in Denmark.

They found tools of flint, bronze, and iron in such different conditions, as to prove that at a certain period no metals at all were known, that at a later period bronze was introduced, and that iron was unknown until much later.

Civilisation could therefore be divided into three great and strongly marked periods, characterized by the three very different materials which the people of these periods had learnt to fashion into cutting tools. Thus originated the names stone, bronze, and iron ages.

There are means of determining with tolerable exactness the periods when the metals became known, and it is found that iron has been in use in Denmark for about 15 or 1,600 years, and that the bronze age commenced about 1,500 years before that.

The introduction of metals gave an immense impetus to civilisation. Metal weapons gave man a prodigious advantage over the brute creation, while metal tools increased his power of providing for his wants and comforts. Invention was therefore at once awakened. The superiority of the tools and the increased inventive power, caused by the introduction of iron, will be at once manifest, on comparing bronze ornaments made in the bronze age with those made in the subsequent iron age.

But while it can be shown that the iron and the bronze ages together, carry us back to a period fully 3,000 years

ago, when metals were unknown in Denmark, it is impossible to state more as to the duration of the stone age there, than that it has probably been contemporaneous with man.

The primitive inhabitants of that period, must have been exposed to what we should consider extreme hardships, with only very slight protection from the inclemency of the weather and very imperfect means of attack and defence—they can therefore be compared only with savages of the present day.

Such people, with neither intellectual nor mechanical resources, lack the means to improve their position, and must remain almost stagnant for ages in the same state. There can thus be no doubt that the period of flint implements was a prodigiously long one, and that its history would carry us back to a very remote antiquity. However, some progress in the formation of even the flint implements can be observed, this, together with a very marked difference in the bones, etc., with which they have been found embedded, has caused the Stone Age to be divided into the older and newer, or Palæolithic and Neolithic Ages.

So far as Denmark is concerned, the Neolithic Age alone seems represented, and its memorials are found principally in cairns and kitchen middens—the latter giving us an insight into the manner in which the primitive people lived, the former showing something of their funeral rites.

Cairns, barrows, or tumuli, are mounds thrown up to serve as burial-places—probably for the families of chiefs—where, in stonebuilt chambers, the bodies of the dead were laid, with a complete outfit of necessities, as if the ordinary avocations of a hunter's or a savage warrior's life were to be pursued after death. The skeletons are found sometimes stretched out at length, sometimes sitting on their haunches—always accompanied by spears, lances, arrows, axes, chisels, etc., made of flint—generally also by rude earthen pottery, and not unusually by amber beads and other ornaments.

Cairns are very numerous in Denmark, even now, and have been much more so—but until quite recently they were being cleared away by the score every year, because they interfered with the proper cultivation of the fields, or

because the mould of which the mounds are composed was wanted to fill up holes, or otherwise improve the land, or because the large stones from the stone chambers were wanted for building churches or houses.

A cairn frequently contains several scores of large and small flint implements, and these having no apparent value, have been spread out over the land together with the mould. This would, to a great extent, explain why such implements are found so plentifully scattered over the country, and are so frequently turned up by the plough-share ; but there is still another reason for this.

Every relic found, points to the conclusion that the ancient people, like savages of the present day, lived by the chase and by fishing, and they probably dwelt in woods. Traversing, as they did, for so many centuries, bogs, lakes, and forests in pursuit of game, and doubtless often pursued themselves by wild beasts, and also by hostile tribes, they must frequently have lost some of the flint implements daily used by them ; on ploughing the land these implements must come to light, as flints are not destroyed by time and exposure as metal articles would be.

The nature of the Cairns could not be misunderstood, but it was not until 1837 that the true character of the kitchen middens or shell mounds was recognized.

They are mounds of considerable size, some of them being several hundred feet long, 100 to 150 feet broad, and 5 to 10 feet high, sloping towards the sides, and are found principally in the northern parts of Jutland and Seeland, near the sea shore, or in places which, in olden times, were on the shores of the Kattegat.

They are composed principally of oyster shells, mixed up with other shells, and bones of various kinds, and are evidently heaps of refuse from the daily meals of a savage race, together with some very primitive implements made of flint, bone, deer's horn, and burnt clay, which have no doubt been used either in obtaining or in preparing the food.

The flint knives, arrow-heads, axes, etc., contained in shell mounds are generally of a much more primitive character than those found in cairns, but both cairns and shell mounds are thought to belong to the same period, and

the difference in the implements is accounted for by supposing, that reverence for the dead caused the better class of weapons, etc. to be deposited in the cairns, while the rougher kinds found in the heaps were thrown away or forgotten by the persons who prepared the meals.

In a glass case, at the museum for Northern Antiquities, in Copenhagen, may be seen an actual section, which has been taken bodily from a kitchen midden, to show the heterogeneous materials of which such a heap is made up. Shells, fish-bones, and marrow-bones lie together in admirable confusion, with occasional articles fashioned out of flint, bone, or wood. It is not in every case possible to say to what use these can have been put, but however uncouth to our eyes, we may feel sure they must have been very precious to their former owners, for their production with rough flint tools must indeed have been a tedious operation. Common round stones are found bearing marks of having been used as hammers to chip flints! Some really well-formed and polished spear-heads, axes, chisels, etc., have been found, and also the stones on which they were ground down, but these are very rare in kitchen middens.

From a series of beautiful lithographs, published to illustrate the collection at the museum referred to, we obtain some idea of the strange shapes of these tools.

There are rough saws made of flint, and curious comb-shaped implements of bone. These may very possibly have been used as combs, but there are grooves worn into one side of the teeth, in such a way as to suggest that they may have been used in twisting cords, perhaps for nets.

There are also hoe-like implements of stag's horn, roughly hewn at the sides, so as to form blunt-cutting edges, or pointed ends, and with holes bored in them to receive handles. These have probably been used to break the ice in lakes and rivers, or to dig through chalk cliffs for flints. The acquisition of flints must, for such a people, have been a matter of vital importance, and it is interesting to know that in certain chalk quarries, old workings have been found, bearing undoubted evidence of having been sunk by an ancient race, for the purpose of extracting flint. In a gallery which, while being worked, appears to have been blocked up by a fall of chalk rock, were found not only

some of the picks, made of deer's antlers, but also some small vessels of carved chalk, which it is supposed have been used as lamps.

But to return to our kitchen middens. About 50 have been examined and have furnished valuable information, not only as to the state of civilisation and the mode of life of the people of those remote ages, but also as to the natural history of that time.

The examination of a shell mound at once leads to the conviction that it is a heap of refuse, built up, by small portions of the various materials having been successively thrown on. By cutting sections into some of the large mounds, it has become evident that they are, as it were, made up of several smaller heaps.

Layers of charcoal and ashes are found in the heaps, sometimes one above the other, accompanied by small spaces paved with stones, which have evidently been used as fire-places, until covered up by fresh quantities of shells and bones. The position of these fireplaces or "hearths," at various heights in the mounds, and at many different places in the interior of them, show that the mounds must be the result of additions, continued through long periods of time, and that the people must have eaten their meals on the mounds. The vegetable remains in the middens are all in the form of charcoal, and, notwithstanding great scientific care in sifting and washing them, nothing important has yet been definitely ascertained as to the vegetable matter used for food, but as to the animal diet, the results are eminently satisfactory.

The bones are recognised as consisting chiefly of the red deer, the roe deer, and the wild boar, next, in quantity, come those of the beaver, the seal, and the ox (*bos primigenius*), which latter is now supposed to be extinct; further, the dog, fox, and marten, and occasionally, the wolf, lynx, and bear. No traces of the horse have been found, although it is known to have been abundant and to have been used as food in Britain, France, etc., during the very much earlier Palæolithic age.

Bones of water-fowl, such as wild swans, geese and ducks, are very plentiful, also the Capercaillie (*Tetrao Urogallus*),

the presence of which is a proof of the prevalence of pine forests at that time, and the Great Auk (*Alca impennis*), which there is reason to think is now extinct.

Of fish, the bones most common are cod, flounder, eel, and herring, but the mounds are made up principally of perfectly enormous quantities of shells of oysters, with mussels, cockles, whelks, and periwinkles, all of kinds precisely similar to those now existing. It is the quantity of oyster shells especially, that has caused the mounds to be such prominent objects, and has preserved the bones and other matters, for the shells have covered them up and kept off the weathering influence of the air. The people may, very likely, have killed and eaten game at places further inland, but the bones thrown away there, were of course soon decomposed.

Close inspection of the bones shows numerous marks of the tools with which they have been cut or broken, and with which the flesh has been scraped off.

The bones of the mammals have also been cloven for the sake of the marrow, and the shells found, belong exclusively to the edible kinds of molluscs. These facts, together with the presence of broken pottery, charcoal, and ashes, fully confirm the view that all these matters are the refuse from daily meals.

Not only have the materials of which the mounds are formed passed through the hands of man, but the peculiar mixture and position of those materials, prove the mounds themselves to have been thrown up by man.

Of natural forces, water alone could be supposed capable of piling up such heaps of matter—by waves washing the bones, shells, etc. together, along the shore, as they do sand, stones, and wood. But the supposition that the shell mounds have been formed in this way, is negatived by the fact that only five or six kinds of shells are found, that they are all of edible kinds, everywhere the same, and only of full grown specimens—whereas under-sized shells of these kinds, and the numerous other kinds of shell-fish that are elsewhere thrown up so plentifully on the shore, are here entirely wanting. There is also no sign of the sea-sand, gravel, etc., which waves usually wash up on the beach.

Wherever water is the collecting and arranging agent, the deposits will necessarily be found placed according to their weight, but that is not the case in these heaps. The lightest and the heaviest pieces are found together, the most fragile fish-bones lie whole and uninjured, together with large bones, heavy shells, and flints.

Admitting then, that the mounds were thrown up by man, and that the people who threw them up must have been hunters and fishermen, the question arises, were they nomads or did they live the whole year on the same spot?

The enormous size of some of the mounds would predispose us to think that the people must have lived there the whole year, but we know that even larger mounds have been raised by some North American Indian tribes, during annual visits to the sea-coast, where their stay has been limited to a few weeks or months every year. The size of the mounds is therefore no criterion, for that is evidently due to periodical additions, made during hundreds and thousands of years.

A zoological examination of the bones found, has given a more reliable answer to the question, for, with sufficient knowledge of the life and habits of the animals, it is possible, as it were to read off from their bones, the season of the year at which they were killed.

Thus, as the bones of the wild swan are among the more plentiful in the heaps, and as these birds are found in Denmark only in the winter months (November—March), it is evident that a great part of the mounds must have been thrown up in those months, and that the people must have been there then.

Then again, stags shed their antlers every year, and the new antlers in growing, assume certain forms at definite seasons of the year. Many antlers found in the mounds have not been shed, but have belonged to stags and roebucks which have been killed—the antlers being still attached to the skull and bearing knife marks, probably made in skinning the creature. Some of these antlers were just in the states of development, which showed clearly the month in which the deer had been slaughtered, and this has invariably been *one of the winter months*.

No positive evidence has been found that any part of the heaps was thrown up during the four summer months, so the probability is, that the people were there only eight months in the year, and these happen to be the months in which oysters are obtainable in greatest perfection.

Another interesting question arises as to whether these neolithic men had domesticated animals or not.

There may be cases when it is difficult to decide whether certain bones belong to domestic or to wild specimens of a species, but it happens that there can be no doubt on this point with regard to the bones of herbivorous animals hitherto found in the middens—they were certainly all wild; the remains of beasts of prey were also of course from wild specimens, but those of the dog must have belonged to domesticated or house dogs.

The testimony of the bones alone, might perhaps be deemed inconclusive on this point, but a consideration of the following details will fully confirm this very interesting fact.

It has already been mentioned that the bones of mammals have been split in order to get at the marrow. This has been done so invariably that *every* marrow bone of the hoofed animals—ruminants and pigs—even to the toes—has been broken or cloven for this purpose.

As a consequence of this, the bones are almost entirely in small or broken pieces, but though immense numbers have been collected, they prove to be only the *hard* parts, whereas the spongy ends and the gristly portions are entirely wanting.

An examination of the jagged edges of the bones, reveals the marks of carnivorous animals' teeth.

Of all the carnivorous animals whose remains are found in the mounds, the wolf and another kind of dog, are the only ones whose teeth at all agree with the marks on the bones. Comparisons with bones gnawed by living Danish house-dogs, showed that the marks on each were completely identical.

A large collection of bones, from a heap thrown up by an Esquimaux near his hut, was sent from Greenland to Copenhagen, and they too were found to be gnawed and bitten in precisely the same manner as those from the

middens. The jaws and teeth of the dog referred to as found in the mounds, are unlike those of jackals and wolves, but are identical with those of tolerably large strong specimens of "*Canis familiaris*."

Could they have belonged to a kind of dog which was then wild, but from which our tame dogs are descended, or were these dogs domesticated then?

It is quite possible that wild dogs might have come to the mounds by night, but they would probably have carried the bones away, instead of gnawing them on the spot. Besides, they could hardly have been there always, every time anything was added, and at all the various heaps.

But all the bones that have been examined, have been gnawed in precisely the same manner, and with equal thoroughness at all the mounds and at every part of them; in the middle and at the edges, at the top and in the lower layers. So the conviction seems unavoidable, that it must have been done by an animal that at all times and in every place, has had free access to the heaps and been allowed to gnaw the bones at leisure—in fact, an animal that lived with the people who made the mounds—that is, a domestic dog!

This dog has gnawed the bones of its own kind just as it has done all others, so that much information which might have been gleaned from perfect bones, is now unattainable. It is, however, certain that the dog has stood in a double relation to our neolithic men—been an article of food itself, as well as an assistant in the chase—a state of things which still exists in some districts in Greenland, and in many Indian tribes.

As evidence that the dog was eaten by its masters, may be mentioned that the marks of knives or cutting tools, are found on the bones, and *that* in such places as would not be touched by the knife, if the animal had merely been flayed in order to get its skin—for example, marks are found in the mouth, on the palate, and on the inner side of the ribs.

Having thus endeavored to lay before you some of the principal points of view from which the Danish Kitchen Middens may be regarded, I may now be permitted to

glance briefly at some details which properly belong to our subject, and which are also connected with the subsequent history of the Danes.

I have mentioned that there were means of determining the periods at which, first bronze, and then iron were introduced into Denmark.

Enormous quantities of iron weapons, etc. have been found in peat-bogs all over the country, consisting of swords, lances, spears, arrows, and shields, as well as anvils, axes, hammers, files, etc., evidently buried there in great haste after great battles—the weapons and bucklers bearing such deep indentations as to prove that the enemies, foreign or native, against whom they had been used in action, must have had similar iron weapons. Numerous Roman coins belonging to the first centuries of our era, being found together with these weapons, serve to fix the period and make it probable that they were buried at least 1,500 years ago.

Some further evidence on this point is gained from the fact of there having been several important changes in the kinds of trees which, at various times, have covered the country. Firs appear to have been almost alone in the stone age, but these gave place to oak trees, and these again have been supplanted by beeches.

The beech, which is now the most common tree in Denmark, is known to have been abundant at the time when iron was introduced, say 1,600 years ago. Before the beech the most common tree was the oak, the trunks and acorns of which are found in the higher portions of certain peat-bogs, constantly associated with bronze implements, but the oak has never been found with relics of the stone age. In the lower layers of the same peat-bogs, weapons and implements of flint are found together with trunks of fir, a tree which has never been common in Denmark during the historical period.

Therefore, as both the rise and the fall of the oak, in Denmark, was limited to the bronze age, and as the beech afterwards became abundant in that age before the introduction of iron, the bronze period must have been very long, certainly not less than the 1,500 years assigned to it.

The number of bronze implements and ornaments which have found their way into museums and private collections, is extremely large, and the taste displayed in them is very great. The development of this industry must have required time, so the 1,500 years which are assumed as the duration of the bronze age will no doubt be near the truth.

This supposition of the iron and bronze periods together, carrying us back 3,000 years is confirmed in other ways. It was at about that period that the country was invaded by the Goths (*Gother, Gautar*) a people who are supposed to have come originally from Asia—the borders of the Black Sea—but who spread themselves all over Europe, and have left their traces especially along the shores of the Baltic. “Gother” signifies “warriors,” which sufficiently characterizes the people; and the names of the Swedish island Gothland or Gulland, the town Götheborg, the Danish peninsula Jutland or Jylland, and of the inhabitants, Jyder, are derived from the same root.

These Goths, being possessed of metal weapons, and being more civilized than the aborigines, were able to conquer them, slaughtered many, and drove out the remainder, or probably kept many as slaves.

The remnants of the exiled race are supposed to exist in the Lapps, now found as nomads in the extreme north of Norway and Sweden.

The bronze age was thus introduced into Denmark by the Goths. With their bronze weapons they were able to clear the woods, cultivate the land, and hollow out large trunks of trees for boats. Thus, in addition to hunting and fishing, they laid the foundation to farming and navigation, and were not, like their predecessors; limited to the coasts of their own country.

One tribe among them had a chief named Dan, they were called Daner—from them the present Danes are descended and the country is called Danmark, *i. e.* the field or territory of Dan.

Much of what is known about the early Goths, is learnt from their cairns, which though as large externally, contain smaller and better built stone chambers, than those from the stone age. In the cairns from the latter part of the

bronze age, urns are found, containing the ashes of the burnt bodies—at an earlier period their dead were buried unburnt.

In 1871, in a Gothic cairn at Höiballegaard, near Aarhuus, a roughly hollowed out trunk of an oak tree was found, containing the remains of a female, dressed in woven woollen garments. The skull was of a noble type, and was covered with woollen net work of peculiar pattern. In 1861, a similar oaken coffin was found in Treenhöi, near Kolding, in which were the remains of a male, also dressed in woven woollen garments. All these are to be seen at the Museum for Northern Antiquities, and are probably the only existing specimens of clothing from the early part of the bronze age.

The weapons and ornaments found in their cairns prove that the Goths were not only skilful smiths, but that they even had very pure taste in such matters.

Their warlike habits, and restless disposition, brought them into communication with Southern civilisation, and at a comparatively early date, they learnt the production and use of iron.

Soft pure iron being obtainable with comparatively low heat, was no doubt known at a much earlier period than steel, and was the material of which ordinary weapons were made—but certain swords, made during the pre-historic period, were remarkable for their sharpness, and had personal names given to them, by which their renown was spread all over the country; the ringing sound given out by “Tyrfing” or “Skrep,” on striking, being the theme of many a story. These may, perhaps, be regarded as among the earlier proofs of the production of steel—the ore having, probably by accident, been smelted at such a temperature as to combine with the requisite amount of carbon.

The great extent of coast line in Denmark, had its natural effect of giving its inhabitants a love of the sea and great experience in shipbuilding. Vessels of fair size and good form were built before the use of metal became common, and I have myself seen one of their boats, which I think was about forty or fifty feet long, by eight feet broad, which had been dug out of a peat-bog near Flensburg, together with a quantity of weapons. Each plank

was formed out of an entire tree in order to obtain thickness enough for clamps, through holes in which the thongs were passed, by which the planks were bound to the ribs.

Even with such frail barks, an active communication was established with England and the Baltic, at a period so early that no dates can be given, but at which it is known that the Britons had nothing better than coracles, or boats of wicker work covered with skin.

The introduction of iron, enabled ships to be built far better and with much less labour, so Danes soon swarmed on all seas, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, sometimes as merchants, sometimes as vikings, frequently as both combined. The people loved splendour and luxury at their great feasts, and the means were obtained partly by trade, partly by piracy.

The warlike spirit that characterised the people, is well seen in the narration of the Braavalla Battle, about A.D. 750. The old and much beloved king Harald, not wishing to die of old age, declared war against a neighbouring king—his own nephew—with the avowed object of meeting his death in battle. This battle is remarkable, not only because more than 40,000 trained warriors were said to have been killed in it, but because it was a matter of perfect indifference to those engaged, whether Harald's or Sigurd Ring's army conquered—they fought for the sake of fighting, and for the honour which attached to warlike achievements.

At a period nearly 100 years later, Sigvald, one of the Jomsborg Vikings, was derided by his wife Astrid, because she found that he had neither a scar nor a scratch on his body.

All this is really of the deepest interest for our country, for it was a branch of this race—the Angles—which under Hengist and Horsa landed A.D. 449 in Kent, to assist Vortigern against the Picts and Scots. Aided by other tribes, called Saxons and Jutes, they soon took possession of the country for themselves, driving the Britons to Wales, and to Brittany in France. Colonizing England was a grand effort, which so much reduced the population of their own country, that for a time the immigration stopped. The Angle-Saxons in England being completely cut off

from their mother country, were soon converted to the Christian faith, and were changed from a raw and warlike, to a cultivated peaceful race, which even before the time of Alfred the Great, (871—901) became the leaders of their period, both in the arts of civilisation and in the propagation of religion.

Of course they introduced the broad and liberal views even then current in the laws of northern countries—and their influence on our language is very great, especially in our northern and eastern counties, where it is said that more than 1,500 words of Danish origin are still traceable.

Names of places ending in beck (Starbeck), by (Whitby), dale (Weardale), ey (Sheppey), haugh (Kirkhaugh), ness (Dungeness), thorpe (Caythorpe), toft (Lowestoft), wick (Berwick), are quite Danish, and Baldersby, Fraisthorpe, Turdsale, show that these places were called after gods of northern mythology; Grimsdale, Aslackby, etc., evidently commemorate Danish chiefs.

From the time that Britain became peaceful and prosperous, it again excited the cupidity of the wild Vikings—fresh hordes of Danes arrived in ceaseless succession, culminating in the subjugation of the entire country by Canute the Great in 1017, he being at the same time king of Denmark.

France, as well as England, had been ravaged by the Danes, who had established themselves firmly there in several districts. From Normandy—so called from its being possessed by the Normans—frequent attempts were made at invading England, involving frequent bloody engagements between armies which were substantially of the same race, until, at last, the battle of Hastings, in September 1066, changed our dynasty, and William the Conqueror took his place in our eventful history.

I venture to hope that these slight historical notices will not be considered a digression, for I have brought them forward to show, that the successors of the kitchen midden builders are our own ancestors, and that it is to them we owe the strength of character, the free institutions, and the maritime instincts which have made England famous both as a commercial and as a naval power.

A VALENTINE.

How shall I woo my love, my dear,
 My maiden bright and fair?
 I'll send her sweet "forget-me-nots,"
 To wreath amongst her hair,
 I'll send her lovely roses,
 And lilies purely white,
 With passion-breathing heliotrope,
 And honeysuckle bright.

How shall I woo my love, my dear,
 My maiden bright and fair?
 I'll charge the sad-voiced nightingale
 To make my love its care,
 With pathos deep and wonderful
 That rising voice shall tell
 The trembling stars and whispering trees,
 Of her I love so well.

I'll bid the murmuring river,
 And the ever-restless sea,
 With nature's inspiration
 Speak to my love of me,
 The emerald fields, the jewelled flowers,
 The sunset's gorgeous hue
 I'll pray them speak unto my love,
 And bid her know me true.

JULIUS GREY.

 VISIT TO A LAPP ENCAMPMENT.

WHILE on a ramble through the wilds of Sweden, myself and tourist companion visited a Lapp Encampment. We arrived in our carriages at the lonely hill-side station of Skalstiernstugan, at a very late hour one evening, and were glad, after driving over 60 miles of rough mountainous ground that day, to sit by the large open chimney-place, where we found a cheerful looking fire of pine wood, on which the good woman of the house kept piling shavings

and logs, making the blaze grow brighter and brighter until the very room itself seemed all of a glow, and this was the more enjoyable as the atmosphere was, and had been for some hours, very cold. The alterations of temperature in Sweden, as also in Norway, are often very great in summer time, within the space of even twenty-four hours. I have often found the heat of the sun, in these latitudes, during the mid-day, almost tropical, and at night time (same day), and early the next morning, found the atmosphere intensely cold, especially so on high mountain land. We regaled ourselves with fried bacon, potatoes, and buttermilk, the frugal, yet excellent fare placed before us by the hostess; finishing the repast with a glass of Pomerans (a peculiar kind of spirit) and cold spring water. It was at this station, while resting our limbs on the wooden settles on each side the grate, smoking mild Havannahs, and gazing dreamily into the fire, that we proposed to visit the Lapps, an encampment of whom was located some few miles off the track we were following. The next morning, before proceeding on our journey, we fished from a boat on two neighbouring lakes, visited Tan Fossen, a noble waterfall, and took a slight survey of the imposing-looking mountain of Areskutan, whose lofty summit we had sighted ever and anon for the previous two days. About five o'clock, the same afternoon, we started for Skalstugan, from which place on the following morning, we set out on foot to visit the quaint Lapps and their habitations.

Having secured the necessary services of a guide, and consulted as to what boots we should put on—the swamps being very numerous—ourselves, together with a Danish professor of languages, and an Upsala student, whom we had overtaken at Skalstiernstugan, journeyed forth.

The first part of the way was tolerably good, though rough and hilly, but we soon came to some lively walking in the shape of sinking up to our knees in mire. Reaching a large lake, we launched a rough pine boat and rowed across to the Fjeld, about five English miles off, then after a short ascent came upon the tents—five or six in number—pitched in an open part of a small copse, inside which tents were the Lapps,—men, women, and children.

On their first emerging into the light, they had a sort of dazed appearance, and their eyes seemed very weak, though this no doubt arose from the pungent smoke from the wood fires in their dwellings, and the closeness of the air therein from overcrowding and insufficient ventilation. Though generally said to be of diminutive stature, two or three of the people of this little settlement were over six feet in height. Judging by their appearance, these Lapps are very fond of trinkets, for they were almost all, perfectly bedizened with beads, bits of tin, rings, tobacco and snuff boxes, &c. Their dress was, for the most part, of leather, kept together by thongs. The women wore a combination of mob cap and turban on their heads; the men a sort of nightcap with tassel, and one or two of the latter wore rough top boots.

Their general appearance was squalid and exceedingly dirty, but it by no means follows that the whole race display a want of cleanliness. Numerous were the questions they asked, and curiously did they gaze at us from head to foot. Had we brought them any brandy? Would we give them money and tobacco or snuff? Were we married men? Where did we come from? From England? From Denmark? Did we want to buy any Reindeer, etc., etc., were amongst the questions put to us. The guide and the professor acted as interpreters. Having extracted sundry information from them respecting their mode of living, etc., we requested them to let us see the reindeer "driven in" and milked. Three or four dogs of the Fin breed, were then, after being vociferously "shouted at" by one of the women, dispatched up the steep side of a mountain, on one of the plateaus of which, the deer were reported to be browsing on such lichen and other herbage as they could find. The dogs were soon lost to sight, but in about twenty minutes time were seen returning, driving before them in the direction of the tents, a herd of five or six hundred, which they brought cleverly in. (These people possessed another large herd, some few miles off, we were informed.) The next manœuvre was to run them inside a ring fence, which was quickly accomplished. Then out marched the Lapps with milking bowls, and lassoes, which latter they used to catch such of the animals, as

they intended to milk, and tie them by the horns to the sapling trees in the enclosure, which they found more convenient, than the thick stems and branches of the larger trees.

It was astonishing to see with what precision and rapidity they lassoed the animals, and tied them to the trees before milking them. We tasted the milk, which is of a very rich nature, and is said by some to be very indigestible, and to cause headache if taken in any quantity, but the dirty appearance of the milkers prevented our taking more than a mere sip. One of the Lapps, a young woman about 17 or 18 years of age, we noticed had a very pretty expression of countenance, which contrasted favourably with the rest of her party, who were by no means even tolerably good looking, notwithstanding that some of them had what many would consider well-formed features, these however were marred by either a repulsive looking and low type of mouth, or a general depraved and cunning expression of the whole countenance. What are features alone without an intelligent and honest expression? as the great physiognomist Lavater has correctly remarked. When giving them some Swedish money, and saying good-day, there appeared to be a little consultation, the result of which was, that one of the men requested permission to return to the station with us, so that he might be given some spirits to take back to the camp, but intimated that he must first go back and put on another costume. We told him we would wait half-an-hour, but no longer. As he did not make his appearance, though another quarter-of-an-hour was allowed, we launched the boat and rowed off. On getting some considerable distance out in the lake, he appeared running down to the water's edge, and was heard shouting out, but time was precious, and rowing back was out of the question.

The day had been rather wet, but we were much pleased with the (to us) novel expedition, especially with the reindeer, although I had frequently seen them before, in the distance on the Norwegian Fjelds, notably on the Fille Fjeld, and Horungerne chains of mountains, and occasionally on the wild and desolate stretches of the Dovre Fjeld. The antlers of some of the herd we saw

(belonging to the Lapps) were magnificent; they take, as you are doubtless aware, a backward growth, and often extend over the entire length of their bodies.

Soon we were wending our way over the lofty mountains towards Sulstuen (the first station on the Norwegian side of the frontier) the drive to which was remarkably fine. The road at one point ran 2,000 feet above the sea level, after which there was a rapid descent towards the Suul River Valley, noted for its beauty, but seldom visited by strangers, being far away from the ordinary routes taken by visitors to Norway. In our drive down this descent we were joined by a drove of eight horses, that had been grazing on the mountain side. They headed us in single file, for at least four English miles, just as though they considered it fine fun, rearing and wincing occasionally on the way. Our cavalcade (for such it may be comically termed) consisted of my own carriage first, next my friend's, then the Danish professor's, and last a *Stol Kjør* (rough two-wheeled cart), in which were two Upsala students (one of whom accompanied us on our visit to the Lapps). Preceding all, were the forementioned eight horses, with heads up, and stepping out in fine style, for we were then driving at a smart pace, down a comparatively smooth yet winding road. Each of our horses had sleigh bells attached to the harness, and about four of the eight horses had bells also (hung round their necks to assist their owners in finding them when required). The rumbling sound of the vehicles, the noise of the horses' hoofs, and the jingle jangle of so many bells of various tones, the conversational remarks (necessarily loud to be heard) from the drivers, accompanied by the occasional sharp crack of the carriage whips, was quite noticeable, in the otherwise unbroken stillness of the scenery around, and formed rather an amusing feature in the day's drive.

On reaching a barrier, at a narrow pass towards the foot of the mountain, the stray horses took their departure, and returned to their grazing. But I am departing from the title of this rough little account of a visit to the Lapps, so (like our friends the mountain horses,) must stop at this barrier.

HECTOR.

SKETCHES FROM CHINA.

A Lecture by A. ALEXANDER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

It is not always such an easy matter to leave for the celestial shores : many preparations are to be made, a sea-voyage of about 6 or 8 weeks by steamer, or if you prefer it, 4 to 6 months by sailing vessel, is to be undertaken, and,—perhaps the hardest of all—we have to say farewell to those we love best.

With us, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is very different to night—all preparations are made. I simply say “we are off,” and if you will have the kindness to follow me, we will very soon be in China. But where?

China is large ! the Chinese empire is about the size of Europe—well, let us land in Hongkong, or more properly speaking, *on* Hongkong, as Hongkong is the Island, the chief town of which is Victoria, generally called Hongkong.

“But then we are not in China—we are on English ground!” I hear some of my audience say, and this is quite true,—since the great Opium war about 33 years ago Hongkong is a British Colony. If you prefer it, we will steer past Hongkong, we will remain on board the steamer about 20 hours more, and land in Swatow, perhaps the ugliest port along the coast. Still it is not so very ugly after all,—when I show you the photographs some of you may think it rather pretty.

This is the residence of Her Majestys Consul, and on this side called Kaktiu, most of the Europeans live.

Here we see part of the Chinese town, the streets are narrow : 3 to 7 feet broad, and dogs, fowls, and pigs, with dirty and naked children live together in a harmony which we must admire.

This fellow is just resting after his hard work of carrying water, this Bamboo stick he puts on his shoulders, hangs the buckets to the ropes fixed at each end, and off he goes at a trot ; it is remarkable that the Chinese labourers always trot whenever they have anything to carry.

Here we have a barber, he shaves his customer in the middle of the street !

The reason why all native towns in China are built with narrow streets, is no doubt, firstly, the Chinese predilection for old forms and customs, and partly also because narrow streets afford protection against the sun's burning rays during the hot season. Besides the Swatownese as well as all Chinese in the South, are ignorant of the use of carriages, so broad streets are unnecessary. Horses, that is to say ponies, are sometimes used by the Mandarins for riding, but never for draught.

There is a considerable export of Sugar from Swatow, and a great import of Rice, Cotton, Bean-cakes, &c., but each bag of Sugar and Rice, each bale of Cotton, each Bean-cake is carried by labourers called coolies. Here you have a type, his wants are small, he lives principally on rice, and during the hot season he often sleeps on a mat in the street. If you gave him a kennel to sleep in during the few weeks' cold weather, he would feel very thankful, I am sure.

However, let us leave this anything but bright side of Chinese life, let us leave these narrow streets, with their very close atmosphere, let us take a boat and glide up the river Han, beautiful and imposing views will cheer our hearts, we will see landscapes full of charm, with high mountains in the background, clothed in manifold shades, from dark violet to pale pink.

The second rice crop is just being gathered in, and for sportsmen, there is a profusion of teals and pheasants.

The sugar cane is only partly cut, and Bananas, that useful and most nutritious fruit, is hanging in abundance on the thick green stems.

Small orange groves we see now and then every where.

Had it been summer now,* we could have tasted the most delicious fruit I know, the juicy Mango, but also in Swatow it is now winter, the temperature is about the same as ours in October.

As you know, Swatow is situated under the tropic of Cancer and it seldom freezes so hard that ice is produced. Still I have—on the 15th of December 1872, I think it was,—seen ice of the thickness of a penny. This however,

* The Lecture was given in December.

so the natives said, had not happened for more than 50 years before. It was amusing to me, to see the small bare-footed natives, boys as well as girls, break the ice and gather it into their baskets, which they take into the fields to carry frogs, snails, and similar delicacies in. Of course long before they had reached home, the thin ice had melted away!

(To be continued.)

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

We beg to draw our lady readers' special attention to a course of lectures on Greek History and Literature, which will be given by Mr. Arnold, of University College, Oxford, in the Theatre of the School of Science and Art, Gloucester. The first lecture will be delivered on Thursday, February 10th, at 11.30. a.m., and the subject will comprise the origin of the Greek race, peculiar characteristics of Greece proper, and diffusion of the Greeks over the Mediterranean.

No study is more interesting in its details, no study, perhaps, more important for higher education than the history and literature of the old Greeks, and we therefore feel it our duty warmly to recommend these lectures. The more closely we study such subjects, the more distinctly are we able to trace the guiding hand which rules the history of every country; and many events of later times are thus illuminated by a clearer light.

A series of works and good translations is recommended, full particulars of which will be given by the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. MARSHALL.

Our next number will contain the commencement of "Ragnhilda," a tale by Clement Douglas; "Melancholie," by Eugène Joël, &c.,

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SUBSCRIPTION—payable in advance:—twelve months 5s. 6d.; which can be remitted, in stamps, to the Editor, at the above address. Post Office Orders should be made out to the order of Adolph Branth, Gloucester.

SUBSCRIBERS abroad, as well as at home, will receive their copies post-free.

CONTRIBUTORS must subscribe for one year.

COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to the Editor of the AMATEUR, Postbox, No. 26, Gloucester, and must be accompanied by NAME AND ADDRESS.

The Amateur.

VOL. II. No. 3.] MARCH 1st, 1876.

[Price 6d.



A SWATOW MANDARIN.

[See Next Page.

Copied from the original photograph by Abraham Thomas,
21, College Green, Gloucester.

SKETCHES FROM CHINA.

A Lecture by A. ALEXANDER.

(continued.)

By the bye, as we are talking of ice, would any of my audience like a little skating? If so, I would propose that we sail to the North, passing the coast ports which are open to foreigners, say: Amoy, Foochow, whence most tea is shipped, Ningpo, one of the ports which were first opened to foreigners,—Canton was, as you know, the first opened to British trade,—Shanghai, where there is a large European settlement, and a great export of silk, etc.—Chefoo, from where many cargoes of bean-cakes are shipped, both in European vessels, and in the native junks,—and let us land in Taku, the suburb of Tientsien, from whence we have a journey of only a day or two to the Chinese capital Pekin, where, no doubt, there is now splendid ice for skating.

The Chinese however do not appreciate such pleasure, it is fashionable to be fat, because that shows you need not work. Bodily exercise does not make you fat, and, perhaps, it is on that account that rich Chinese avoid it. To take a walk and so enjoy the beauties of nature, would not suit these folk. They are of a very phlegmatic nature.

If you saw a Chinaman* or a Chinese lady, you would wonder what he or she could have to be vain of, still vanity is characteristic of the human race all over the globe, and certainly the celestials have their share too.

If a Chinaman is fat, he is vain of his fatness.

* On the front page, we present our readers with a photograph of a Mandarin in Swatow, taken by a Chinese photographer a few years ago. He is one of the petty or so called "small" mandarins, although the decoration, of a peacock feather in his hat, shows that he has distinguished himself in some way or other. This photograph gives some idea of the peculiar way in which Chinese officials dress. They never wear gloves. The color and value of the button which they have on the top of their hats, indicates their rank. This mandarin's tassel is of red silk, his dress of thick silk richly embroidered, his boots of black cloth with very thick white soles, made of a peculiar sort of Chinese paper or cardboard protected by leather

Rich Chinese, ladies as well as gentlemen, (these terms are hardly correct, but I use them for want of better ones) show their vanity by letting their nails grow to an enormous length, and I have seen some about three inches long!

A young European, being in love with a young lady, would ask for a lock of her hair; a young man in China, under similar circumstances, might be satisfied by a piece of her nail, and the length she gives him, might be supposed to show the depth of her affections!

After having described in flattering terms, how sweet the heroine is, novelists of our day often use terms such as this in their tales; "she whispered a low yes, and he imprinted the first kiss on her ruby lips!" Chinese writers are also grandiloquent in their way. For instance, they call the eyebrows of the fair sex, "mountains of the spring," the feet of a beauty, "golden lilies," but a Chinese writer would never say, that a lover imprinted a kiss on his lady-love's ruby lips, simply because the Chinese never kiss each other, nor do they shake hands. Why they do not do the latter I hardly know, but why, when in a high state of affection, they only put their noses together and gently rub them—and do not touch the lips, is evidently because the lips of a Chinese beauty, as a rule, are—painted cerise!

Until the young women are married, they dress their hair in a long plait, just as all men in China do, but they do not shave their head in front and behind as men do.

A Chinaman is very proud of his pig-tail, it is a great punishment and disgrace to have it cut off.

As our dandies show great skill in handling a stick, in like manner, a young Chinese swell plays with his pig-tail underneath. On the table stands a vase of flowers, without which Chinese photographs are rarely taken. His brass tobacco pipe with its very narrow bowl is also placed on the table in a case. We do not know his exact age, but he is about forty, that he is not over fifty is probable from the fact, that he has no beard. Chinese of lower rank never wear beards until they are over fifty—or forty-nine, as we would call it, but the Chinese reckon their existence from a year before they are born! An old Chinaman often wears a moustache and sometimes a beard, and is very proud of it, but you will never see him with whiskers alone.

as he walks along, but you will never see him with a walking stick. Instead of that however, he has very often a fan.

The silk or cotton cord with which they bind up the plait, is either black, red, blue, or white. Black is the general colour, red is used for children—to prevent bad spirits having influence upon them,—blue is for slight mourning, and white for deep mourning.

Before I went to China, I had, like everybody else, often heard about “small feet,” but I always thought the usual descriptions of them exaggerated. Now I have altered my opinion. In their smallest and most fashionable form they make the Chinese ladies unable even to walk! This unnatural way of squeezing a female child’s feet causes great pain to the poor victim and checks the full development of the body. In the towns which are open to foreigners this custom is partly abandoned, especially in Canton, and although the natives deprecate such changes the fact remains that females, who have not been made the victims of this old custom are healthier and stronger than their sisters who retain it, and who paint their pale cheeks in order to look well in the eyes of a native.

In describing customs of foreign countries it is a duty, in my opinion, to illustrate dark sides as well as bright ones, and it is with the deepest regret I here mention that a native, if he has money enough, can at any time buy—only fancy *buy*!—a wife in the celestial kingdom. But is it in China alone, that such a thing can be done? Alas! in all countries where Christianity has not been introduced, women are more or less slaves. Although not dealt with in regular slave markets, as in Africa for instance, children are, in China, sold by their parents without regard to their own inclinations. A child is then valued according to its age, that is to say, according to the money that has been spent in bringing it up.

At the time I lived in Swatow, I often observed on my walks a little way outside the town, a poor wretched child, lying unprotected in the burning sun, crying for alms. By enquiring into the matter, I found that he had been bought by a band of beggars, who now used him in their business, and—it is dreadful but true—in order to awaken compassion, they had cruelly pricked out one of his eyes.

The matter was reported to the Tao-t'ai, the Chinese magistrate, but when he was informed that the child belonged to somebody who had bought and duly paid for it, he seemed to think it unnecessary to take any more trouble. The child was however removed, and although renewed enquiries were made by a friend of mine, the matter died away. We may deplore, but unfortunately we cannot alter, the laws and customs of China.

This was a male child,—female children, however, are much more frequently bought and sold, which is not surprising, when you consider that custom allows the purchase of not only one, but of two, three, or in fact as many wives as you can pay for. When the late Emperor was married, etiquette compelled him—so the newspapers told us at the time—to choose in addition to the empress, three wives of the first, nine of the second, and twenty-seven of the third rank, and an imperial decree specified what household duties each of these classes had to perform.

And what is the consequence of such wicked laws and customs? That which elevates the moral tone, that which is the foundation of real happiness, I mean domestic life, such as we know, love and appreciate, is unknown amongst the natives of the largest empire in the world!

I have just mentioned the late emperor of China, T'ung Che, who died about a year ago, but in accordance with Chinese customs was buried only last October. As you have seen photographs of his subjects, you might wish to see his also. Those who cannot behold Her most gracious Majesty the Queen face to face, can at least see her photograph. Indeed, all civilized and semi-civilized subjects on the globe, except the celestials, I believe, may obtain a true likeness of their sovereign. The Shah of Persia has been photographed; the King of Camboja's likeness was taken in Hongkong, a few years ago; here you see him all alone, and there he is in company with His Excellency the governor of Hongkong, Sir Arthur Kennedy, and many European ladies and gentlemen who were assembled to meet him at the Government House. The photographs of the Taikun of Japan, and later, that of the present Mikado have been taken, but, alas! it was poor T'ung Che's fate to die without being photographed! Whenever an emperor of the celestial

kingdom passes through the city, the grand sedan chair, in which he is carried with much pomp, is generally closed, so that nobody shall get even a glimpse of the "Son of Heaven," all persons, except those belonging to his suite, are forbidden to appear in the route of the procession, and matting is hung up to close the cross lanes. The late emperor made an exception from this general rule when he visited the tombs of his ancestors, and it is said that an European gentleman then saw so much of His Majesty that he was enabled to draw a hurried likeness of him,—others who saw him on the same occasion maintained that he was sleeping at the time he passed them. Well let this now be as it may, not being present myself I cannot judge, but here I show you a likeness, which is intended to be that of T'ung Che. It is a sketch by an European gentleman, representing the audience which the emperor gave the foreign ambassadors in 1873, and to which great importance was attached at the time.

I wrote a short notice on the subject for the Danish Illustrated News,† and as it may perhaps interest you to hear the particulars, I give you here a translation :

"On Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, on the 29th June, (1873) the Emperor of China received the Foreign Ambassadors in a public audience—an event which has been eagerly looked forward to for some years past.

"Great expectations are, with some reason, indulged in, as to the probable effects of this step on the part of the young emperor. For Englishmen, it is of special importance, as more than three-fourths of China's trade with foreign nations passes through English hands—but also for other nations and for China itself the benefits will no doubt, soon become apparent. The ice is now broken, and this ceremony must and will be repeated, whenever the ambassadors of foreign powers have important matters to transact. Oral and direct negotiations will bring the "Son of Heaven" nearer to the children of the earth, and he must arrive at the conviction that the adherence to old customs which may suit His Majesty in his celestial character, by no means accords with the requirements of dwellers on earth, whose watchword

† No. 735 of 26th October, 1873.

“Forward” points the way to the real benefit of mankind. The Chinese are by no means deficient in common sense, they are not Nature’s step children, but as the details of scientific study are strictly laid down by law, the exhibition of talent in the best years of youth is checked. The strange patriarchal form of government in China restricts liberty, and their philosophy scarcely allows the possession, still less the expression of individual opinion.

“Will the 29th of June, 1873, be the commencement of a new and glorious era? We sincerely hope so.

“It cannot be denied that the hostile feeling against everything foreign which was so universal in China, especially before the last English-French-Chinese war, has since given way to sounder ideas, at least in some respects, and it would be wrong to say that China has made no progress during the last five or six years. It is only a few days ago that the twelfth steam boat was launched at Foochow, built by order of the government to protect the coast, and the entire crew without an exception is Chinese. The forts at Taku are mounted with Krupp’s guns, while the troops are drilled in European style and are provided with breech-loaders and chassepôts. But much, very much, still remains to be done, and it is to be hoped that the young eighteen-year-old emperor may be alive to the great benefits derivable from a free form of government, even if the necessary alterations be made only little by little.

“Although the “Pekin Gazette” gives no full report of the event, but merely mentions that an audience *would* be given—without saying to whom—and thus strives to ignore the ceremony, it is nevertheless a fact, that the Emperor of China—the “Son of Heaven”—has received the ambassadors of the European powers, and of the United States, without the usual prostration being necessary, which is altogether contrary to the former etiquette of the Chinese government in its intercourse with other nations.

“Our picture, which is taken from a photograph of a drawing, shows His Majesty sitting with crossed legs on his throne, with the inevitable dragon on a yellow silken curtain in the back ground. He is surrounded by about 800 mandarins. Prince Kung, his uncle, is kneeling on the

left side of the emperor, and translates the address from the Mandarin tongue into Manchu, which the emperor speaks. It was originally written in French and was read by the Russian Minister General Vlanglaly, but Herr Bismarck interpreted it from French into the Mandarin dialect. The Chinese on the left in front is Chung How; he has been in France and was received by Thiers, and it was he who introduced the ambassadors, namely, starting from the left, Fergusson (Holland), De Geofroy (France), Wade (England), Low (U.S. America), Vlanglaly (Russia). Farthest to the right stands Bismarck, interpreter at the German Legation in Pekin. Our space does not allow of our entering into details; as to the remaining mandarins we will only remark that it is quite in accordance with the strictest rules of Chinese etiquette that they all stand with their hats on. *Chacun son goût et sa manière!*

"Neither the German nor the other foreign ministers were then in China.

"The Japanese ambassador had an audience just before that depicted by our illustration."

(To be continued.)

THE FADED LEAF.

It was by the stile, where the hawthorn hung
 Its berries of crimson, its leaves of gold,
 Where the wild convolvulus recklessly flung
 Its fading beauty in masses bold;
 Where many cupp'd mosses of rainbow hue,
 And the fair traced ferns luxuriant grew,
 Where the bryony glowed in mantle of sheen
 And jewelled the grasses that nodded between;
 It was where the "quest" to his mate coo'd low;
 That they met and parted, long years ago.

They were lovers betrothed, they loved in truth,
 But in trouble that Autumn day they met,
 His eyes were clouded by sorrow and ruth,
 And his cheek with her tears was wet.
 A smothered sob and a pitiful sigh

Alone spoke the depth of her misery.
 She was his sweetheart, his fair promised bride,
 He must sail for far lands with the morning tide,
 "When a year shall have fled, again we shall meet."—
 A faded leaf flutter'd and fell at their feet.

The years have rolled on, three long years have passed,
 But the maiden still watches alone
 With tired weary eyes, and with tears that fall fast,
 And a heart from which hope has long flown;
 A ship has "gone down" in the mighty deep,
 And a sailor has past to his long last sleep,
 He thought of his love, and that Autumn day . . .
 And a faded leaf lies on his heart away . . .

The "quest's" grieving voice still rings through the glade,
 But the maiden has gone—where her tears are stayed.

AGNES DRAKE.

MY VALENTINE.

What shall I send my own sweet love ?

O say what is meet
 In earth beneath, or heaven above,
 To lay at her feet—
 Violets white, violets blue !
 Ye shall be my Valentine true.

Strings of pearls for her fairest neck ?

Alas ! I have none.
 Costly jewels her hair to deck ?
 Not one, no, not one.
 Violets white, violets blue !
 Ye shall be my Valentine true.

Nothing have I but love to give—

Ah me ! I am poor.
 A death to die or a life to live—
 But no more, no more.
 Violets white, violets blue !
 Ye shall be my Valentine true.

MAY.

MOTH MARVELS AND BUTTERFLY BEAUTIES.

This was the title of a lecture given before the Gloucester School of Science Philosophical Society, Mr. G. Embrey presiding, on Tuesday, February 1st, by Mr. JOSEPH MERRIN, who exhibited a portion of his collection of British Lepidoptera, and a case of exotics in illustration.

THE study of the history of a butterfly and a moth, said the Lecturer, was not so trifling a matter as some might suppose. These objects have about them the constant charm of the country. They are most numerous in those secluded places which are farthest removed from the traffic of towns and the toiling of man. On the breezy down, by the leafy woodside, amid the glades of the forest—these are the places where our beautiful insects are found in their greatest abundance and highest glory. The charm possessed by natural science is shown in the wide popularity of the works illustrating it; and as the study has the advantage of driving us into the “open” of the country, it is of especial value to the sedentary denizens of towns.

If, during the months of April or July, we search the underside of the leaves of stinging nettles, we shall probably find some eggs of the common Tortoise-shell Butterfly. These eggs are somewhat barrel-shaped. They hatch in a few days after being laid, and each one discloses a small dark hairy caterpillar, as unlike the future Butterfly to which it will change as it is almost possible to conceive. These juvenile caterpillars feed most industriously on the plant upon which the egg has been laid. Like juveniles of a much higher class of “animal” who are fond of plum pudding and tarts, they eat much, and grow much. When little Tommy grows too big for his clothes, he dons a larger suit, but does not diminish his feeding. Not so Master Caterpillar: when owing to his growing, his jacket has got too tight for him, he fasts for a few days; and then the new suit which has been preparing beneath the old one is sufficiently matured to take its place, and Master Caterpillar by a few contortions splits up the old garment, wriggles it over his head, and casts it off. The new suit looks beautifully fresh and bright.

The caterpillars of some kinds of moths and butterflies are beautifully marked and coloured. The caterpillar then recommences eating with renewed appetite. This change of skin through enlargement of the caterpillar takes place about three times before it is full fed, and then it undergoes a most peculiar change which is found to occur in no other class of creatures but Insects,—each caterpillar turns to a chrysalid, in which, when it is matured, the perfect insect appears wrapped up like a mummy. It remains in the chrysalis state for a few weeks, and sometimes many months, quite motionless, unless disturbed, and then it emerges a perfect Butterfly or Moth, as the case may be. The wings for an hour or so are small and crumpled, but they soon expand into all their beauty, and become rigid enough for flight. The Insect after this never grows any larger, and commences a new life, flying about from flower to flower, and after a time dies, the female having in the meantime laid its eggs for the next generation on the food of which itself partook when a caterpillar.

But this change to the perfect Butterfly or Moth is sometimes retarded, or prevented by a curious and apparently cruel fate. Several species of a small four-winged fly called an “ichneumon” are parasites upon these caterpillars. The female has a sharp ovipositor, which she thrusts into the body of the living caterpillar, depositing an egg deep in the flesh. The caterpillar appears to be only slightly tickled by this operation, and the fly lays from four to a dozen or twenty eggs in the body of her living victim. In a short time these eggs hatch into little grubs, which eat out the body of their victim, and after spinning little silken cocoons change into chrysalids within them, and in due time each one comes forth a perfect fly like its parents.

But we will suppose our caterpillar has escaped these sharp-eyed little blood-suckers. If it is a Butterfly, it rests for a time, and then hangs itself up by the hooks in its tail to a pad of silk, which it spins in some secluded spot. Some species attach themselves to palings, or the stalk of a plant, etc., and spin a band of silk across their body. The chrysalid gradually forms beneath the skin of the caterpillar, which it ultimately casts off.

If the caterpillar is that of a Moth, its change into the chrysalis state is of a different character. Some bury in the ground, forming a cell in the earth, at a depth of from one to ten or twelve inches. Some spin up against a tree or paling; some amongst leaves or moss, or rubbish at the roots of trees, using the hairs of their bodies to assist in making their cocoons. The caterpillars of some kinds fold the leaves on which they live into a cell, within which they feed in safety. Some, like the snail, carry their house about with them. Some feed on cloth, silk, hair, fur, carpets, feathers, chocolate, figs, fungi, rotten wood, dust or rubbish. Some on honey, grain, or greasy horse-cloths. Some on the hard wood of trees and posts; some on the roots of plants, or the pith; some on the leaves, and some inside them, or on flowers, fruit, seed, or dried specimens of other insects. Some remain in the chrysalis state only a few days, others weeks, months, or even five or six years.

The final change into the perfect state seems the most wonderful of all. A short time before emergence, the colour changes. All the rich hues and delicate markings we find pictured on the wings have been slowly elaborated in the gloom of the chrysalid-chamber; and the creature which, once crawled as a worm, and then lay seemingly dead, rises in the air with the wings of a seraph, and gambols like a fairy amidst the woods and the flowers.

Among articulated, or jointed, animals the class *Insecta* is placed by Science, and Moths and Butterflies constitute one of the orders of that class, known as *Lepidoptera*—signifying scale-wing, the wings being wholly or partially covered with scales. These, which look like dust to the naked eye, are found when magnified to have battledore and other forms, and are mostly inserted into the wing by means of a fine stalk. Some of these scales are minutely ribbed, causing the optical effect of brilliancy or iridiscence, and some are coloured with bright pigment. While many British species exhibit bright, varied, and lovely combinations of colour, many of those occurring in tropical countries are found to be more gorgeous and dazzling. Of the 64 or 66 species of Butterflies which occur in this country, we have 62 in the collection before us; of these

about 44 were taken in this district. [The Lecturer then described the peculiarities of many of the Butterflies shown.]

Without speaking scientifically, Butterflies may be roughly distinguished from Moths by their antennæ, or "horns," those of Butterflies being clubbed, while those of Moths are variously shaped. While the British Butterflies do not number more than about 66, the British Moths run to nearly 2,000. The first great division comprises the Nocturni, about 113 species, including our largest Moths, the Death's Head and the Convolvulus Hawk Moth, which measure nearly five inches across the wings. Many species are richly coloured, particularly the Burnets, the Tigers, and the Elephants. The caterpillars are very various, as are the modes in which the pupal change is effected, some spinning up in a silken, papery, or horny cocoon, and some burying in the earth.

The next family, the Geometræ, comprises a little over 280 species. Many of them are day-flyers, and the markings on some of them are beautiful and elaborate. The caterpillar is peculiar from having only from ten to twelve or fourteen legs, which in most of the species are placed at each end of the body, causing the creature to "loop" when it walks. Some of them change into a chrysalid like a Butterfly, others spin up, and others are subterranean.

Another large family is called the Noctuæ, most of which are night flyers, numbering about 320 species. Nearly all the family are very fond of sweets, a weakness which often leads to their ready capture, when rum-flavoured sweetened beer or treacle is used as a bait, or sallow, ivy, and other blossoms which have attracted them at dusk are made "happy hunting grounds." The pupal change is mostly subterranean.

The next group comprises the Pyralides; then we have the Crambites, or grass-moths; and then the Tortrices, many of the caterpillars of which family are leaf-rollers. The next large group, the Tinæa, numbers a little over 600 species. It comprises most of our smallest Moths, some species not being more than two-twelfths of an inch across the wings, and many are as beautiful as they are minute.

The caterpillars of many of them feed in the interior of leaves, making what are called "mines;" some live in cases which they carry about with them, like a snail does his shell. The "clothes moths," so dreaded by the prudent housewife, belong to this family. The last group is the Pterophori, or Plumes, so named from the feathery formation of their wings.

In conclusion the Lecturer said he hoped he had induced some to feel a little more interest than before in Moths and Butterflies, and to perceive that they furnish a large amount of material for interesting study. This branch of Entomology, like every other, is in want of close observers and industrious students, for much yet remains to be discovered. The healthy exercise which the collector must take in visiting the haunts and homes of these Insects in the fields, the woods, and on the hills, renders the whole business rather a recreation than a study, though of course study is requisite to master the necessary technicalities of classification, structure, etc. But taken altogether there are few sciences which can be studied under pleasanter and more health-giving circumstances than Entomology, more especially the branch pertaining to "Moth marvels and Butterfly beauties."

INCONSTANCY.

Once loved and deemed divine,
 Still loved but found untrue,
 What give you your new lover?
 Your beauty? 'Tis half mine!
 Will he, or I, or you
 Weep most that love goes over?
 For all must weep.

Ah! when his lips shall rest
 On yours to seal and sign
 Love's faith through shine and shower,
 Will all those kisses pressed
 Upon your lips by mine
 Taste sweet to him, or sour?
 You vowed too deep.

Oh veil that neck, suffused
 With red, for my kiss lay
 And crimsoned all its snows :
 Bind up that hair I have loosed,
 And pluck the lily away
 From where I have set the rose,
 For love to keep.

Droop, droop those eyelids, pressed
 By fond lips that grew
 As they would never part :
 Hide, hide from him that breast
 Whose secrets once I knew :—
 And I will hide my heart,
 Till the last sleep.

F. WYVILLE HOME.

TO A YOUNG GIRL ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Oh scorn not the tribute, though humble it be,
 Accept it, sweet child, from thy friend ;
 And believe that thou never the moment wilt see,
 When her feelings will wander like traitors from thee,
 Or her faithful affection will end.

Then welcome the dawn of another bright day !
 To hope and to memory dear ;
 May Time, in his course, every care take away,
 And bring you of pleasures a gallant array,
 As he brings you another new year.

Thy fancy, no doubt, to the future will gaze,
 And will seldom look back to the past ;
 But when on thy childhood thy memory strays,
 Remember the guardian of those happy days,
 When joy was too brilliant to last.

If others their lyrical offerings bear,
 In varying note they will sing;
 Some breathing of hope, some sighing of fear,
 Of joy or of pleasure, of grief or of care,
 Like the hearts from whose dictates they spring.

Oh! then believe the enlivening strains
 Which assure you of comfort and rest;
 Life's pleasures in truth, are more than its pains
 Its losses unspeakably less than its gains,
 To the spirit which hopes for the best.

DINA.

A VISIT TO SWEDEN.

BY HECTOR.

ONCE again across the North Sea, in the month of July, choosing the old route from Hull to Christiansand and Christiania, accompanied on this occasion by S——. At the lastnamed place we hired carriages for the journey. Several people crossed in the same steamer with us, most of whom were about to make the usual fortnight's journey, guided by Mr. Bradbury's useful little book "To Norway and back," either going over the Fillefjeld to Bergen, or over the Dovrefjeld to Trondhjem, and then by steamer to England. Visitors to these lands, although of late years increased in number, are nothing like so numerous as some represent them to be. They mostly consist of Germans and Americans. In the very wild parts travellers are seldom seen. Why such magnificent scenic land is not more frequented, I cannot quite understand. Certainly the sea passage to and fro, and the time it occupies, may debar some, but I fear that one reason, perhaps not the least, is, that the eatables, drinkables, conveyances and general accommodation, do not hold out so much inducement as the more accessible and luxurious districts of the Rhine and Switzerland, which may be fairly said to attract almost the entire horde of tourists year after year.

Taking the train to Kongsvinger, we stayed there for the night. It is an interesting town and was at one period of some importance. The next morning we set off in our

carriages, crossing the frontier and journeying by Morast, Magnord, and Charlottenberg to Arvika. Truly glad were we to find ourselves fairly out in the open country, for the heat of Christiania was unusually great and oppressive. The station at Charlottenberg was a very pretty one. It stood in the middle of a small green field, part of which was laid out as a garden. One side of the house was a row of ten beehives, and on the other, a deep well, the water of which was of the clearest and coldest description. The little paths were well kept, and the numerous flowers in the beds seemed fairly to luxuriate. The mode of drawing water from the well just spoken of, was similar to that in use in nearly every part of Sweden, especially in Dalecarlia. An upright post, about ten or twelve feet in height, is fixed in the ground about eight or ten feet from the well; through the top of it, a very long piece of wood,—formed invariably of an entire young pine or fir tree, about thirty feet in length,—is secured by means of an iron pin near about the centre, yet leaving it free to be worked “see saw” fashion, when requisite. To the thin end of this tree is attached a long chain, at the end of which is the bucket. The drawer of water standing on the raised stonework at the mouth of the well, can with ease, having so much leverage, lower the bucket by pulling hand over hand at the chain, and when the bucket is full, the task of raising it to the surface is equally easy, as so much assistance is given by the weight of the thick end of the young tree counterbalancing that of the bucket of water. When not at work, and viewed at a distance, these posts have the appearance of gigantic fishing rods, standing upright, but with a slant and curve of the rod. Often have we been struck with the singular appearance of the villages, when nearing them, studded as they are all over with these “well” posts and beams, which together with the low caravan shaped dwellings, spread in all directions without any reference to regularity, look almost grotesque.

On entering the station (Charlottenberg) we saw a guitar and violin, both of which instruments the landlord played. The Swedes are said to be a musical race. At various stations, we noticed violins, horns, and not un-

frequently guitars, as well as assortments of music, mostly manuscript. The drive all the way to Arvika was exceedingly pretty, especially the river scenery on our left between Kongsvinger and Morast. In the evening, we crossed that fine river the Klar, by chain ferry boat, first experiencing some difficulty in waking the ferryman, who was sound asleep in his hut on the bank. Added to the darkness of the evening, there was a dense white mist hanging over the river, consequently we had to use extra caution on account of the horses and our carriages. Not far from us and down the river, were some very fine waterfalls, the humming sound of which, we could distinctly hear when crossing. Arvika seemed a tolerable sized town. After trying one inn, which was full of Swedes, we obtained most comfortable quarters at another. The landlord and one of the maids although roused out of their beds, cheerfully prepared an excellent supper; fresh dishes were being constantly brought to the table, until we were obliged to call out enough. The following morning the landlord gave us much useful information in a multum in parvo style, as to distances, accommodation, etc., respecting Sweden in general and Dalecarlia in particular; through which latter wild, unfrequented and charming province we were about to pass. It would take much space and time to enumerate, leave alone to particularize, the endless variety of beautiful landscapes we met with, while travelling through Sweden.

First, there were the pine and fir forests, endless, it is true, many of them, but interesting in the extreme, and presenting some new feature at every bend of the road. Now, they are dark, wild, and almost black looking, now, exhibiting glades of the loveliest kind, their appearance often heightened by the reflected glory of the sun, which sometimes sends his beams even into the dense parts of the forest. The early morning rays shew the glades to advantage, but at sunset they appear perfect fairylands, for the bark of the tall and mast-like stems of the pine trees being red, fills the atmosphere with a ruddy tinge. Again, from the mountain tops, woodclad or not, glimpses of far distant scenery ever and anon presented themselves, such as, of extensive lakes, miles and miles in length,

looking like vast inland seas, spacious valleys, and distant mountains.

Then the valleys themselves were most striking, especially in central Sweden, where there is an almost total absence of fences. Most of the land seemed in a high state of cultivation, and enormous expanses of barley, clover and grass, met the eye in all directions. Many of the plots being covered with variegated wild flowers of all colours, gave this sea of cultivation a lovely appearance. Here and there at the edge of these dals were seen slow running streams, winding about in an almost artificial style, with water lilies and lotus plants on their surface, and on their banks, grass of the brightest green, and in some places, swift-running clear pebbly brooks.

(To be continued.)

MELANCOLIE.

A Jules L.

I.

Ami, le ciel est triste et mon âme abattue,
 Mon cœur lourd ; je ne sais ce qui pèse sur lui ;
 L'ennui, mal incessant qui me ronge et me tue,
 Vient encor m'obséder de sa sombre massue :
 As-tu pitié de mon ennui ?

Ah ! viens, viens près de moi ! rions, causons ensemble !
 Parlons de nos projets ; de nos jours d'avenir ;
 De nos rêves d'amour ! . . . chimère qui ressemble
 A la vie ; ombre sainte, adorée, et qu'on tremble
 A tout instant de voir s'enfuir. . . .

N'est-ce-pas qu'il est doux d'être unis ; de se dire
 Nous n'avons dans le ciel qu'une étoile pour deux ;
 Comme un hymne d'oiseau, harmonieux délire,
 Et comme un chant d'amour qui tremble sur la lyre
 N'ont qu'un écho mélodieux. . . .

Viens, nous écouterons le doux bruit que fait l'onde
 En caressant ses bords tout émaillés de fleurs ;
 Et nous n'entendrons plus l'orage au loin qui gronde ;
 Et nous oublierons les tempêtes du monde,
 Et ses éternelles clameurs. . .

Ah ! fuyons un instant les misères, les haines ;
 Déposons le fardeau d'amertume et de fiel :
 Viens respirer l'air pur que répandent les plaines,
 A l'heure où Dieu pardonne aux souffrances humaines,
 A l'heure où l'âme monte au ciel !

La nuit, quand tout se tait ; quand l'ombre et le silence
 Descendent sur nos fronts comme un épais bandeau ;
 A l'heure où l'homme dort ; où veille l'espérance ;
 Lorsqu'en songe il revoit sa mère, son enfance,
 Et Dieu, bénissant son berceau. . . .

Et tes yeux sur les miens, les mains entrelacées,
 Nous gémirons tout bas sur l'homme et sur son deuil :
 Et nous irons fouler les feuilles desséchées :
 Souffles morts ! cœurs éteints ! sur leurs tiges penchées,
 Comme nous, sur notre cercueil !

Et nous dirons à Dieu : Seigneur, le sort est juste ;
 La vie est un exil qu'il faut savoir subir. . . .
 Qui peut lever le front devant ton front auguste !
 Passez, faibles et forts !—courbe toi frêle arbuste !
 Hommes et fleurs, tout doit mourir !

Tout tombe et se flétrit ; tout s'efface et s'écoule ;
 Tout meurt et tout finit, tout—excepté le Temps !
 Témoin livide et froid qui voit passer la foule ;
 Doigt tendu vers l'abîme où le monde s'écroule :
 Spectre éternel qui dit : J'ATTENDS !

II.

Mais qu'importe après tout ce néant : l'existence !
 Chacun suit son destin—où va-t-on ?—Dieu le sait !
 Bruit morne et sans écho ; flot qui passe en silence,
 L'homme s'évanouit dans l'océan immense,
 Comme une ombre qui disparaît !

Oublions ! oublions ! sans l'oubli, qui peut vivre
 Ne sondons point le gouffre où nous irons un jour. . . .
 Prions, en attendant que la mort nous délivre,
 Et nous fasse épeler le mystérieux livre
 Que chacun vient lire à son tour !

Eugène Joël.

TO CYNTHIA.

I.

Why cam'st thou, strong in beauty's ruthless might,
 To aid the puissance of mine adversary,
 Oblivion, a mighty foe and wary,
 'Gainst whom my youth did wage unequal fight,
 Too soon alas ! to end in shameless flight,
 When thou, a reckless, laughter-loving fairy,
 With one bright glance did'st make my strength miscarry,
 Turning my future into endless night ?
 Yet can thy power with ease requite my loss ;
 For who that laid his head upon thy breast
 Would count not fame and all distinction dross,
 Content for age on such sweet spot to rest ?
 O hearken, then, and unto love awake,
 That I upon thy lips my heart's fierce thirst may slake.

ALEXIS BOTREAUX.

RAGNHILDA.

A TALE.—BY CLEMENT DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER I.

*How the Sons of Einar were driven out of Caithness, and
 Elsa became a captive in Orkney.*

LONG ago came Einar with ships from Norway. And he conquered the islands of Orkney and made himself lord thereof. And thence he invaded the county of Caithness ; and that too he conquered, for he was a warlike man, and cunning withal in taking his foe at disadvantage.

Now Einar had five sons, and, when he died, he left to Arnfin, the eldest, the lordship of all the islands : and to Havard, the second, the earldom of Caithness ; but to the three younger sons he left no inheritance save their swords, with which he besought them to defend the possessions of their two elder brothers. Now Liotr was the third son ; and he was cautious and cunning, but bold withal when the season was meet. And Lodver was the fourth : a simple man and brave. And Sigurd was the youngest ; but he was wholly given to revelry and riotous ways.

So Einar died, and his five sons mourned for him. And, when their mourning was finished, Arnfin called his brothers together and said : " Our father is dead, and we too, when our time comes, must die likewise. But let us now take counsel together what shall be the fashion of our lives. Our father was a warlike man, and cunning in counsel ; but I am not as he was. He in his wisdom has allotted to me these islands, and here I will abide. And where shall I find a fairer virgin than Ragnhilda, the daughter of Eric and Gunhilda ? Her will I wed that our father's race may not fail upon the earth." Then said Havard, the second son, " To me our father has in his goodness apportioned the county of Caithness for an inheritance. Thither will I hie me that I may rule over it. But neither am I such a man as our father was ; for I am more cunning in words than in deeds. Therefore my brother Liotr will I take with me that he may be to me a tower of strength ; since he is more as our father was, a warlike man and cunning in deeds. For I foresee that I must fight many battles if I would keep the land which our father has apportioned me." Then he said to Liotr, " Wilt thou come with me, brother, and be my friend ?" And Liotr answered " I will." Then said Lodver, the fourth son, " I will abide with Arnfin ; and, since I love Auda, the daughter of Kerval, and she is fair, her will I wed ; for the love of a fair woman is more than arms and strife. But, if ye have need of aid in Caithness, then will I not be absent from you." Then said Sigurd, the youngest, " I love good diet and a merry life. I will be the messenger between my brothers of Orkney and my brothers of Caithness ;

“so shall I enjoy many a jovial night in both your halls.” So the five brothers embraced; and they all swore by the shade of their father to be true to his name and to one another.

So Arnfin wedded Ragnhilda and Lodver took Auda to wife. And there was much feasting and great joyaunce thereupon; whereat Sigurd did his part manfully: so much so that when the time came for Havard and Liotr to pass over to Caithness he was sick and could not go with them. So he tarried behind in the halls of his brother Arnfin; but Havard and Liotr with a goodly following sailed over to Caithness, where, when they arrived, they found the Earl of Moray and his three sons in arms against them, overrunning the country. For the tidings of Earl Einar’s death had set his enemies free from the terror of his name, and they said among themselves, “The power of Einar is divided amongst his five sons; and they are young men, lacking wisdom. Let us arm ourselves that we may once more possess the land which our fathers possessed, and drive out these strangers.” So all they who had a claim upon land in Caithness, and many that had no claim, came together under the banner of the Earl of Moray; and they were a great multitude. Now, when Havard saw how great a host the Earl of Moray had gathered against him, he said to his brother, “How shall we prevail against all this people?” And Liotr answered, “We shall not prevail. It were folly to give battle until we have greater numbers.” Then said Havard, “To retreat without a blow would shame us. But since thou thinkest we may not prevail, and that I know thou art well skilled to measure the chances of a battle, thou shalt take command of the common folk, and with them commence a retreat; but I, with some following of the better sort, will hang upon the flank and rear of the enemy, and mayhap I shall do him some hurt. For delay in warfare accords not with my bent; yet would I not that my rashness should imperil the whole army.” So Liotr ordered his people to retreat; and the enemy’s host quickly followed, and soon was much dispersed. But by this time Havard with a company of picked men had come round to their rear. Now the Earl of

Moray was an old man and blind ; so that he went not out to the battle, but remained near the tents, and his daughter tended him. Him Havard found surrounded by only a few guards, whom he quickly slew ; but, when he would have smitten the old man, the maiden threw herself before her father and besought Havard to spare his life. Then Havard perceived that she was a fair damsel ; so he placed her on his horse, and bore her away to his brother Liotr ; but he spared the grey hairs of her father.

Now when Liotr saw that Havard had captured the daughter of the old Earl he was exceeding glad ; for he said " She shall be to us a hostage of great price." So he said to his brother, " Do thou now take the maiden on thy good horse, Havard, and fly with all speed to the sea-shore, and tarry not until thou hast placed her in the hands of our brother, Arnfin ; for she will be to us a hostage of great price, and from Arnfin's halls she will not readily escape." So Havard took the maiden and fled to his brother Arnfin, who was on the island. And, when he came there, he told his brother how great a host the Earl of Moray had gathered against him. Then Arnfin collected his people, and carried them across the frith. But, when they came to the other side, they found Liotr on the sea shore ; for he had lost a battle and had only escaped himself with great hardship. Then Arnfin, when he saw that his brother's host was scattered, returned to his own place, and would proceed no farther towards the recovery of Caithness ; for he said, " Haply, while I am in Caithness an enemy will invade the island." Thus did the sons of Einar, Earl of Orkney, lose the province of Caithness, which their father had conquered and bequeathed to them ; and thus did Elsa, the daughter of Malcolm, Earl of Moray, become a captive in the halls of Arnfin, in the island of Orkney.

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTION—payable in advance :—twelve months 5s. 6d. ; which can be remitted, in stamps, to the Editor, Postbox, No. 26, Gloucester. Post Office Orders should be made out to the order of Adolph Branth, Gloucester. Communications are welcome.

CONTRIBUTORS must subscribe for one year.

The Amateur.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

VOL. II. No. 4.] APRIL 1st, 1876.

[Price 6d.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, AFTER DEDUCTION OF
PRINTING EXPENSES AND POSTAGES, WILL BE APPLIED
TO CHARITABLE OBJECTS.

RAGNHILDA.

A TALE.—BY CLEMENT DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER II.

*How Havard loved Elsa, and how Ragnhilda tempted
Frithiof and Olave.*

Now Elsa was a passing fair damsel; and, when Havard saw her smitten with great sorrow for the loss of her father and kinsfolk, pity took possession of his heart, and it repented him that he had carried her away. Fain would he have sent her back but that he was restrained by the wily counsel of his brother Liotr, who looked upon the maiden as a hostage of great price. Therefore Havard sent her not back to her father; but nevertheless he was not unmindful of the sorrow which lay in her heart. And he set her to live in the house of Auda, the wife of Lodver, whom he bade be kind to the damsel and endeavour to

lessen her grief. So Auda took Elsa to dwell in her house ; yet was the damsel's grief no wit abated thereby, for she would not be comforted. At length it befel that Havard, going daily to inquire concerning Elsa and how she fared, came to love the maiden. For he saw that her heart was pure and free from guile, and that she sorrowed not for herself but for her aged father whom her carrying away had left desolate. So Havard was fain to have made the damsel his wife, but she would not hearken to his love, but only prayed him continually that she might be restored to her father, saying that he was an aged man, and that save her only there was none to minister to him. Thus Havard prospered not in his suit ; but nevertheless his love for the maiden waxed greater every day.

Now Ragnhilda was the fairest woman of her time ; but her heart was full of guile, and she lusted after power and dominion over men. At first indeed she had been glad to be wife to Earl Arnfin, for she said, " Now shall I rule over these islands and be a queen in the land." But she soon grew weary of Arnfin, her lord, for he was a foolish man, but stubborn withal and resolute to follow his own counsel. So, when Ragnhilda found that she could not sway the counsels of her husband, she grew wroth against him in her heart ; and she cast her eyes upon Havard, and she said to herself : " Behold a man in whom my heart " would take delight, fair in face, and shapely in form, and " cunning to frame words of mirth and gladness. His " smile is sweet and his heart is tender ; he is framed for " the delight of woman." So she fell to contriving means whereby she might make him her husband in the stead of his brother Arnfin ; for she said : " I thirst for the love of " a man whom I shall not despise."

Now there dwelt a young warrior at the court of Arnfin ; and his name was Frithiof. And, in the days when Ragnhilda was a virgin in the house of her mother, Frithiof had loved her and been fain to make her his wife. But when Ragnhilda knew that Arnfin wanted her to wife, she had said to Frithiof : " Our love was but the love of babes, " and lo it is passed away." But Frithiof was sore smitten in heart, and he said : " Am I become hateful in " thine eyes because the Earl desires thee to be his wife ?

“Thou shalt come to know that a true man’s love is to even the fairest among women a treasure beyond price.” Then he departed from her, and swore that he would see her false face no more. But, having joined himself to Havard in Caithness, he returned thence when Elsa was conveyed away from her father. And when Ragnhilda saw him returned again she said: “Now shall I have a true servant to do my behests.” Nor was she wholly deceived; for anger dwelt not long in the heart of Frithiof; and now he remembered only that Ragnhilda was the love of his youth, and he said: “I shall never find her likeness upon the earth.” But her falseness he no longer regarded, for he said: “What am I that I should hope for the love of such a woman?” So when he was returned to the court of Arnfin, he no more sought occasion to speak privately with Ragnhilda, that he might reproach her with her fickleness; nor did he any more let his eyes dart fierce glances of scorn upon her when he beheld her in the presence of others. But he meekly turned his eyes towards the ground, nor suffered them to rest upon the face of her for the loving of whom he now blamed himself. But, when Ragnhilda saw that his manner towards her was changed, she began to be troubled in her mind; for she feared she had lost her dominion over him. So one day she called him to her side and said: “Frithiof, I was glad when I saw thee come back from Caithness safe and sound; for I should have sorely grieved if any mishap had befallen the companion of my youth.” Then Frithiof bent his head; but he spoke never a word. Ragnhilda, perceiving after a few days that he still withheld himself from her, and would not speak with her as he had formerly been wont, spoke to him yet again. “Frithiof,” she said, “I used to believe, when I was a girl, that thy nature was gentle and prone to forgive; but I now perceive that thou hast learned to nourish malice in thy heart.”

Then Frithiof said: “Why think ye so, lady?”

And she answered, “Because I see that I cannot make thee my friend again as thou wert wont to be.”

Then Frithiof said: “I am thy friend and shall be always. But I may not come near thee as I used to do,

“lest I fall again into the toils of love ; for what am I that
 “I should look upon the wife of my lord, the earl, to love
 “her ? ”

Then said Ragnhilda: “Alas ! Frithiof, it is a little
 “thing that I am the earl’s wife if my oldest friends must
 “therefore become strangers to me.”

Then he answered: “Lady, thou art young and fair,
 “and in good health, and thy husband is lord of the land ;
 “in such condition thou wilt surely have friends enough,
 “nor care I to be reckoned among them. But if mis-
 “fortunes should befall thee, and thy lord should die, or his
 “enemies should overcome him in battle so that danger
 “should approach thee, then will I shew thee that I am
 “still thy friend, though all they who now call themselves
 “thy friends should fail thee.”

Then Frithiof left her, and saw her not again for many
 days ; for he perceived that he was in danger of again
 becoming a captive to the splendour of her beauty. But
 she, finding that she could not again reduce Frithiof to
 subjection, and growing daily more weary of her husband,
 betook her to one Olave, her husband’s cousin, that he
 might assist her in working out the evil intent which she
 had in her mind. Olave, like Frithiof, had been a suitor
 for her hand while she was yet a maiden, nor was the fire
 of love yet quenched in his breast. But he was not like
 Frithiof, a man generous and true, and quick to forgive
 an injury, but a haughty man, who would forget no injury
 until he had avenged it. And he regarded with envy and
 hatred Arnfin, the earl, in that he had taken Ragnhilda
 for his wife ; and he watched him narrowly for an occasion
 of revenge. Often too had he besought Ragnhilda to
 yield herself up to him even though she was the wife of
 another ; for he was a wicked man and recked of naught
 but his own delight. But in sooth Ragnhilda loved him
 not, and had many times spoken to him roughly and
 threatened him with her husband’s anger if he ceased not
 from his wicked entreaties ; whereat he remitted somewhat
 of his urgency. But now Ragnhilda, perceiving that he
 was in all respects a man likely to be serviceable to her,
 began to regard him with looks more gracious than of

yore. This Olave observed quickly enough, and straightway fell to the pressing of his suit even more earnestly than he had formerly done.

"There is delight in the heart of thy servant, fair lady," said he one day, greeting her very courteously—"there is delight in the heart of thy servant in that thou once more smilest upon him as thou wert wont to do. For great is the sorrow with which thy displeasure hath of late filled his heart; and to please thee is the greatest good which can befall him."

Ragnhilda answered him craftily: "Thy words are fair, Olave, as they have ever been, but what of thy deeds? Are they fair too?"

"I know not wherein thou canst blame them," said he.

Then she said softly: "Was it a fair thing, think ye, to approach a young wife with words of contempt concerning her husband so that haply he might become hateful in her eyes?"

But he answered boldly: "Has not thy husband deserved my contempt and thy hatred?"

"But was it a fair thing," said she, "when thou hadst seen thy venomous words bear fruit to withhold thy succour from her whose peace thou hadst destroyed?"

"Therein I did but obey thy commands," he answered, "for, when last I spoke with thee thou badest me begone and nevermore see thy face."

"And was it dealing fairly with a woman to take her at her word in such a matter?" she asked softly.

Then Olave perceived that all trace of her former pride had fled from her countenance; for her aspect was as of one whom fortune has used despitefully, and who timidly watches the faces of men if haply he may find one among them not altogether unfriendly to him. So he approached her, and took her hand, and said tenderly, "Thou hast need of a friend who will deliver thee from this carl whom thy foolish youth accepted for a husband. Let me be that friend, and I swear to thee that thy lord shall live no longer than thou desireth."

"It is not for a woman to command the taking of life," she whispered.

“Then let me take the mandate from thine eyes since thy lips refuse to utter it,” he exclaimed, and he lowered his face to hers and sought to look into her eyes. But she would not meet his gaze, but bent her eyes towards the ground, and a crystal tear coursed slowly down each of her beautiful cheeks. Then Olave took her in his arms and unresisted kissed her haughty lips, and whispered in her ear passionate words of love; and she by her silence seemed both to encourage his endearments and to sanction his fierce resolve. But all the while within her wicked heart she laughed, for she perceived that she had ensnared him in her toils.

(To be continued.)

ANGELS' VOICES.

In my slumbers, visions take me
 To a happier, holier clime,
 Where sweet voices seem to wake me
 With their melody sublime—
 Angels' voices, pure and holy,
 Seem to breathe a heavenly prayer,
 Anthems swelling—tuneful, lowly—
 Softly fall upon the air :
 And the choirs of angels raise
 Hymns of glory, honour, praise.

There the sun is ever shining,
 Streams, like diamonds, sparkle bright,
 Clouds e'er shine with golden lining,
 Hearts are loving, free, and light.
 There none know the pain of sorrow,
 Tears ne'er dim the weakest eye :
 All to-day, no past, no morrow,
 Happiness forbids a sigh :
 Angels' cheerful voices ring
 With the heavenly songs they sing.

Bands of angels, still increasing,
 Sing, in tones so sweetly fine,
 Strains enchanting—never ceasing—
 Richest melody divine :
 Softly whispering, loudly sounding,
 As through space they float and roll,
 There, eternally abounding,
 Angels' voices charm the soul ;
 Hovering round me now they seem,
 They live—alas ! but in a dream.

FRED. C. FINCH.

NOTES FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.

BACHELORS, old maids, and childless married people are about the worst judges in the world of parental affection. They are always expressing an opinion on the subject, and imagining how easy it must be to dispense with or add to the number of children in the family stock.

This subject was most forcibly brought before my mind in the following manner :

Some years ago I was living in one of those small mining villages in the north of England, which, while affording more life than an agricultural village, are nevertheless the very essence of dullness, and are perhaps among some of the most uninteresting spots in the whole of Great Britain. The place where my lot was cast was no exception to this rule, it was as we sometimes say of such places, "On the highway to nowhere," everybody knew everybody's business, and the most trivial incident was magnified into something of importance. The only break in this monotonous dreariness consisted in watching the children going backward and forward to school, or the colliers as they came from the pit, with faces black as African negroes, with just exceptional streaks down their cheeks where the perspiration showed the grinning traces of the white skin beneath.

But one day after two monotonous years in this most monotonous place, an event occurred which stirred us all in a way never to be forgotten. The few people the village contained might be seen all running in the direction of a

large coal pit near the small church. It was easy to see that something unusual had happened, for all seemed to be excited—old men with stiffened joints were straining every nerve in the race, women with children in their arms, and boys and girls were all pressing along with breathless haste.

Seeing such excitement I was anxious to know the cause, and after learning that something serious had occurred at the pit, I with the rest soon found myself at the scene of the disaster, and what I saw made such an impression upon my mind that it will never be erased. The water had broken into the working from an old unused mine, and after flooding the entire works rose right to the top of the shaft, a distance of 300 feet; and notwithstanding the pleasing thought that fifty men had been rescued from a premature death, by what was almost a miracle, there was still the dreadful fact staring us in the face that twenty-three poor fellows, well known to us all, were 100 yards beneath our feet, with this mighty mass of water above them.

It is not my object to give the details of this dreadful accident, and how, relying upon our knowledge of a similar catastrophe, we hoped against hope that the imprisoned men might reach the part of the workings that was above the level of the shaft top, and after all might be saved—nor to say how after nine days of hope deferred, we at last heard the dreadful tidings that though found, they were all dead—neither to describe the scene in the village churchyard when we laid the twenty-two poor miners side by side in this last resting place—but to fasten upon an incident that arose out of the whole. Among the men who thus met with a premature death, all were married but one, leaving their wives widows and forty-four children fatherless. The benevolence of the whole county was touched and stirred to its very depths, money flowed in from every source, and in almost every conceivable form; and the total sum received surprised us all.

In connexion with a wide spread expression of benevolence there are always sure to be incidents of a pleasing and interesting character, and this occasion proved no exception to the rule. My official position made me the medium of most

of the correspondence, and the number of letters that I received from the gentler sex on the subject, would be difficult to tell. One contained a cheque from a widow to a widow, and was to be given by myself. Others full of deep sympathy and kindness, containing different sums to be given to whom I thought the most deserving; but by far the most interesting of all was the attention that was directed to the children.

One letter came from Lady A——, saying that she had heard of the accident, with deep sorrow, and that she should be pleased to do anything she could to benefit the sufferers. She said that she was patroness of a small orphanage, and that if I would select five of the children, she would undertake to have them admitted free of cost, promising at the same time, to pay for their travelling expenses and outfit. By the next post I received a letter from a lady breathing the same sympathising spirit and desiring to adopt one of the children. She said she was married but without family, and if I would kindly choose a light haired, fair complexioned, little girl of about seven, she would become a tender mother to her, and would settle a sum of money upon the child at once. The next day a letter came from the daughter of one of our most popular Bishops, engaging to undertake to pay for the introduction of two or three of the children into any good orphanage that might be selected for them. This from my point of view was all that could be desired.

I knew several of the mothers personally, and that they were anything but what good mothers should be. I was picturing to myself the children safe in some good institution, or in private families, and being educated for positions of respect and usefulness. I sat down and carefully thought over the circumstances of the different cases, and at last made the selections of those that I thought to be the most distressing and worthy of the help thus offered.

So with my plans all cut and dried, I set out to see the mothers of the children, which I had mentally so disposed of, and I hoped to have them all ready by the following day to start on their journey for their future homes; but, as I afterwards found to my mortification, there was the consent of one or two parties to be obtained that I had not

taken into my reckoning. Thus thinking over my scheme and congratulating the children on their improved prospects, I came to the door of the house where the batch of children lived that I had selected for the orphanage.

I entered, and having wished Mrs. F—— good morning, and spoken a few words of sympathy to her, I at once gently opened to her the subject of my mission. I said, "I have good news for you. I have this morning received a letter from a lady who is deeply interested in you, and who is anxious to help you in some way." These few words seemed to give a gleam of brightness to her face that I had not seen for some time. I now ventured further, and said: "The lady says as you have so many children she will gladly relieve you of five of them, by admitting them into her orphanage, and so bring them up for you, allowing them to come home occasionally, and permitting you to see them whenever you think fit." I tried to point out to her how greatly this would be to the children's advantage, how well they would be educated, and how much better they would be cared for than it was possible for her to care for them; and that she would then be quite free to go out to work. All the time this conversation was going on, I saw her eyes turning first to one of her children and then to the other, and I thought I saw a tear glisten in her eye, but when I tried to bring the matter to a decision her lip began to quiver and she burst into tears, at the same time saying, "She was greatly obliged to me and the lady, but that she had lost her husband and could not part with a single one of her children however hard her lot." I felt that I could not stand this sort of thing, and with a peculiar kind of choking in my throat, I beat a hasty retreat.

I saw at once that I had undertaken a most difficult task, and would have gladly deputed it to some one else, but then who was it to be, for there was no one but myself to try. So getting the better of my choking feeling I tried to screw up my courage, and resolved that I would try another family. I started off again, but all the time it seemed to me as if some one was playing at shuttlecock and battledore with my feelings, some times hope was up, now fear, and then shame for a time would have the complete mastery. At last taxing all the resolution that I

could muster, I entered the second house, and though I stopped long and reasoned hard, I was obliged to leave with a result like that I had from the first. Well now, I thought, I will make one other trial, and if I cannot succeed then I will give up the whole business.

Let me stop and think now who shall I go to next, there is Mrs. J——, now she is much of the same disposition as the women that I have already tried, no, nor Mrs. G——, she is like her. I have it! I will go to Mrs. M——, she is quite of a different stamp, she is a thoroughly sensible woman, there will be none of this blindness to her children's interest in her. She is of a regular masculine type, and seems to have been made before sympathy came into fashion, and I shall be sure to have one or two of hers. So I turned round and started off at once for her house. As I expected, I found her at home, and knowing her very well I introduced my errand at once. I said, "A few benevolent ladies, having heard of your dreadful misfortune, are wishful to do something to help those of you who have large families, and are willing to relieve you of the responsibility of a few of your children." I told her that I had been to two other houses, but that I had thought of one or two of her children in my scheme from the first. When I had, as I thought, thus made out my case, I expected a ready response from her at once, but I was doomed to disappointment even here, for looking her full in the face I soon saw my mistake. I think I can picture her before me now, as she brought down her big hand upon the table, with eyes flashing like fire and a curl of scorn upon her lips, exclaiming in a loud and almost angry voice: "I am not surprised at the mothers refusing to part with their kids. I would sooner work these fingers to the bone than I would let mine go to anybody, you an none on yer oun or ya would na come to ax us to part wi oun." I was not prepared for this onslaught, and I think that I never left a house so chagrined in my life.

I now quite gave up the matter, fully seeing what a simpleton I had made myself. I went home a wiser if a disappointed man. I thought, here are four of us interfering between these poor women and their children, without even taking their affections into consideration; and yet all

of us pretending to a fair amount of education—we might have had no mother ourselves! And yet when I reflected a little, it was all quite plain. It was true what the rough collier's wife said, I had no children of my own, and the married lady who wished to adopt the little girl was like me, and so was the Bishop's daughter, and so was Lady A——.

Reader, if you are ever tempted to interfere between a mother and her child, let me recommend to you the advice Mr. Punch gives to those about to get married: "don't!"

J.T.

AN IDEAL LIFE.

To live, is not amid the crowd
 To jostle on to wealth or fame,
 And leave, when all our need's a shroud,
 A noble house or lasting name;

Still less with skulking gait to creep
 Through life, as do the saintly fry,
 With eyes that neither smile nor weep,
 And pleasure banished to the sky;

Nor is't to toil for toil's own sake:
 To hug close-clasped the daily task,
 Because, whene'er our souls awake,
 No answer comes to what they ask.

It is from hour to hour to find
 In every creature, in each thing,
 A joy which stimulates the mind,
 An echo of the truths which ring—

Within us, and of which we are
 Too oft but heedless listeners, who
 But hear as murmurs from afar
 The voices that we ought to woo.

It is from year to year to grow
 In virtue, wisdom, knowledge, love,
 In sympathy for things below,
 In reverence for things above.

This is to live :—the wholesome growth—
 The sweet increasing of a soul
 Enslaved to neither toil nor sloth
 But free in godlike self control.

ALEXIS BOTREAUX.

THE ORIGIN OF SAVAGE LIFE.

Extract from a Lecture, by ALBERT J. MOTT, read before the
 Gloucester Literary and Scientific Society.

THE origin of Savage Life may seem a subject of no great interest to most of us. Savages are generally, in real life, anything but agreeable people. Human nature in its essence is the same thing all the world over, but the savage form of it is everywhere an objectionable form. It appears, besides, to have little or no connexion with our daily lives. The Shilluks, the Dinkas, the Dyaks, the Papuans, add something to the romance of travellers' stories, but we never see them here, and what we know about them is not attractive. Whatever their origin, they have no history, and their probable fate is to die out before the approach of superior races.

The subject, however, like many other questions raised by the speculation of modern times, has acquired a real importance by becoming one of the links in a chain of reasoning by which the whole course of human thought is being modified for better or for worse. That the world was once peopled only by savages, of whom we are the developed and improved descendants, is the doctrine now generally taught by that School of Evolution, which includes many of our deepest thinkers, both on physics and metaphysics, and most of the younger students of science at the present day. That doctrine is in some form or

other a necessary part of the complete Evolution theory ; and this theory in its full development represents the present form of scientific materialism ; the belief, that is, in Matter as the only permanently existing thing really known to us, and in Mind as only the ephemeral product of some of its changes. Of course I am speaking here of the doctrine of Evolution in the sense of an universal theory applied to the whole order of nature, and not in that limited sense in which we are all aware that it expresses the observed course of events relating to some particular phenomena. To support this system of philosophy nothing is more important, just now, than the ability to prove that man at some former period was essentially inferior to man as he now exists, and we need not be surprised at the earnestness with which evidence in favour of this view has been collected and examined.

The whole subject is thus related to matters of the highest import. As "great things from little causes spring," so great truths rest on little truths, and great errors on little errors, and when we ask ourselves how savages came to be as they are, our conceptions of Life and Death, with all that this includes, are in fact involved in the inquiry. To trace it to these ultimate and momentous issues would be quite beyond the scope of this paper, nor is it possible in a few pages to discuss the origin of Savage Life in any but a fragmentary manner. There are however the strongest grounds for believing that the evidence concerning the human race, if carefully considered, fails to support the evolution theory ; that, instead of looking back to a period of universal barbarism, our most distant glimpses are still of a world, peopled as now, with men both civilised and savage ; that the rise and fall of races and the vicissitudes of national greatness have probably been going on continuously from the remotest times of which we have any natural record ; that the facts already known can be fully explained on this hypothesis ; and that they cannot be explained on any other. I can, at present, give only the preliminary reasons for adopting this view of the case. They are not conclusive in themselves, but they are sufficient to show its general probability.

The treatment of the subject has been embarrassed by theological fears, but these may be at once discarded.

No new information has been obtained anywhere concerning the actual origin of mankind. It is the history of men, not the genesis of human nature, that is the field really open to our inquiry, and, in considering this history with reference to our present subject, the date of man's first appearance in the world is in fact the only article of popular belief which true science calls upon us to modify. Our chronology has certainly been mistaken, and we must be prepared to push back its earliest dates indefinitely; but there is nothing here to disturb or to surprise us, for the mode in which time was estimated in very ancient days has never been understood, and we have always been obliged to reckon by conjecture.

The sum of the evidence on which the savage origin of all modern races is assumed, is as follows:—

Implements of flint and bone, such as are now made by savage tribes are found in most parts of the world, on the surface and in old burial places. Similar objects are found in many caverns, deeply embedded with the bones of extinct animals; and in certain gravel beds of equal and greater age. Many bogs, shell mounds, and remains of lake dwellings yield similar testimony. Generally speaking, the oldest stone implements are the rudest in form, and no evidence of civilised life has yet been found which at all approaches them in antiquity.

It thus appears that savages have lived at some time or other almost everywhere; that they have preceded all the civilisation of which, at present, we have any record, and that where the most civilised races now live, there has, in most cases, been a general progress from a former state of barbarism.

These facts cannot be disputed, and on them has been built the inference, that at some period before the dawn of such history as we now possess, the whole human race consisted of savages only.

Now you will observe, in the first place, that notwithstanding the admission of the facts, the theory, so far, rests on negative evidence alone. It is not the presence of rude implements but the absence of better ones; not

the proof that there were savages, but the want of proof that there were civilised men as well, in the far off ages of the world, that gives strength to the reasoning. Three-fourths of the habitable land are peopled by uncivilised races at the present day. This includes nearly the whole of Africa—a great part of South America—a great part of Central and Northern Asia—the Polar Regions—the interior of Australia—the great Islands of Borneo and New Guinea, and many other districts. Stone implements are made and used; shell-mounds are formed; caves are inhabited and lake dwellings are built. Old forms of burial have their counterpart now, and the evidences of barbarism thus being scattered over the earth will be found at some future day among the relics of the nineteenth century. And if they should be so found when the contemporary works of civilisation have vanished or are not discovered, the universal savagery of our own age would be established, by future archaeologists, if this mode of reasoning were sound.

We must inquire then what ground there is, at present, for accepting negative evidence of this kind as conclusive concerning the past.

Now, savages make many things besides implements of stone and bone. Their chief manufactures are of wood, skins, and vegetable fibres. They make clubs, bows and arrows, canoes, huts, and dresses. But all these things are naturally perishable. If left on the surface of the ground, or buried in ordinary soil, they rapidly disappear. Accordingly, objects found upon the surface, if of any great age, are not of this kind, but are only such things as are made of the hardest stones. Perishable materials may be preserved very much longer if buried in bogs or under quiet water; but then such burials occur only in special and peculiar cases. When, for example, men build their dwellings on piles at the margin of lakes, deposits of this kind are formed beneath them. But such dwellings are themselves the result of a special phase of semi-barbarous life, and the objects thus preserved will be only those peculiar to this condition.

A great variety of objects may be preserved for an indefinite time if they can be quickly covered by some

substance which excludes the usual agents of destruction ; if, for example, they can be encased in carbonate of lime. But when we ask how this can happen with articles of human workmanship, we see at once how rare are the opportunities. Almost the only places where there is any chance of its occurrence are limestone caverns where water filtrates through the roof. Anything laid upon the floor of such caverns, and left undisturbed, may become encased in stalagmite, and will then be safe for ages. But most perishable objects decay before they can be sufficiently covered, or they are destroyed by vermin ; and as caverns are not used as habitations, or indeed for any other ordinary purpose, except by savages or wild animals, the things likely to be found preserved in them may be readily foreseen. Accordingly, we do find in the stalagmite floors of caverns of this kind a great number of objects which have been there for an enormous length of time ; but they are not made of perishable materials, and consist either of the bones of animals or the rude implements of savage life. They give most remarkable and conclusive proof of the great antiquity of the human race, and of the fact that there were men in those distant ages who were as wild and ignorant as any in the present day. But they tell us nothing whatever as to the existence or non-existence of contemporary civilisation.

Other kinds of deposits, such as gravel beds formed in inhabited valleys, may cover up and preserve some of the works of human manufacture, but only the hardest and least decomposable. For the covering up in such cases is effected by running water, which dissolves whatever is soluble, grinds down what is friable, and brings continual supplies of chemical re-agents to eat away the rest. Neither metals, brick, glass, nor pottery are proof against this triple form of destruction, and in fact flint implements alone, have hitherto been found in such deposits.

There are still the cases of ruined cities, buried in lava, like Herculaneum, or in sand, like Nineveh, or in their own and subsequent debris, like the remarkable ruins in the plain of Troy ; but all traces of these must entirely disappear from the surface in the course of a few thousand

years at the utmost; and it is then only by the rarest accident that they could be discovered. There are also cases of cities built on rivers, where very deep beds of mud are formed, of such a nature that articles dropped into them might be long preserved, and might afterwards be recoverable. The Delta of the Nile is a case in point. The accumulated mud of ages remains there undisturbed, and if civilisation flourished on that spot 20,000 years ago, it is still possible that some of its relics may be lying undestroyed where they might yet be found. But the necessary search has still to be attempted; the difficulties are very great, and the number of places in the world where the conditions are similar, is very limited indeed.

Here we come to the end of the various means by which the relics of human workmanship have been preserved for very long periods of time, and the result is remarkable. We see at once that some of the works of savages, from the materials they use and the places they live in, are likely to be kept from destruction more often, and for a much greater length of time than the works of civilised men; and that where the latter might be looked for with the greatest chance of finding the oldest examples, no efficient search has yet been made.

(To be continued.)

A SIMPLE TALE.

There was a young man,
 And his name it was John,
 Whose mother her bann
 His first love put upon,
 Declaring she'd "not have it no how;"
 Which made the poor fellow "take on."

 Till at length he "took off"
 One night in the rain,
 And his mother so rough
 Never saw him again;
 For a week from the day he went off in
 The old lady was placed in her coffin,
 Having died in a good deal of pain.

But she put to her will,
 Just before she expired,
 A small codicil
 Wherein John was required,
 Before he could handle one cent he was heir to
 To marry a maid she by name did refer to,
 Who lived at the top of the hill.

But, if he refused
 This maiden to wed,
 The gold must be used,
 So the codicil said,
 To support those poor folks in the parish
 Who could not earn their bread.

But here I should mention
 The unfortunate John
 Never knew the intention
 Of his ma's, 'cause he'd gone
 A by no means short distance away, where he staid
 'Till grey hairs his head came upon.

And he lived where he went
 'Till the life of the maid,
 Whom without the consent
 Of his mother he'd wed,
 Had come to an end, when he thought he'd come home,
 And he did.

And the maid on the hill,
 Whom he'd not have before,
 He found a maid still,
 And herself ope'd the door,
 When he went on his very first visit
 The state of her heart to explore.

So he married again ;
 And it can't be denied
 That uncommonly plain
 Was our John's second bride ;
 But, remembering the will and the small codicil,
 Let us pause ere his taste we deride !

PEREGRINE PICKLE.

A VISIT TO SWEDEN.

BY HECTOR.

(continued.)

Most of the stations we noticed were finely situated, some on the margins of the enormous lakes, before alluded to. The villages we passed through, Suné, Rhada, Floda, etc., etc. with their conspicuous large white churches, surmounted over the bell towers, each by a huge gilded cross,—landmarks seen for many miles—together with their surroundings, appealed most invitingly to the senses of admiration. (*See Errata.*)

As we approached nearer to Fahlun, the capital of this province, the Dal scenery seemed to burst forth in all its grandeur, and our road, now a very good one, wound through the centre of these vast plains of cultivated land. Sometimes, owing to the track being below the adjacent field level, the barley or grass, etc., on each side, was above the tops of our heads; at others, the level of the track was above the ears of barley. Watching harvest carts ahead of us on the road, and noticing their frequent sudden disappearance and reappearance, was somewhat amusing; but this extreme irregularity in the level of the ground was not of great extent. Occasionally we met little bands of harvest folks, their complexions all but copper coloured from exposure to the sun, in these unsheltered and unfenced fields. It is said that the reflection from snow will also give that appearance. Sometimes, when driving through a village, we would pass a large school house, and after or before school hours, see boys and girls from the neighbourhood, numbering sixty or seventy, playing about the roads.

We crossed the noble rivers of the Vaster Dal, Easter Dal, and Elf Dal, while en route through this district, by floating bridges, which are much in use in Sweden. These and other rivers, are in some parts, for several miles, almost hidden by floating logs of timber; the rivers being used as a means of transit. Timber, timber, timber, almost everywhere; in Sweden there is timber in abundance, and I must add in Norway too. Everything is made of timber,

and well it may be so, judging from the apparently endless forests which cover the greater portion of the country.

Sweden is far less frequented by English tourists, than Norway, while central and Northern Sweden appears to be almost left unvisited. We were informed, on more than one occasion, that not one Englishman (indeed scarcely one traveller, except their own people) had passed through the Dal country during this year of our visit, and that they are seldom seen at all in those parts.

Up to the present time there are few, if any, guide books that enter at all minutely into the roads, tracks, and stations of central Sweden. It is to be hoped, however, that some of our able publishers, Black, Murray, or Bradshaw, will soon bring out a complete Guide to Sweden, and so confer a boon on those who prefer having everything cut and dried for them before they visit a foreign country.

Before arriving at Fahlun, we had several long drives, often extending from 7 A.M. to 2 A.M. on the following morning, but I was no stranger to this kind of work, having travelled in Scandinavia on former occasions; indeed I liked it. We changed horses at each station (as usual) and occasionally had to wait a considerable time for them, if they were far afield, or requiring rest. We came across some fearfully steep hills, found the roads in many parts both stony and rutty, had to rough it considerably in the way of food and lodging—some of the stations being barely fit to stop at—and were caught in a few thunder storms, one, the most severe we had either of us experienced. It met us some miles on the Dal side of Arvika, just as we were reaching the summit of a mountain, over which the road led through a dense pine forest. The first intimation we had, was a rustling sort of whirlwind, which swept past us with considerable force, blowing dust, gravel, twigs, etc. against us; this was instantly followed by almost deafening thunder of the African Tornado description. Peal after peal, intermixed with one or two of those well known ringing discharges, when what is termed a thunderbolt falls, but which really is, a highly condensed form of the electric fluid, that has the appearance of a ball of fire, when seen falling. Then came the rain in a perfect deluge, interspersed with hail falling in such very large lumps, and

so thick and sharp, that it was like being pelted with gravel. We pulled the peaks of our canvas caps well over our eyes, and kept our hands under the driving aprons from sheer necessity. The horses seemed fairly subdued, and halted, holding down their heads, to prevent the hail-stones from striking their eyes. On the abrupt discharge of one terrific peal, my friend's horse bolted forward, and nearly jumped on the back of my carriage. The Swedish equivalent to "Woa," had to be used several times, before he was quiet again. Matters were looking very serious. As the storm seemed to be getting worse and worse, (we were miles from any habitation) and the forked lightning was playing about in all directions, I turned round to my friend, and suggested taking our horses and carriages into the dense and dark wood at the first opening large enough, notwithstanding, trees, as a rule, should be avoided; for our exposure on the very brow of the mountain appeared to be almost the worst position of the two. To this he assented, but just as we were about to dismount, the storm seemed to abate and almost ceased, dwindling to a few mild occasional flashes, which grew more and more distant, a dense mass of perfectly ink-black clouds in the horizon to our rear, and a mist or steam which rose from the road, the effect of the rain falling in such quantities, so suddenly on the ground dried and parched from the great heat of the summer.

I spoke just now of having had to rough it (to use a slang expression) in the way of food and lodging,—the question may arise as to what constitutes "roughing it," there being so many different ideas on the subject, and of course so much depends on what each individual has been accustomed to; I must therefore be somewhat explicit. At some of the stations we passed, the only articles of food we could obtain were, Knackbröd, somewhat similar to the Norwegian Flådbrod, only very much thicker, and harder than sea biscuit, dried bear's flesh, potatoes, and perchance (very much so) some bacon, inferior goat's cheese, tea, perhaps coffee, which would be passable, and fish; but at every place we found good butter, milk, and eggs. As to anything in the shape of meat,—chops or joints, they were out of the question; good bread or beer, you may once in a

way come across, but it would be the exception and not the rule. Of course I do not allude to the towns, such as Arvika, Fahlun, Hernösand, Gefle, etc., but even at these you cannot get anything like English fare. With regard to the lodgings; the rooms, save in the towns, or an exception here and there, were dark, close, badly ventilated, and with wooden bedsteads by no means inviting; often when on the point of going to sleep, you would find it necessary to turn out and complete your rest on the floor. Water and soap* were not always abundant in the rooms; but this you could compensate for in some degree, by daily immersion in some of the neighbouring brooks or rivers. But of the kindness and excellent disposition of the station folk, with barely any exception, there can be no question. In both the countries they are the same, and, especially in Norway, their individual characteristic, appears to be independence, combined with kindness, honesty, and civility.

Speaking of the hard Knackbröd, reminds me of my first introduction to that "dainty." While waiting in the station yard, for a change of horses, the landlady came out and asked if we would take some refreshment. Notwithstanding an arrangement to wait until we reached the next stopping place, we did not resist the invitation, being half under the idea that there was something good. A rough cloth was laid on the table, and knives, forks, butter dish, and glasses arranged; presently she drew forth from a wooden cupboard a large round cake of this Knackbröd, and tried to saw pieces off with a knife; the attempt failed, and so seating herself on a chair, after much tugging and labour, broke a part of it across her knee, which with a smile of triumph she placed on the table before us. On our pointing out the difficulty we should find in breaking it up smaller, she obtained a hammer, and wrapping the cake in a cloth, managed to get the pieces to a biteable size. We were bursting with suppressed laughter at the proceedings. The landlady told us, however, that this cake was too hard even for them, who were used to have it very hard.

Then with regard to the steepness of many of the hills

* On the continent travellers are always expected to carry their soap with them.—*Ed. Remarks.*

we ascended and descended (by the roads), and as to the frequent stony and rutty state of the latter. Some of these steep inclines extend for miles, varying in their graduations. In some places, apart from (of course) getting out of the vehicle, you have to lead your horse from side to side, to "quarter" the road, and rest him every twenty yards or so, taking care to place a large piece of rock, at the back of the wheel when stopping. Descending these hills, except in the very dangerous parts, these hardy Scandinavian horses will trot down at a steady careful pace, and will increase their speed as the roads become more level. It is this sort of driving, in these wild roads, with perhaps a precipice, on the near or off side, (so unlike the comparative "bowling green" roads of old England, along which ladies may drive with safety), where perfect coolness and the utmost confidence in your horse, are the only things that will materially lessen your chance of "taking the ground." Reckless driving in most of the Scandinavian roads is sure to be pulled up short,—timidity is almost as bad. The number of loose stones and ruts in the roads is something very considerable, and these I think may be rendered less formidable, by having your eyes "about you," so to speak, especially when driving quick.

(To be continued.)

ERRATA.

The incident mentioned in the March number of this magazine of "crossing the river Klar by chain ferry boat, etc.," was by an oversight misplaced in the manuscript forwarded to the Editor, and should have appeared just after the mention made of the villages passed through, Suné, Rhada, Floda, etc., in this April number (see above)—and begun thus:—

"In the evening, before reaching Rhada, we crossed that fine river, etc."

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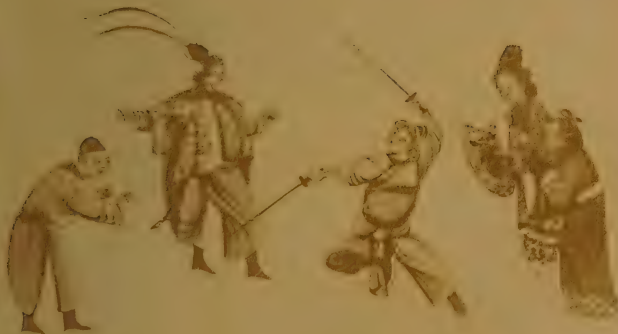
A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

VOL. II. No. 5.]

MAY 1st, 1876.

[Price 6d.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, AFTER DEDUCTION OF
PRINTING EXPENSES AND POSTAGES, WILL BE APPLIED
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A CANTONESE PICTURE.

(See Page 109.)

Photographed from the original by Abraham Thomas,
21, College Green, Gloucester.

RAGNHILDA.

A TALE.—BY CLEMENT DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER III.

How Olave slew Arnfin.

So OLAVE departed from Ragnhilda, intent upon slaying her husband that he might possess her himself. And he came into the great hall of the castle, and there he found the chief of Arnfin's councillors assembled, to consider upon what terms the daughter of the Earl of Moray should be given back to her father. For the old man had sent a messenger to sue for her release, who was even now awaiting an audience. But the council stayed for the coming of Arnfin. Then Olave passed from one to another, seeking to stir up the anger of all against Arnfin, and shewing how he deserved blame in many respects: for cowardice, for sloth, for vanity, for insolence, for foolishness. And he referred it to Arnfin's fault that they had lost Caithness which their fathers had conquered. In this wise he soon incensed the larger part against the earl, and they blamed him for many things.

But at last Arnfin entered richly attired; and with him came Ragnhilda and his four brothers. Then silence fell upon the assembly and the councillors bowed themselves before their master; but Olave stood aloof and made no salutation. Then Arnfin stood forth and spoke thus: "Kinsmen and friends, I have called you together to-day that ye may assist me with your wisdom in rendering to my enemy, the Earl of Moray, a meet answer to the message he hath sent me. Some of you here present can remember how my father conquered Caithness, and yourselves aided him thereunto; and ye all know how my brethren lost it, and how the daughter of their adversary fell into their hands. To-day a messenger has arrived from my lord of Moray to sue for her release. I know not what ransom he will offer or what Havard will accept; for, since he is the lord of Caithness by the will of our

“father, methinks the matter touches him more nearly than it doth me. But I deemed it expedient to receive the messenger before you all, that ye might aid me to consider what measures we should take to recover for my brother his lost inheritance : and further to the end that he may not hereafter blame me as having been backward in aiding him in his present straight, if I do that only which the united wisdom of my council advises. For I know well that ye will have due regard to the security of this island, and will not fear in consideration thereof to fail somewhat of that which my brother may desire of you.”

Thus saying, he sat down, and forthwith the messenger was admitted, who, entering, appeared to be a young man indeed, but haughty withal, and no whit abashed in the presence of the council. He bent his head very slightly to Arnfin, who inquired of him what message he had brought, when he straightway spoke, as follows: “With what weapons do ye fight, O Men of Orkney, who, when your swords are broken and spears bent by the valour of your foes, seek to regain by guile what by cowardice ye have lost! It is because your steel avails you nothing that ye look for succour to the misery of a father bereft of his child. But think not that this shall aid your craven spirits to rob true men of the mead of their valour. For though my master loves his daughter well, yet would he rather see her dead at his feet than ransom her with land bought with the blood of his people. He bids you name the plunder ye most desire ; therewithal will he furnish you ; for he knows ye are poor and lack many things. Willingly will he give you much silver and many oxen, so that ye return to him his daughter unharmed. But not a foot of ground will he cede on her account, unless it be as graves for a few of ye.”

At this haughty speech a fierce murmur ran through the hall, and grave hurt would have befallen the messenger had not Havard and Frithiof quickly befriended him, and led him swiftly into an inner chamber, there to await a reply to the rough message he had brought. Then Havard re-entered the hall and spoke thus: “It were an evil thing that any harm should befall an envoy in thy halls,

“O brother, for his office has always been held sacred among men. But now, touching the surrender of our prisoner, to me it seems good to return the maiden; for I see not what advantage will ensue to us from her possession. If our strength suffice not to re-conquer Caithness by force of arms, how can we hope to keep it even if Moray should give us possession again, in return for the release of his daughter? But this I do not think he is able to do; for he is an aged man and his sons hold the mastery over him.” He ceased, and Liotr quickly replied: “There is folly in the words of my brother, and only to a fool can they seem wise. For surely to every man there are both friends and enemies. To the former indeed it is meet to show favour, that it may be reaped again in due season; but with the latter who but a fool deals gently? And why should we accept a ransom of silver and oxen? When our swords cannot furnish us with these, they can at least place us beyond the need of them. Let this insolent stranger be sent back with his sword broken and his raiment rent, and let him tell his master that he can only hope for the release of the damsel, when he has restored to us the lands of which he has robbed us not by valour but by guile; and further that, if he will not have her back on such terms, she shall be made a menial among us, and her children shall be bearers of burdens all their lives.”

He ceased, and his words were applauded. Then arose Olave, and his eyes were fierce with hate as he turned towards Earl Arnfin and thus addressed him: “Much need, forsooth, we now have of subtle words and nicely balanced arguments; since upon words do we now entirely depend. Yet can I remember the time when deeds were preferred to words by him who ruled over us. And, although that time was more barbarous than the present, and men were rougher than they now are, yet I wot our sway was then wider and our name more feared than it is to-day. For then our lord was a warlike man, who feared not to set his foot on an enemy’s soil. But now we are ruled by a man over whom sloth and lust are altogether powerful: a lion indeed against his own

“subjects, but a timid fawn against the public foe. If we wish to recover Caithness, why do we stand parleying here with an insolent youth, whose very boldness covers us with shame. Let Arnfin lead all his forces against Moray, and they will soon shew him that they are the same race of men as those who conquered Caithness for his father. Let him do this, unless indeed he desires to be held in contempt of all brave men, for a worthless man and a coward.”

He ceased, his words stung Arnfin to anger, and he rose to speak; but, though his face waxed pale with rage, his voice was calm, and he smiled as he said: “My kinsman seeks to imitate the insolence of the youthful messenger whom we have so lately expelled from our presence; but I must bid him remember that he is not protected by the same laws.”

“He is protected by his own right arm,” cried Olave, defiantly, “and that can afford him more protection than he will ever need against such an one as thou art.”

At this, Arnfin grew paler than before. For a moment he glanced round the hall; but none dared to speak. Then he said hurriedly, and in a tone wherein his rage was no longer concealed: “Since my friends stand idly by and see me thus insulted, I must perforce profane our council with the presence of a few honest soldiers. Quick, Lodver, and fetch me two men to convey our insolent kinsman to the dungeon.”

But Olave had not dared more than he was ready to accomplish. Of his own friends not a few were present, aware of his design, and prepared to assist him. Before Lodver had moved a step to obey his brother’s command Olave had reached the dais whereon the earl was standing. Arnfin in endeavouring to avoid him caught his foot in Ragnhilda’s robe, and fell; and, ere he could rise, Olave had buried a dagger in his heart.

Therewithal arose a great uproar, and the whole assembly fell into commotion, the brethren of Arnfin striving to avenge him, and Olave being defended by his private following.

Meanwhile Ragnhilda, when she saw that her husband was slain, shrieked loudly and fell upon his body as though

in a swoon. Then Olave knelt down by her side and assayed to arouse her; but when he saw that she heeded him not he swore a great oath, and leaving her where she lay betook himself to the fight which his own followers were waging against the brothers of Arnfin and them that were of their side; and many a deep wound did his sharp sword set open in the breast of his enemies; for he was a man of great prowess, and now his anger was kindled; and he put forth his utmost strength that he might drive his adversaries out of the castle. But bravely on the other side did the brothers of Arnfin defend themselves; and the frequent incoming of friends from without soon caused their following to outnumber them that were of Olave's faction. Perceiving this, and that his own friends were waxing weary of the struggle, Olave returned to Ragnhilda, hoping to find her awaked from her swoon. But she was still lying by the body of her husband in the spot where she had first fallen. In vain Olave called her by her name and implored her to answer him. In vain he raised her in his arms, and even shook her in his anxiety to arouse her; still she made no sign. At length he placed her again on the ground, and said in her ear, "Wouldst thou have me think this fool's death can make thee swoon. An thou awakest not now thou shalt sleep for ever."

Therewithal he struck the hilt of his dagger and drew it from its sheath; which when, Ragnhilda heard, she opened her eyes and whispered: "What dost thou here? Is the fray ended? Conquer and I am thine. Flee and I will follow thee. But an thou canst not conquer and wilt not flee speak not with me unless thou desirest that we perish together."

Olave turned his eyes from Ragnhilda's face to where his followers were still withstanding the ever-increasing numbers of their adversaries, and quickly perceived that no hope now remained to him of a victorious issue of the fray. Once more he spoke to Ragnhilda: "Swear that thou wilt follow me if I flee," he cried fiercely, as with his right hand he ominously touched the hilt of his dagger.

"I swear," she answered, "but whither?"

"To my kinsman's house in Caithness."

"I will come to thee there. But if thou wouldst escape
"tarry no longer."

Her caution was meet; for the issue of the contest was no longer doubtful. This Olave perceived, and, hurriedly touching Ragnhilda's hand with his lips, he straightway fled from the hall by a private door, locking it behind him. And even as he did so, Schuli and Frithiof broke the ranks of the traitorous faction, and, taking them in the rear, soon finished the fray, for not one of Olave's fellowship did they let live, but slew them every one.

But Olave fled by a secret stair to a private postern, whereby he escaped from the castle to the sea shore, and there took ship and sailed over to Caithness.

(To be continued.)

S P R I N G .

Oh how peaceful is the dawning
Of the bright young day,
Blithely sounds the distant warbling
Of the thrush's lay:
And Nature has dressed in her fairest garb
To welcome smiling May.

Bright and radiant through the lattice
Gleams the glowing sun:
His rays, in sportive frolics wild,
Timid shadows shun;
And the child awakes from his joyous dream
To find the day begun.

Zephyr breezes, gliding softly,
Whisper in the air;
Fleecy clouds, sail through the blue sky
Calmly, purely, fair:—
And God's first choir, their anthem swell
Of glorious praise and prayer.

Down in the quiet meadows green
 The lovely blue-bells bide,
 And the virgin primrose, fairy pale,
 Nestles by their side :—
 While amid the soft and dewy grass
 The modest violets hide.

Slowly sinks the glowing sun,
 Goes the child to rest ;
 Fast asleep he quickly falls
 In his cozy nest—
 And to his guard a tender angel speeds
 From the mansions blest.

Now the night with noiseless footsteps
 O'er the scene doth creep—
 Nature doffs her spring-tide garb,
 Everything doth sleep ;
 And we know that He who is Father of all
 Guardeth them in His keep.

NORA MONCKTON.

SKETCHES FROM CHINA.

A Lecture by A. ALEXANDER.

(*Concluded.*—See Page 56.)

I MUST repeat that China is not at a standstill ; she is progressing, but she is moving slowly, very slowly, on the path of progress. What a difference between China and her neighbour Japan, which lately, since she opened some of her ports to foreigners, has completely thrown off her old traditions and introduced those improvements with which the great discoveries of our present century have enriched mankind. In Japan, railways and telegraphs have been introduced, and are thoroughly appreciated by the government and by the people ; whereas, in China, the Danish Company, which established the first telegraph line there, has constantly had its communications interrupted by the

natives, while the authorities take no efficient steps to check outrages, although they pretend to do their best. On the occasion of T'ung Chee's marriage, it was intended to present him with a locomotive, carriages, and railroad which should be laid in a circle near one of his palaces, so that at any time, when it might please His Majesty, he could take a trip by rail for his own amusement. The Duke of Sutherland was specially interested in this plan, and a subscription list was signed, I believe for £60,000, but His Celestial Majesty refused to accept it. His reason for this is unknown to me, but the fact remains that he declined it with thanks, and that China is still without a single railway.

About the same time that the Emperor of China refused to accept the gift mentioned, the line between Yokohama and Yeddo, in Japan, was opened.

Still, as I said before, China is progressing. The establishment of dockyards and arsenals in European style, shows this perhaps more than anything else. Under the management of Hsü Chung-Hu, a large arsenal is just being established in Tsinan, on the banks of the Yellow River, at a point up to which the river is navigable for small steamers. The immediate neighbourhood of the city abounds with iron ore of good quality, and the vicinity is also rich in coal of various kinds. But these hidden treasures have here, as almost everywhere in China, never yet been utilised. China is rich in minerals, but the natives show no inclination to work them. A reason for this may, to some extent, be found in the fact that in most instances their religious ideas would be interfered with. No place is more sacred than the resting places of the dead: the family tombs are visited by the surviving relations at least once a year, and sacrifices are made to the spirits of the deceased. The natives have no churchyards, and regular cemeteries are not known. When travelling in the interior you see tombs scattered all over the country; a small hill with trees behind, and a brook, river, or lake in front, is considered a sweet and proper resting-place for the dead. Now, to disturb such a spot would, according to natives' belief, cause great calamities. I remember that we wanted once in Swatow to make a road out of town into

the country, for you must know that roads for riding purposes are very bad there, in fact, the natives have nothing but narrow paths. After great difficulties, it was satisfactorily arranged that the road should be made, but it could not very well be managed except by going over a very old grave. A friend of mine who spoke the Swatow dialect fluently, informed the eldest surviving relative of the difficulty and asked for his permission. He seemed to be a very kind old man, and after some hesitation, he said: "Well, you can do it; but put plenty of green turf and earth under the gravel, so that the tramping of the horses' feet shall not disturb the deceased!"

Ignorance is generally provoking, in this instance it certainly is touching.

Hsü Chung-Hu is an intelligent young Chinese, who no doubt will do his best to combat the absurdities in his countrymen's superstition, and it is very probable that ere long the iron ore and coal, which I referred to, will be used for the requirements of the new arsenal near Tsinan, and thus one step onward will lead to another.

Hsü Chung-Hu was formerly assistant-manager at the Kiangnan Arsenal; he has translated several books of science into his native tongue; he erected an apparatus for the manufacture of acids at Lung-hua; and only very recently he was by the government called to Tientsin to erect a sulphuric acid chamber and a nitric acid apparatus. The acids now required for the Tientsin Arsenal are supplied entirely by his apparatus. He is a member of the new Chinese Polytechnic Committee, and must be reckoned amongst the most promising of the young men of China.

With reference to medical attendance, China is very badly off. I am under the impression that all native physicians are, more or less, charlatans. In the few ports opened to foreigners, natives have of course become acquainted with European sons of Æsculapius, and I must mention to their praise that they fully recognize their superiority over their own countrymen. A native "doctor" for some time gave me lessons in Chinese. One morning I complained of being unwell, he felt my pulse, he shook his head; again he took my hand very solemnly and seemed to count as he felt the beating of the pulse, he let my

wrist slowly drop out from his hand and told me that I was unwell,—a fact I was well aware of! Quietness would do me good, he said, and he retired. Next day he brought me a tooth to hang on a string round my neck, I laughed heartily at him, he shook his head very earnestly and assured me of its value. It so happened that a few days previously I had seen a great many teeth hanging on a string in the shop of a native, who dealt in all sorts of dried roots used for medical purposes; and now a light flashed upon me—certain teeth are supposed in China to have the power to relieve all kinds of pain!

Vaccination is not used by the Celestials. You very often see faces marked with small-pox. In "pigeon-English" you call that "chop-dolla-facee." "Pigeon-English" is the language spoken by the natives pretending to know English. It is their English. It is a mixture of English and Portuguese words tortured into Chinese idioms, and almost invariably wrongly pronounced. The only coins made in China are by Europeans called "Cash;" there is a square hole in the middle of them so that they can be strung on strings. Their value varies from 1,000 to 1,200 for a dollar. A dollar is worth about four shillings, therefore large payments are not made in "Cash," but in silver or gold bars. But Mexican dollars are very usual too, and in order to guarantee that they are genuine, each native firm has a certain stamp or "chop" to mark them with. Such dollars going from one "Hong," or firm, to another are thus often "chopped," and become not unlike a face marked with small-pox, hence the expression, "Chop-dolla-facee." It is well known that the late Emperor of China died from small-pox. How possible is it that his young promising life might have been saved, if he had been vaccinated; but the Chinese are just as averse to this precautionary measure as we were only 70 or 80 years ago. Before we condemn our Eastern brethren, let us remember what Edward Jenner had to contend against, before it was acknowledged that the result of his diligent studies had endowed mankind with a real blessing! As soon as the Emperor's sickness became serious an Imperial Decree was issued, giving the Empress Dowager and the Empress Mother the reins of government. His Majesty says,

in this decree, that he has "met with" the "joy" of having small-pox. This may appear curious enough, but according to Chinese notions small-pox is specially the gift of good spirits, and this no doubt accounts for his "joy." The Scriptures teach us to accept with resignation sorrows and trials as coming from the same source as joys and blessings. All He gives us is for our benefit, and adversity often proves a greater blessing than prosperity, as it tends in a higher degree to purify the soul, and gives greater scope for reliance on Divine love. According to Chinese notions all good comes from their good spirit, all bad from their evil one. Therefore they like to be on good terms with both, and every year they give the bad spirit, or the devil as we would call him, a treat.

I have, on one or two occasions, been present at such a treat—a treat it really is to a Western mind. It takes place in the month of September. A framework is put up consisting of four high unpainted posts with a few boards at the top forming a table. About twelve o'clock "the old gentleman's" meal is served. It consists of rice, pork, salted eggs, preserved eggs, rice cakes, and pork cakes, and is nicely arranged, but without table cloth—natives in China never use such a luxury! No doubt you are well aware that they never eat with a spoon or knives and forks as we do, but they have simply two sticks, not very unlike two thick wooden knitting pins, such as ladies use when making shawls—so much I presume is well known—but that "the old gentleman" required such refinements was unknown, to me at least, until I observed that eating-sticks were placed at his disposal when laying out the meal for him. I thought it exceedingly considerate. Did he think so too? Who knows! I could not get a sight of him, nor do I think anybody else did, but I think that many there thought he was really present enjoying the tempting meal. My impression was that he must be very abstemious, or that he did not know how to handle the sticks properly, for at three o'clock, when he is supposed to have finished, I was under the impression that he had not eaten anything! Part of the remains of his meal is given to those lucky ones, who first reach the table by climbing up the posts, which are well soaped, and part is sent to a temple near by,

from where it is afterwards given to the poor, under the special inspection of a petty or "small" mandarin. People from the interior come many miles to Swatow to be present at this festival, and I have seen thousands assembled to see "the old gentleman" at dinner. In the afternoon, and at night, there were grand theatrical performances.

I shew you here a picture,* representing a scene of such a "Sing Song" as it is called in "pigeon-English." It is painted by a Cantonese artist. It represents a play in which "the old gentleman" takes a prominent part, but let us presume it is a scene of a Chinese "Faust and Marguerite." Mephistopheles is not satisfied with one victim, but has two more to conquer. Mephistopheles helps Faust bravely, but does not succeed, for the fair ones have called their noble chevalier to protect them from the danger they fear from Mephistopheles' presence; and their protector, fighting for both, has two swords in his hands, which seem to puzzle even his wily antagonist. From Faust's attitude it is evident his affairs are in a bad state, and that virtue is triumphant. Seen from a Chinese point of view, the expressions of the faces are well given and the attitudes are good. Faust's gestures and countenance show fear; Mephistopheles seems astonished; the hero is full of fire and courage; and the winning smile of the young maiden expresses gratitude.

Female characters are always played by lads, and they are dressed up so well that for a long time I believed they were real women. The social position of an actor in China is very low; most honourable posts are open to any man, who through diligence and ability has proved himself deserving, but no actor—or even his son—can ever hope to obtain a higher position. It may be very pleasant for you to see this "Sing Song" represented as here shown, but the deafening, bad music, which accompanies the real play, would spoil your enjoyment! Most of you here might think it would be interesting to see "the old gentleman" as the Chinese represent him, but if you saw him in reality on their stage, the harsh unmusical sounds uttered by his hoarse throat, would, I can assure you, be anything

* See first page of this number.

but pleasant. The stage is generally erected in the middle of the street, or on a convenient open place just outside the town. Seats are not provided, and the public enjoys the play standing. Admission is free. The performances frequently take place by order and at the expense of a mandarin, or of a rich merchant, who desires to make himself popular; if not, voluntary contributions are solicited previous to the arrival of the company. In towns where foreigners reside I have never seen ladies present, but I recollect one afternoon, I sailed up the river Han with a friend and landed near a village, where "Sing Song" was going on, and there several gaudily dressed celestial beauties, with their graceful "golden lilies," (small feet,) were enjoying the play seated on some benches roughly put up for the occasion. It was a rare treat for Europeans to see them, but as soon as they became aware of our presence they disappeared, being carried away quickly on the backs of their female domestics.

The stage consists of a covered platform of rough boards, resting on pillars, by which the floor is raised four or five feet from the ground, so that the play is visible at some distance. Decorations are not considered necessary, and when a chair, a bed, a throne, or any other "property" is wanted, it is brought in by ugly-looking coolies, whose dress simply consists of a pair of nankeen trowsers, whereas, the attire of the actors is frequently of fine silk, richly embroidered with gold or silver. In old pieces, you often see the actors with long, full-grown beards, which they strike with much dignity; they are also dressed in costumes now out of fashion. This would prove that even in China dress undergoes the changes of fashion, but certainly not to anything like the same extent as with us. Our fashions change, perhaps, every year, but in China they hardly vary in a century. It would not be worth while to enter into details as to the character of their performances. They have farces and comedies, and songs are sometimes interwoven. The moral may be intended to be a good one, but as I have seen them represent vice in all its disgusting details, I am under the impression that they do more harm than good, and the appropriate motto which is inscribed in large letters over the stage of the Royal

Theatre, at Copenhagen: "EJ BLOT TIL LYST,"* and which ought to be the well-deserved motto of the stages of all civilized nations would certainly be quite out of place in China.

I have, in these slight sketches, endeavoured to bring before you some phases of life in China, as I have found it. I have drawn them as they suggested themselves to my memory, but I am well aware that an abler hand would have given them more life and greater power.

I bid you good-bye, which a Chinese, in "pigeon-English," would express by saying: "Thin-thin-a!"

* Not for amusement only.

TO M. N.

I cherish'd once a little bird
 All winter long;
 Thro' chilly day and darksome hour
 Constant its song.
 But when 'neath golden feet of June
 Sweet roses stole
 The cheerful song, alas! no more,
 Fell on my soul.

I cherish'd once a tender flower
 Thro' winter's gloom,
 Its fair bud shining like a star,
 Illumed my room.
 But cruel frost, awhile I slept
 At midnight hour,
 Crept icily within the house
 And slew my flower.

I cherish'd once a loving heart
 In childhood's day;
 And as we grew, so grew our love
 With purer ray:
 Tho' faithless bird and fragile flow'r
 Left me alone,
 That faithful love sings evermore
 Sweet Antiphone!

LITTLE ROBIN.

MARY ANN'S SONG.

I will tell in a song, which shall not be too long,
 A very sad tale of the sea :—
 How the treacherous brine and a false loading-line
 Brought sorrow and mourning to me.

I had lately a flame, and Ben Bowles was his name,
 Ne'er lover was truer than he ;
 But his brave heart so true, and his bright eyes so blue
 Are now in the depths of the sea.

In a ship he set sail whose timbers were frail,
 Though owned by a pompous M.P. ;
 I cannot tell why they insured it so high,
 But it's now in the depths of the sea.

I have lately heard tell that a Parliament swell
 Says it's shame that such murders should be ;
 I wish he had spoken ere my heart had been broken,
 And my Ben in the depths of the sea.

PEREGRINE PICKLE.

THE ORIGIN OF SAVAGE LIFE.

Extract from a Lecture, by ALBERT J. MOTT, read before the
 Gloucester Literary and Scientific Society.

(concluded.)

THE next important consideration is the fact that the climate of the world has undergone extraordinary changes, and particularly that the northern hemisphere, in which most of the present land is found, was very much colder than it now is within comparatively recent times.

This is proved by the remains of Arctic animals as far south as the Pyrenees, and by abundant geological testimony. The change to a milder climate has also been gradual through a lengthened period.

Two causes, which are known to have been in operation,

are sufficient to account for this. One is a different distribution of land and sea; the other is that slow periodic movement in the earth's axis and orbit, by which our distance from the sun in the northern winter becomes alternately lessened and increased.

Now civilisation is only possible within certain limits of temperature, and wherever else it may have existed it would not be found in Europe when an Arctic climate extended to the south of France. But, as the heat of the sun in summer would be great, though the summers would be shorter, an abundant vegetation would spring up as soon as the winter rigour so far abated that the ground was cleared of ice and snow in spring. A belt of forest would appear, spreading northward as the climate grew slowly milder. This would establish itself long before the country had any attraction for civilised men, and would itself be, for a long time, a barrier to the approach of civilisation. The forests would swarm with wild beasts; the first immigrants would be hunters, and outcasts, and till large clearings had been made, the inhabitants of these vast districts would necessarily be few in number, widely scattered, and destitute of any but the simplest arts. Their numbers would increase however as the arctic belt receded further and further, and with their increase the wild animals would diminish. Better weapons and greater knowledge would be introduced, as intercourse with southern races became established, and the final result would be the rise of semi-barbarous nations, such as were actually in possession of Europe and Northern Asia at the dawn of our existing history.

Now this is a literal account of what has really occurred in the northern hemisphere, as recorded in its geological and archæological remains. There was an Arctic climate, followed by an era of great forests full of wild animals, and there were men among them who lived in caves and made rude flint implements. Afterwards, some of the most ferocious beasts disappeared and greater skill was shown by those who hunted them. Still later, metal work took the place of bone and stone; there is evidence of intercourse with distant places, of settled communities, of agricultural pursuits, of the introduction of domestic

animals, and a gradual progress is thus clearly traced up to the condition attained at the beginning of the historic period. But this, as we have seen, is only the natural result of very simple terrestrial changes, and instead of giving us any reason to believe that the makers of the rudest implements in Europe, represented mankind in general, it enables us to declare that the inhabitants of that district at that period must necessarily have belonged to the lowest races, whatever height civilisation might have attained in other quarters of the globe. The northern winter now is nearly as short and as temperate as it can ever be on the existing continents. Some thousands of years hence it will again be longer and colder, and if, at the same time, there should be an elevation of the land, with wider continents and higher mountains round the north, another period of glaciation will follow. This, as it gradually approached, would make life continually harder in the north temperate zone. A less productive soil, a languishing commerce, a decreasing population, would follow in necessary sequence. The centres of national greatness would change their places, and the final freezing up of countries now rich and fertile would be preceded by a long period of national decay. During this period, the great works of our present civilisation would slowly disappear, and there would be little left for the ice sheet to cover when it spread over the ground. And when the grand cycle of events was again completed, and glaciers and frozen seas were once more driven towards the pole, the next epoch would be one of wild commotion, in which floating icebergs, raging torrents, and violent floods would obliterate whatever remained on the surface as evidence of human skill in the previous ages. Savage life, as I have already described it, would begin again as if nothing had preceded it in this part of the world, and the relics it would leave would be precisely such as we find in Kent's Cavern or the Caves of France. The character of those remains, therefore, is quite consistent with the supposition that they may have been preceded by the highest civilisation known to us, and that all traces of it may have passed away.

The fact that the works of savage inhabitants are found

in all parts of the globe, presents no difficulty after what has been already said. In the course of ages each continent, through climatal or other changes, must become by turns unsuited to civilised life, and must in consequence, for a certain period be given up to barbarism.

The general insufficiency of the evidence on which the Savage theory rests, is, I think, demonstrated by the above considerations. Positive proofs of the opposite theory are rapidly accumulating; the antiquities of America, of the Pacific Islands, and of Egypt and Assyria, being among the most interesting and suggestive.

But to examine them in detail would fill several numbers of the "Amateur."

The following brief summary will show the general nature of the evidence by which the existence of civilisation as the precursor of savage life and not as its successor, is established in various parts of the world.

The Pacific Islands generally, and the whole of North America beyond the Mexican frontier, were inhabited by savages when first discovered by Europeans. But they are full of ancient works, of unknown age and origin, which savages are incapable of making. Easter Island, which is smaller than Jersey, is strewn with great stone images, many of them thirty feet long. It has long terraces and other buildings made of stone, and wooden tablets covered with unknown writing have been found upon it. Apart from the question of skill, or purpose, or implements, the island could not maintain a sufficient number of people to execute these works without external help or internal civilisation. And it is too far from any other land to receive external help except from nations able to navigate the Pacific Ocean. Many other islands in that ocean contain ancient stone works, bearing similar testimony. Some of them have been found under beds of guano. Nothing is known about their age, but they are not the works of men in the condition of savages.

Over nearly the whole area of the United States, there are found innumerable remains of very ancient works of earth and stone. Many of them are of extraordinary size, and the details of their construction give positive proof of skill and knowledge quite out of the reach of savages.

They contain, moreover, the most ample proofs of true artistic taste and refinement in the remarkable collection of sculptured stone pipes found in one or two of the earth mounds. These pipe-bowls are in the Blackmore Museum, at Salisbury, and they complete the proof that at some period, which cannot be less than a thousand, and may be many thousand years ago, the greater part of North America was occupied for a great length of time by a very numerous people in a condition far above that of savage life, whose history has been absolutely lost.

This was before the present forests grew, and when the land was cleared and cultivated. This evidence can be studied best in the Salisbury Museum, and in the pages of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," volume 1.

Two of the Stone Images from Easter Island are in the British Museum. None of the wooden tablets have come to Europe, but casts of two of them are in the Liverpool Museum, and, I believe, in London and Paris.

The antiquities of Mexico and Peru, give evidence of very considerable degradation in recent times, which there is good reason to think would have ended in savage life if those countries had been left to themselves.

The condition of the native Australians points in the same direction. It is not credible that so low a race could have colonised that country originally. They have been isolated for an unknown length of time from the rest of the world, and the actual, and natural, consequence is, not that they have developed into something higher, but that they have fallen to the bottom of the human scale.

The valley of the Euphrates was the seat of a splendid civilisation three thousand years ago. It is now inhabited by a thoroughly degraded and mongrel people, who would become savages if no higher races were close at hand. The same thing is true of Asia Minor, and in part of Upper Egypt.

Lastly, many cases are known historically, in which nations have risen from barbarism to the highest culture; but no case is known in which they have done this without the help of a previous civilisation. It is the contact

between a vigorous rude people and a highly cultivated race, that has led to a new development of civilised life wherever this can be traced historically to its source. And where history fails us in looking back through the past, it breaks off, not on the borders of savage life, but amidst the grandeur of ancient Egypt and Babylon and the perfected language of the Vedas. There is no more reason for thinking that these had been developed without the usual external aid, than for believing that England would have reached her present state without a previous Roman Empire.

“THE NAME OF THAT CHAMBER WAS ‘PEACE.’”

Pilgrim's Progress.

A little babe lies sleeping

Calm and fair.

No trace of pain or weeping

Or sorrow there.

Sweet child ! thy placid slumber soon will cease,
Rest in the chamber, called by angels “Peace.”

A prayer breathed forth with wailing

Deep and low.

Fears are that soul assailing

Many-a foe.

Courage brave heart ! thy troubles soon shall cease,
Rest in the chamber, called by angels “Peace.”

Ah ! 'tis the pang of dying

Fierce and long,

Th' imprisoned soul in flying

Beats fast and strong.

Sad weary one ! at hand is thy release,

Rest in the chamber, called by angels “Peace.”

By grass and flowers covered,
 'Midst earth and stones,
 Some shrinking eye discovered
 A few poor bones.
 Rejoice, blest saint ! in thy obtained release,
 Rest in the chamber, called by angels "Peace."
 MAY.

A VISIT TO SWEDEN.

BY HECTOR.

(continued.)

I HAVE, sometimes when driving quickly down a hill, had to set my feet firmly against the splinter bar portion of the vehicle, as you would "set" your feet in the stirrups when following the hounds, owing to the sudden jumps and lurches given to the carriage, by the wheels coming in sharp contact with the stones,—to prevent being jerked out ; but like many other things, there is a great deal in being accustomed to it. Of course you must steer clear of stones, etc., of any large size, as far as possible. But the one great thing to be prevented, as far as you are able, is the horse from rolling over a stone. The best animals will, at times, come down in this manner, despite the greatest care, and on some of these precipice roads it is no joke for such to happen. Here and there the roads are passable, and some exceedingly good, but they are few. In Norway, a great deal of road repairing and engineering has been going on for the last ten years or so, but the out of the way roads, so little used and of such extent, it would be unreasonable to expect to find otherwise than they are.

At the end of our first day's drive, my friend, who was unused to carriage travelling, found himself very stiff in the joints, and was not agreeably surprised on opening his portmanteau to find most of his things, although neatly packed at starting, in more or less disorder. The pepper, salt, tea, tooth powder, etc., had become mixed, and scat-

tered about, and worst of all, some valuable books, he had with him, for his brother and brother's wife, (at that time staying near the north end of the Gulph of Bothnia) were much damaged by the salt and pepper. We took, each, a certain quantity of articles of this lastnamed kind, and some few other things such as biscuits, etc.

Two or three of the steep rough hills we had traversed that day, apart from the ordinary jolting, worked the mischief with the portmanteau. Anyone suffering from indigestion, or sluggish action of the liver would find carriage travelling through the wilds of Sweden a complete cure for them.

While driving between Ottebold and the next station, through one of the most rutty roads I have ever driven over (some of the ruts being a foot deep, and the road fairly cut to pieces with them for miles) we overtook four small waggons, with arched coverings made to each, by thickly-leaved boughs of trees. Each waggon was drawn by two horses, and contained young men and women in their holiday costumes and one or two matrons. They were *en route* from a neighbouring church (they told us) where two or three of the couples had been married; the rest being, we supposed, bridesmaids, and the best men. They seemed exceedingly merry, and were laughing and singing. Many had bouquets of flowers in their hands. One or two were drinking from bottles, and crying out Skaal! Skaal! (Anglice. Good health.)

While at Ottebold Station, we had a long chat with the Gaffer (*i.e.* landlord), who seemed a very jovial fellow, and —“*mirabile dictu*”—knew a little of the English language, but very little. We asked him for Baiersk Öl, a kind of light beer of the Bavarian kind, when to our astonishment he brought us English porter, also biscuits and butter. After regaling, and inviting him to partake,—by an oversight we forgot to pay for the refreshment. We were each of us under the impression that the other had paid. He never reminded us, and off we went, not discovering our delinquency till we had travelled a Swedish mile or so on the road. Great was our horror and disgust at this, especially after the hearty manner of the gaffer, and his honest “Farvel” (farewell), but as it savoured slightly of

the jocose, it caused some merriment. I must not omit to say, that the amount, though small, was duly remitted through the Skytsgut, with an explanation; but great was our amusement when the boy, with a grin on his countenance, told us that had we not remembered it, he would very soon have "jogged" our memories. The Skytsgut is the boy in charge of the horses; he accompanies them for one stage, seated at the back of one of the carriages, and returns with them to the station from which they were hired: another one goes from the next station with fresh horses, and so on. Sometimes a girl performs this duty.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.—SECOND LOVE.

Why sing you of the moon and her lent light,
 Her faint light, and the pallid face she shows,
 Forgetful of the ruddy sun that glows
 And puts to shame the shadows and to flight?
 As well to honour sleep before delight,
 As well to sing the palest flower that blows,
 The frail anemone, before the rose,
 Or than the red rose rather choose the white.
 I answer—First love is a flame that chars;
 Mine left delight less sweet than sweet sleep is;
 It seems now that the red rose burns my mouth,
 But the white cools it; frail anemones
 Peer through the snows before the late rose doth,
 And the cold moon eclipses not the stars.

F. WYVILLE HOME.

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The Amateur :

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

VOL. II. No. 6.] JUNE 1st, 1876.

[Price 6d.

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RAGNHILDA.

A TALE.—BY CLEMENT DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER IV.

How Ragnhilda mourned for her husband.

So Ragnhilda beheld her wicked wish accomplished, and Arnfin, her husband, slain by the hand of Olave. But though she rejoiced thereat in her heart, she nevertheless made pretence of great dole, lest any should say that she had desired such a thing to befall. Of all who came to condole with her she enquired concerning the pursuit of Olave, and whether he was yet taken; and when she heard that he had escaped and fled beyond the sea she pretended to be very wroth and blamed the backwardness of his pursuers, who she said were cowards all, and dreaded nothing so much as overtaking him they were in quest of, well knowing him to be a doughty warrior and skilful in the use of his sword. Furthermore, she spake many scathing words of the brethren of her lord, how they were

timid men and lacked valour in that they had seen their brother murdered in their midst and let his assassin escape. When these words were told to Havard, his anger was stirred within him, and he said to his brothers, "We must needs clip the license of this woman's tongue, or we shall become a bye-word of reproach throughout the island." So he came to Ragnhilda and found her weeping and sighing as though she would die. So he saluted her more mildly than he had intended, and said :

"Fair Sister, why wail ye so continually? Think ye your tears will bring back the dead? Doubt me not, but I am no less heavy than thou art for the thing which that traitor hath done. For I desired not that the sceptre of the island should come into my hand, and I am passing sorrowful that my brother, thy lord, is dead. For the governing of a people is no slight matter to be lightly undertaken, nor does my bent incline me to lord it over other men. But in sooth the will of the gods must be accomplished, and what they decree that only can befall. And if any of us could have hindered our brother's death it had not befallen; but in sooth, the thing was done suddenly, and no one suspected the design. Wherefore I pray you that ye put some measure to your sorrow, and do not let your lips frame hard words of me and of my brethren. For we will all of us serve you whereinsoever it lies in our power to do."

He ceased, and Ragnhilda answered nothing for a short space, but heaved deep sighs and made as though she strove to subdue a passing great sorrow. At length she said, keeping her eyes bent towards the ground the while :

"Let a weak woman have thy pardon, if in the stress of her sorrow she hath uttered words unseemly or unjust. For I wot well that my lord was well beloved of you all, and that this wicked deed which Olave hath wrought could not have been hindered by any of you; for the thing was done suddenly and without foregoing cause of suspicion. I have but one boon to ask for, which is the death of that wicked man who wrought this mischief amongst us. For surely it will be a lasting shame to us all an he be allowed to dwell longer upon the earth."

"That we all alike desire," answered Havard, "and are sworn to accomplish."

Then, in a faltering voice, Ragnhilda said: "But little falls to the lot of a woman to do when the matter, as at present, is one of battle and bloodshed; but the little which I am able that will I strive to do. Wherefore, if there be any one among my friends who sets a value on my regard, I would have him to know that nought shall stand him in such stead, towards the winning thereof, as the taking or slaying of Olave, the slayer of my lord. If there be any of the brave youths, who formerly vowed themselves my servants, who still remember the love they used to profess for me, let them be told that in this manner only can they now serve me. For I wot that the gods have made me acceptable in the eyes of men, and in my youth their worship came to me as rivers flow to the sea. If I now have power to move the heart of any man, it shall be used for the avenging of my lord; and if my sorrow ever passes from my heart and leaves me free to wed a second time, him will I choose who shall have been foremost in the taking of Olave."

Thus saying, she raised her eyes to Havard's face, and for a moment watched him narrowly; but his aspect was not such as she desired to see. For she had wished to recall to his mind what time he had been his brother's rival for her hand. By offering to wed the slayer of Olave, she bethought her that she would awaken his jealousy, and make him solicit her hand forthwithal. But there was more courtesy than she desired in his reply.

"In sooth, madam, there be many to whom thy words will be of good omen; and I doubt not but that a sharp rivalry will arise between many noble youths for the gaining of thy regard. One, at least, I know who has loved thee from his youth up, to whom thy promise will be as water to the thirsty, and will incite him to take upon himself very great toil that he may win so rich a reward."

He spoke of Frithiof, his friend, but she conceived that his words referred to himself; wherefore she continued less cautiously than heretofore:

"And that one,—if the prize were tendered him without condition annexed, think ye he would value it as highly?"

"He could set no greater price upon it than methinks he now doth," answered Havard, "by whatever means he should acquire it. But were it not better that Frithiof—"

"And was it of him thou spakest?" cried Ragnhilda, hastily.

"Of whom else?" Havard replied, "Is there any man among us worthier of thy esteem than he?"

She hid her face in her hands and the hot tears fell fast through her slender fingers. Havard wondered, and stood for a moment irresolute whether to speak again or depart. Then he said:

"In sooth the ways of women are strange. Methought thou wert but now wholly parted from thy sorrow, and growing merry with the thought of a new match."

But now she answered him fiercely through her tears: "What harm have I ever wrought against thee that thou comest hither to insult my grief, while it is yet new, with empty prating and rude gibes. But alas! I am but a weak woman, and none will do my commands any more."

Therewith she fell to weeping again very copiously, and Havard, thinking that the frenzy of grief had subdued her mind, left her, and went in search of Frithiof, his friend. He found him in the armoury sharpening his sword.

"I come," said Havard, "from Ragnhilda, whom I have just left wailing and weeping as though she would die."

"Does she so," answered Frithiof, "I conceived not that her liking for thy brother had such substance."

"It is so staunch that it will not let her wed again save it be to the man who avenges Arnfin."

"Said she so?"

"Ay, and bade me make known her resolve. But when I pressed her more closely on the matter, wishing to draw her to lighter thoughts than of mourning, her grief suddenly broke forth afresh. Then I left her; for there seemed small ground in her humour whereon to build any present comfort."

"But she said the slayer of Olave would be sure of her favour?" asked Frithiof eagerly.

"Ay, and methought thou hadst merit to receive the earliest tidings."

"Thou art ever my friend," answered Frithiof. "If thou hast not mistaken her this is more to her praise than ought she hath said or done for a long time. Henceforth I will set the slaying of Olave before all other deeds to be accomplished."

(To be continued.)

MY KING.

The king of my heart is royally proud,
 As the king of my heart must be ;
 And when he commands I haste to obey,
 He hath such a look, such a smile, such a way,
 A right royal king is he.

From his long silken hair of golden hue,
 To the tips of his dainty shoes,
 With his eyes half fire, half generous love,
 With a glint in their depths from heaven above,
 He is all that my heart would choose.

My king never knows what it is to fear,
 He's brave as a lion, and bold,
 Carelessly reckless, and graciously free,
 Unthoughtful as yet for life's mystery,
 With its tale for him untold.

When ball is forgotten and rocking-horse still,
 And sleep to my king draweth nigh,
 My lips press the flush of his cheeks so red,
 My loving heart pillows his golden head,
 My voice sings his lullaby.

Heaven guard him my king! with his brave sweet eyes,
 Heaven guard him and keep him from ill,
 Through all the vain troubles this life must bring,
 And when death shall call him. My king! My king!
 Heaven guard him and keep him still.

AGNES DRAKE.

MY QUEEN.

Two gray eyes with up-curling lashes,
 Liquid with joy, or clouded by pain,
 Dreamily thoughtful or brimming with laughter,
 Loving or mocking—then loving again.
 A musical voice, like bells in the gloaming,
 Cheerily bright or tenderly low,
 With merriest trill or inflexion pathetic,
 The echo of hope and the reflex of woe.

Two rosy lips smiling and pouting
 Pettishly parted—gravely severe
 Passionate—scornful; or lowly and tender,
 Bravely triumphant—or shadowed by fear.
 Waving brown hair, with a gleam of red sunlight,
 Rippling off from a forehead of snow,
 Brows in their darkness with a curse that just softly
 Describes a faint grief in the bright eyes below.

Like a fair day of April sunshine,
 Broken, yet blended by April shower,
 So are her moods with their varying impulse,
 Captious, caressing, or coy in an hour.
 With a sweet honest nature kindly and true,
 Neither too ruffled—neither serene,
 With love for her lover, unswervingly faithful,
 Then this is my lover! my sweetheart! my queen!

JULIUS GREY.

"FROSTY BUT KINDLY."

BEING gifted by nature with observant eyes, and ears of extra sharpness, I find in my daily walk through life much to interest, instruct, and please, which people far cleverer and wiser than I am, fail to discover at all. The old story of "Eyes and no Eyes," which we of the last generation were wont to con in our youth, was a very valuable one, and to a careful consideration of this admirable little tale, many, doubtless besides myself, owe those habits of attention, and observation of things around and about, which bring many pleasures into lives, which, without those habits, would be very barren of incident, in their monotonous round of duties.

Two boys out for their afternoon holiday took precisely the same walk, each one alone. On their return, one, listless, discontented, and weary, the other bright, joyous, and refreshed, were questioned by their friendly tutor as to their differing experience. To their mutual surprise it was found, that both boys had trodden the same ground. To one, the road had been hot, dusty, unsupportable; he had turned by the stile into a green meadow, round by the mill, and so home. All was stale, flat, and unprofitable! The other had toiled along the hot road as well; but even there had 'spied objects to interest him. Gladly he had leapt the stile into the cool green meadow, had passed by the splashing mill wheel, had noted the wild creatures shyly disporting themselves on the river's brink; the flowers, the shifting clouds, casting their varying shadows on all around, and had reached his home in a transport of delight, with all the wealth of beauty cast around him.

It is given to comparatively few, to wander by rippling streams where the gorgeous kingfisher flits, through green meadows where the mill wheel turns, or by the furrows whence the mounting "lark at Heaven's gate sings." Yet may one, in "cities pent," catch in the crowded street, some broken sentence of the passer by, which may give to the listener the key to a history, grave or gay: or see in some twisted gargoyle, or remnant of ancient

carving, enough to ponder pleasantly on, in the midst of, it may be a somewhat hurried life—brightening with countless lights and shadows, an otherwise sombre existence.

Returning one spring afternoon to my home, after some hours' labour in my vocation, my attention was attracted by the carving of a venerable beam of dark timber, which ran down the side of an old house standing at the entrance of a very narrow lane, or *cul de sac*. Strange that I had never noticed it before. How stupid! turning down the narrow entry which, as I sagaciously observed to myself must lead to somewhere, I craned my neck, and stood as high as I could on tiptoe, to determine, to my own satisfaction, the probable age of the carving, some seven feet or so from the ground—Saint George on wildly rampant steed, encountering a huge Dragon with wide open jaws, and a very long and inconceivably twisted tail.

A sudden shower coming on, drove for shelter under the eave I was studying two young damsels in earnest conversation. "Horrid old thing!" said one, "I've no patience with him! May and December indeed! I would much rather marry my grandfather! I hate old men let them be ever so good!" this with an angry gesture of contempt.

"Well!" rejoined the other, "you are quite right, 'Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;'" and then followed certain strictures on age, which, falling from the lips of the young and strong, on the ears of those who are young no longer, sound so cruelly harsh and hard, especially as the latter are fully conscious that they bear upon them the travel stains, and way marks, of the troublous land they have passed through.

Not wishing to be a listener to what was evidently private communication, I stepped forward a little and made known my presence by a slight deprecating cough; on hearing my movement the young ladies turned and looked at me; but instead of standing aside to allow me to pass into the open street, they rounded their shoulders and stood closer together in the small space, where evidently had once been a door (for the strong hooks which held it

were still fast in the masonry) and thus effectually barred my egress. "Horrid old thing!" said the tallest and fairest of the two, who had been the first speaker in the conversation I had heard. "A mere cad, my dear!" was the careless reply.

Were these *really* ladies, fashionably dressed though they were? I pondered, as I noted the haughty supercilious glance, and the flippant toss of the head of these young creatures, possessed as they were of many attractions of person, and it may be of manner too, when they chose to exercise their fascinations upon those whom they consider worthy of their regard. It was with a sigh of regret for their folly that I turned to follow the guidings of the Dragon's tail, which finally twisted itself into a culminating knob at the end of the wall, which opened into a sort of rude garden, enclosed by some old palings—the backs of one or two old houses looked on it—otherwise there was plenty of open space, airy, pleasant enough, but for the neglected gone-to-decay look on the surroundings. One or two old lime trees, with their blackened crooked branches, were bursting into their first tender greenness, and a pear tree, full of fair white blossom, stood by the open door of a house, low and somewhat narrow, which seemed to be part of a larger building—the window low-bowed and wide, seemed to embrace the whole frontage—the small panes were brightly clean, and on the sill a few poor plants were ranged in vermillion coloured pots. Piercing the sky on one side was the lovely spire of the Minster of which we in Northwych are so proud, and close beneath it I recognized the low square tower of Saint Friedwoldes. The rain continuing, I stood within the shelter of my friendly wall, and looked absently about me, ruminating on the words of the vain girl I had just seen.

"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:" ah how wilfully people misinterpret the saying of our great Poet—he never meant to contradict the ordinance of Him who setteth His people in families—in households—where old and young may dwell in love and harmony together—but stay! *crabbed* age! Of course not! Crab apples, let them be *old* or *young*, are always sour, and I do not know but that *crabbed* youth is more unlovely than *crabbed* age.

At all events, my friend, (I counselled myself) take the warning kindly! You are not so young as you were: those lasses called you old, even, "Horrid old thing!" Guard against crabbedness of all kinds, and since age *must* come (to those who live long enough), as surely as in succession winter follows spring, determine to grow old gracefully, graciously! Since snow must whiten your hair, and the sun in some degree withdraw itself, do not let your heart grow cold and bitter with vain regrets. Are you not nearing the land "Where thy sun shall no more go down?" "Where thy youth shall be renewed?" While you are permitted to continue your pilgrimage here, tread cheerfully the darkening path, remember the promise: "At eventide there *shall be* light:" let "Frosty but kindly" be your motto!

"Will you please to walk in, sir, out of the rain?" said a respectable-looking young woman, who was hurriedly snatching some little clothes from the line where they had been drying, a request I willingly complied with. Placing a chair by the fire, before which hung a small heating stand for irons, she begged me to wait and rest a little; remarking that the April shower would soon be over, and adding, "You will excuse me going on with my work, I have a great deal to do, and may be but a little time to do it in," (this reflection in a low tone) and spreading a little garment on the table she began to smooth it busily.

The room in which we sat was a kind of small boarded kitchen, scrupulously neat and clean, though but scantily furnished; the walls were lined with "presses" and cupboards, which gave a more solid and comfortable appearance to the apartment than we usually find in the dwellings of the poor. In one corner stood an empty cradle, and in another a large wicker perambulator. "You have children," I said, beginning the conversation, for my hostess remained respectfully silent.

"I have one child, sir, at present," then hastily correcting herself—"I suppose I ought to say two—my husband was married before—but somehow I can never think of my stepdaughter except as a dear kind sister."

Her face dropped over the iron she held, and she

feigned to be occupied in smoothing out the little pinafore; detecting the shade of trouble in her face, I was just about to venture an enquiry as to the cause, when she looked up, and, as if to change the impending conversation, said, "Perhaps you'd like to see the chapel, sir?" and without waiting for my reply, she passed hurriedly out of the room, crossed a narrow passage, and I found myself in a square building fitted-up as a chapel, with pulpit, pews, and small end gallery all complete. It was poor, even mean in its appointments, coloured that uniform drab colour, which for some unexplained reason is much affected by "Painters and Decorators," perhaps because it does not show the dirt! but then, it never has looked clean.

Looking round, she shook her head mournfully, and said, as if answering my thought, "Yes sir, it is a poor place now; but I remember it very different—no one takes any interest in it now; as my poor husband used to say, 'It's time has gone by.' Still one does grieve to bury one's dead out of sight, and I feel somehow as if all would be over with me and mine, when we have to leave the Chapel House; trouble seems to follow hard after me!" To this remark I made some sympathizing reply, which seemed to please her greatly, and subsequently she told me her little history, which appears to me well worth repeating, coming as it did, an antidote to the unwomanly sentiments I had lately listened to from younger and fairer lips.

M. A.

(To be continued.)

LOVE-BLOSSOMS.

Blithely bloom the trees and flowers;
 Linnets sing in sylvan bowers;
 The sun is bright, the sky serene;
 Zephyrs kiss the meadows green;
 Soon the hand of time shall bring
 Frost and snow to wither spring.

Love-blossoms blossom in the heart ;
 But their beauty will depart
 At the blast of bitter scorn,
 Of a worldly spirit born ;
 While scorn freezes passion's tears,
 Time burns up the love of years.

Time again shall clear the sky,
 Wake the linnet's ecstasy,
 Lull the wind and melt the snow,
 Bid new life through nature glow ;
 But he never can renew
 Love's dead blossom sad to view.

W. F. S.

MY FIRST CAMP OUT.

" DID you ever feel nervous and lonely, Mr. Bright, when you were away on some of your long journeys by yourself ? "

" Why ? yes ! I did once, boy ; it was a good many years ago though. Let me see. Yes—it must have been sometime in 1837. I had not been out from England very long then, and I was mad for what I called 'a Bush Life' or anything connected with it.

" A careful study of Fenimore Cooper's novels, before I left England, had quite prepared me to meet with 'Old Leather Stocking,' or his equivalent, within a week of landing : and to find an 'Uncas' in some of the naked blacks who were hanging about round the settlement, 'Pre-adamites,' McCausland would call them. These blacks were nuisances : begging for bread, or anything else they saw and fancied.

" I *did* find the equivalent to 'Leather Stocking' after a time, but that must do for another yarn. I used to make every excuse I could to get away into the Bush after missing cows, horses, bullocks, and such like, and sometimes when they really *wouldn't* stray I have gone to search for them *before they were lost*. Of course, at first, I took a man with me to avoid being 'lost in the Bush'

(which, although it may be romantic, is *not* a pleasant experience); one who knew how to manage a 'camping out'—to find his way out and home again. This wonderful camping out was of course nothing but going to sleep in dry weather, out of doors with a good fire, instead of doing so indoors without any fire at all. But I was green in those days, and thought it romantic and charming in the extreme.

"Bye and bye I thought I could go alone, as the nursemaids say, and taking advantage of an old cow being absent at milking time, I declared it was impossible to spare any of the men, and that it was out of the question to lose the cow for want of looking for her, so I should go and hunt her up myself and not come back without her. I thought this sounded *so very like* what a real Bushman would have said in a similar case, that it would be sure to pass muster. I saddled 'Old Roger,' a knowing old stock horse; 'made up' the tether rope to perfection (as I imagined)—it was very badly done I remember, hung down too low under the horse's neck; put the 'hobbles' on the saddle; quart pot for tea making; blanket strapped across the pommel; saddle bags with food, etc., and so on, until the poor old horse was pretty well covered up. These defects, however, I did not see in my own opinion. The whole turn out was that of 'an experienced Bushman.'

"'Are you going to take *both* hobbles and tether rope, Mr. Bright,' said one of the men, thinking one of these articles as much as I could possibly want. I replied as off hand as I could: I may be hard up for water, and then old Roger may stray away and give me trouble if I don't tether him; and I shall camp out till I *do* find the cow.

"I was quite struck myself at the 'old hand' style of this speech; ('Old Hand' was a term applied to those who had been many years in the colony, as opposed to the new comers who were styled 'new' or 'green hands') and I started off, with my pocket compass, and 'armed' with an old single barrel (in case of a row with the blacks, you know). As the old horse jogged quietly along, I felt that the time was at last come; and that *I really was a Bushman!*

"To be sure, to an experienced eye, the tether rope hung down too near to Roger's knees, blankets and food were absurdly bulky, and the gun was ridiculous, considering my ostensible errand, and that there was no danger to guard against, except that of being lost in the Bush. But to go 'armed in case of savages into the pathless wilderness' in search of an old cow was realizing the dream of my life, and was in my own opinion romantic in the extreme. I was—I knew I was—to all appearance at least, *a real veritable Bushman!*

"I rode about looking for the old cow, poking into all the holes and corners of the Mount Lofty range that I could find out. I stopped an hour for dinner on one of the many clear little mountain streams I met with; and then went on again getting deeper and deeper into the chaos of mountains, but no sign of the old cow. At night-fall I was fortunate enough to stumble on a first-rate camping ground; fine creek of good water, plenty of grass and firewood—what better could 'a man' wish for? I decided to remain there for the night, so riding up to a likely-looking old dry log, I stripped old Roger, hobbled him, and turned him out to feed; lit my fire, put on the quart pot to boil for tea; arranged my saddle for a pillow; spread my blanket, and sat down ready for my supper, as soon as tea was made. I really did it all (in my own estimation) as correctly and methodically as 'Leather Stocking' himself could have done it.

"Old Roger fed round the camp fire for some long time, and was very capital company. The night set in dark and starless; and there was old Roger cropping the grass, snorting away the mosquitos out of his nose, shaking his mane, switching his tail, and rattling his hobble chains in the most musical and charming manner possible. *I felt I was at last a Bushman!*

"Roger began to feed away up the creek, and the rattle of his hobble chains got farther and farther away—but they were not so *very far*, and the regularity of their sound shewed the horse was feeding quietly and contentedly. I half wished I had tethered him before he had gone quite so far—if it was only for company's sake—but—the fire was very good company. I was not nervous—oh! dear me,

no!—but surely the old horse won't give me the slip altogether; they do it sometimes I know. I will go and look him up *when the moon rises*—*there was no moon* that night, but this sounded a sort of professional reason for delaying to go away from the camp and the bright firelight into the darkness.

"The fire had burned down into a large mass of red embers, and the light only reached a very few yards. All outside this circle of light was a *black wall*—not a star to be seen—there was the circle of light, and I and the quart pot of tea in the middle of it. After sitting some time, trying very hard to think it delightful, I thought I would lay down a bit *till the moon rose*, so I rolled myself up in my blanket, laid my head down on the cantle of the saddle, and thought, as I lay there,

'WHAT WOULD SHE THINK IF SHE SAW ME NOW!'

"Just then, one of the 'More Pork' owls, high up in the tree overhead, gave a sort of *hiss* like a dozen big snakes, and then called out 'more pork!' which made me jump up quickly. I blushed at my own folly, and pretended to myself that I had to do something to the fire—felt a *little* nervous—shivered—told myself it was cold—and then lay down again. Bye and bye, up the valley in the direction old Roger had gone, I heard a native dog tune up his long wailing dismal howl—oh, oh, ohooo. I shivered again—felt a bit *creepy*, and remarked to myself, 'What a good job it is there are no wolves in this country;' and then I threw a dry stick on the fire to make a bit of a blaze. In a few minutes, from the hill the other side of the valley, another wild dog answered his mate—oh, oh, ohooo. 'Really,' said I to myself, 'it sounds very dreary and unpleasant.' And so a little more time went by. In those days I did not smoke which made it all the worse of course. I had now got nervous, and had my ears open to every sound. Even when an opossum raced over grass, leaves, and sticks, from one tree to another, it made me start, though of course I knew what it was. At last a wild dog that had sneaked up to my camp, to get any scrap of my supper he could pick up, when he was not many feet from my head, as I lay on my blanket, lifted up his voice and called out to his friends oh, oh, ohooo. I do fairly confess I

was scared that time! I had felt nervous before—but *now* the dignity of the 'Experienced Bushman' was thrown to the winds and I sprang up with a shout of dismay that frightened the poor wild dog out of his wits.

"It was near morning before I got to sleep after this, and I was awakened at peep of day by a confounded laughing jackass, perched on the tree overhead, giving utterance to his discordant shout of laughter. This was answered by his friends and relatives unto the third and fourth generation up and down the valley, until it rang with their noise. I stood up to have a stretch, and saw old Roger quietly feeding in the open ground some half-a-mile or so up the creek. I took the bridle in my hand and fetched him down to camp, and put the hobbles on again whilst I had my breakfast. I felt rather ashamed of being scared the night before, but it was a great comfort to think that if I didn't tell them, no one would know a word about it. While I was up the creek to fetch the old horse, I noticed a great many large white cockatoos flying about, and I thought a couple for dinner would be no bad thing. So after I had packed up and got all ready to start, I fired off the old gun in case of a miss fire, loaded again, and started after the cockatoos. They happened to be rather shy that morning, and I followed them until I got a shot, without much thought as to where I was going. I shot one at last, and then looked about me with a 'where have I got to' kind of feeling. 'Very well,' said I to myself, 'there's the creek, and if I follow it down it is sure to take me to last night's camp, and then I am all right.' Off I rode down the creek for a long way, and wondered I did not see my old camp; at last the creek ran into a rift between two lofty walls of rock, and I could go no farther. 'Oh my conscience! here's a pretty mess,' said I, and I then and there experienced the very delightful feeling of being lost in the Bush. I took out my compass. The creek ran east and by south, and the creek I had camped on ran nearly west. Of course I turned back again to try and find the right creek, but it seemed as if I had gone stupid, and old Roger *would* keep boring his head and trying to go in quite a different direction to what I felt sure was the right way. At last some old Bush legends occurred to my mind of the

power of animals generally, and horses in particular, have of finding their way. I determined to give old Roger his head for two hours, by my watch, and see what would come of it. I slacked the reins, and he jogged off quite contented. I felt *sure* he was going wrong, but I said I would wait the two hours anyway. In about one hour he left the creek side, and turned over a green ridge on the left, and there was the right creek before me, and in the distance a high spectral-looking dead gum tree, which I remembered as being close to my last night's camp. All was now plain sailing. I had had enough of cow hunting for that time, and had no desire for my friends to find me 'in the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam,' so I made the best of my way home again. On my way I came across the old cow, who was perhaps wondering why no one came to fetch her home to be milked, and who had not strayed so very far after all. So I came back with more credit than I deserved by a great deal. And that was the time I felt lonely in the Bush, boys, and the story is as true as a story can be, when it is told about what happened nearly forty years ago.

"Give me a light—my pipe is out."

AN OLD EUSHMAN.

TO CYNTHIA.

II.

I pressed thy farewell hand at eventide,
 And felt thy fingers tighten round my own;
 I dared not speak, for we were not alone,
 But all night long I tossed from side to side,
 Hoping those supple fingers had not lied.
 Alas! when once again the morning shone,
 And thou cam'st forth like the new-risen sun,
 Hope 'neath thy loveless glances swooned and died.
 O why at night so near, at morn so far?
 Can sleep kill love? Or has some evil sprite
 Inspired a doubt of what my wooings are
 In that sole breast which can my pains requite?
 The night draws nigh again; ah! will it bring
 Those smiles which in the morn should ne'er have taken wing?

ALEXIS BOTREAUX.

A VISIT TO SWEDEN.

BY HECTOR.

(continued.)

WE were one day somewhat interested at a little incident we witnessed, tending to shew the sagacity of the dog. We have all heard wonderful stories about the dog, and its sagacity, but what if we have, I think most people are always ready to hear more of this noble animal. Passing through an open pine forest, one lovely morning, we saw on the side of the road, far from any habitation, and quite alone, a shepherd's dog, apparently of the Finn breed, basking in a gleam of sunlight. On our approaching, he jumped up, and greeted us warmly by sundry looks, putting back his ears, wagging his tail, and bounding along in the direction we were taking. About two English miles further on, we came to a wide Fjord, which we had to cross by ferry boat. A little skill and care is required in arranging the carriages, horses, etc. in these flat-bottomed boats, and caution should be used, as a restive horse or swaying of a carriage might easily overturn them. Master Doggy kept close to us until the boat came alongside, and even waited until all was stowed, and all were on board, consisting of ourselves, the Skytskut, two ferrymen, two young women from the ferryhouse, with large farm baskets laden with provisions, and the two horses. Just as we were putting off from the bank, in he jumped. On reaching the other side and disembarking, he went with us for another mile, and then, with a few playful barks, left us, and bounded away towards a house a short distance above the road. We had asked the rowers about this dog, and they told us who he belonged to, and also that when sent back to his owner's house by the farmer's men, from the outlying farm, at which his services were sometimes required, he had been often known to watch for people going in the direction of the ferry and proceed with them, and sometimes they had found him lying down in the boat, waiting patiently, till there was occasion for it to cross the Fjord, by which means he avoided a long and fatiguing swim.

Fahlun, which we reached about six o'clock one evening,

is a mining town. There is a scarcity of vegetation round it. Copper ore, ballast, and cinders appear in great profusion. The neighbouring roads were mended with the refuse ore. The town has a wild and isolated appearance on entering it from the west side, yet there are some large and prominent-looking buildings therein, including a University College. Glad were we to refresh ourselves with a sponge bath at the inn, for the day had been exceedingly hot and very dusty, especially in the vicinity of the mines. Wash tubs, with cold water, were brought us by the chambermaid, who said they were the only baths they had—but what did it matter about the tubs, so long as they were clean—we wanted the water. Just before entering this town, and while going a jog trot down an easy gradient, my horse stumbled and fell. This was the only time I have had a horse fairly down, while carriage travelling, and it is but justice to myself to remark, that considering I have driven in these vehicles upwards of twelve hundred miles, frequently over dangerous roads, I do not think it would give grounds for self reproach, especially as the stumbling, in this instance, was owing to the horse jerking his head violently round towards his flank, to knock away those abominable pests, the horseflies, and so throwing himself off his balance. I was out of the vehicle in a moment, and soon had him up again; his knees were uninjured, and beyond a certain amount of dust on the head gear, and the breakage of a strap or two of the harness, which I repaired temporarily with string, all was well.

The Swedish horses, as a rule, are larger than the Norwegian fraternity, but in both countries they are very good. Where you meet with the reverse, which you may do occasionally, in the frequented parts of Norway for instance, it arises from their having been either overworked, worked when too young (seldom from this cause in these countries), or from careless usage: the breed itself being of naturally hard constitution and proverbially surefooted. But kind treatment to these quadrupeds is one of the prevailing characteristics of the Scandinavian races, especially the Norwegian. Why is it we seldom meet with vicious horses in Scandinavia? There are many of them a

little fresh or frisky at times, but seldom, if ever, vicious. It is simply, that instead of being "broken in" by the absurd plan of thrashing, frightening, and otherwise battling with the colt, he is taken in hand firmly yet gently, and is treated more as a friend than a slave. Youatt, a great authority on the horse, has, in his writings, always strenuously advocated the latter treatment, and thoroughly discountenances the practice, far too prevalent in England, of working horses too young, done in most cases, not so much from ignorance, as from the mistaken idea of, what is vulgarly termed "getting as much out of it as you can for your money,"—fair profit and just remuneration is one thing, and sinking all principles for the sake of "money grubbing" another.

Before starting from the station yards, I always made a practice (and I have observed many old travellers, do the same) of taking a quick general survey of the horse, harness, and vehicle. My friend was inclined to disregard the precaution at first, but adopted the plan ever since one morning when just driving off, I pointed out to him that his horse, though otherwise harnessed, had not the "bit" in his mouth, and that it was placed under the animal's lower jaw *à la* curb chain. Whether it was a trick or negligence, on the part of the stable boys, I am not sure. On my pointing it out, they burst into roars of laughter; but I am inclined to think it was negligence, as on other occasions I have had to "wake them up" or make alterations myself. It would be more than a joke if, fearful lest you should be termed "timid," you neglected your inspection, and found when in the middle of the descent of a hill, at a smart pace, a fastening, not secured, had given way, or a wheel coming off—the "nut" being allowed to get looser and looser—and yourself sent a cropper, all in consequence of the want of a little moral courage, common sense, and an assumed bravado, you had hoped would pass muster as spirit or pluck. *(To be continued.)*

SUBSCRIPTION—payable in advance:—twelve months 5s. 6d.; which can be remitted, in stamps, to the Editor, Box No. 26, Post Office, Gloucester.

POST OFFICE ORDERS should be made out to the order of Adolph Branth, Gloucester. Communications are welcome.

CONTRIBUTORS must subscribe for one year. Full address is required.

The Amateur :

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

VOL. II. No. 7.] JULY 1st, 1876.

[Price 6d.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, AFTER DEDUCTION OF
PRINTING EXPENSES AND POSTAGES, WILL BE APPLIED
TO CHARITABLE OBJECTS.

ALMA ;

OR,

THE LITTLE MUSIC MISTRESS.

By EMMA MARSHALL.

AUTHOR OF "LIFE'S AFTERMATH,"
"HEIGHTS AND VALLEYS," "THE OLD GATEWAY,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

THE rain had been falling all day—and yet, at five o'clock, the clouds seemed to pour even a more relentless torrent upon the streets of Coppersworth—flooding the pavement with ceaseless little streams and making the roads all but impassible with mud and mire. Rain! Rain! would it never cease? and would Coppersworth be changed into Venice as to locomotion, or a city on piles, like that of which Sir Arthur Helps has told us in 'Realmah'?

And this day's rain was only one of many that had preceded it, and was, by the appearance of the sky on that dark October afternoon, likely to be one of many which should succeed it!

People in comfortable houses resigned themselves to their arm chairs, and a novel, or to a game of billiards, or, in short, to anything that would while away the time. But there never was weather yet, too bad to keep at home those who must work for their daily bread—that stringent incentive to all exertion, which is unrelentless in its claim, and cannot be set aside.

I have no doubt, the rich corn merchant, Mr. Barton, would have told you he worked for his daily bread, when he rolled away in his comfortable brougham that morning to his office—bowing his head as he faced the driving rain between the steps of the door and his carriage. His near neighbour in Cornwall Square, Dr. Law, would also tell you he worked for his, as he mounted his high open vehicle and set off on a round amongst his patients—an ever increasing number, swelled by the long rainy season.

He had to work hard too, of that there could be no question, for he had growing girls and boys to feed and clothe and educate, and in these days he often asked his wife how it was to be done. Mrs. Law was a woman of expedients, and the doctor owed her much. She studied the subject of economy with a zeal and persistence which few could rival and none surpass, and she succeeded in getting as much for her money as was possible. She was the terror of grocers, linen drapers, and butchers, and she boasted with pardonable pride that not a crumb of bread, nor a grain of rice was ever wasted in her household. But the requirements of food and clothing were less pressing than those of education. She found the school authorities less amenable than the tradespeople, and not even the bait of four daughters, who were to receive instruction, could gain any great reduction as to terms. The girls therefore had home education, and Mrs. Law, after much toil and pain, succeeded in engaging a plain, homely, decayed gentlewoman, to instruct her daughters in English, French, and general literature—the latter very general indeed—for however well meaning, Miss Fox

was in a state of blissful uncertainty as to the works of the poets, and emulating the advanced teaching of the day, had given Bertha, the eldest of her pupils, an essay to write on the subject of "Wordsworth's Ancient Mariner!" Much confusion of ideas pervaded her teaching, but Mrs. Law knew it would be difficult to replace Miss Fox for thirty-five pounds a year, and was indignant when her eldest son, Herbert, pronounced Miss Fox "an old muff, who was not fit to teach a village school." Herbert was an authority and a privileged person, but there were limits beyond which even he might not go, and his mother only told him he knew nothing about English Literature, and that she was the best judge. But Mrs. Law's educational trouble culminated in music, as she understood that greatly misunderstood word!

If her girls were to take any place in society—if they were to be popular and sought after, they must be taught how to deal with the notes of a piano, and at least rattle off waltzes and galops when any friend had a little carpet dance. But music masters in Coppersworth—the large commercial town, where money was daily made, and spent with a lavish hand—were uncompromising in their terms. One Miss Law might take a few lessons of Mr. Earl, at fifteen shillings an hour, but to multiply fifteen shillings by four! It was wholly impossible.

A year before the day on which my little story opens, a kind fate had helped Mrs. Law to a music mistress, who met her requirements in a wonderful manner. Alma Merton was young and obliging, and did not grudge a few minutes over her time, and rush off, the minute the hour had expired, as her predecessor had done. Her introduction to Mrs. Law happened in this wise. The clergyman of the populous parish, in which Cornwall Square belonged, when paying his accustomed parochial visit to Mrs. Law, had heard her lamentations as to the expenses of education, and had suddenly shewn an interest in the details.

"Do you happen to know of anyone who could teach my girls music at a reasonable price? All four of the elder ones—Bertha, Leo, Janet, and May,—you know their ages, and you are such a good judge of music, Mr. Palmer."

"Indeed I cannot profess to be that, Mrs. Law," the good man had answered, "but I think I do know a young lady who would give your daughters lessons. She is a thorough musician, and it will be a kindness to engage her. What terms do you offer?"

"Well, let me see." Mrs. Law began turning over in her mind the question of pounds, shillings, and pence with her wonted accuracy, and catching at the words "it would be a kindness," thought it more prudent to answer one question with another.

"Well, Mr. Palmer, what do you think the young lady would ask? Two lessons a week, you know, that is, on Tuesdays, from three to five, for Bertha and Leo, and on Fridays, at the same time, for Janet and May."

"I should think twenty pounds a year," said Mr. Palmer, boldly.

"Twenty pounds! and I give Miss Fox thirty-five."

"Well, I will send Miss Merton to see you, and then you can arrange matters. She has an invalid mother and three little brothers, one of whom is blind. Her father was an officer in the army, but had to retire early on half pay, on account of ill-health. He died two years ago, and on this young girl the maintenance of the family rests. The pension being small and the mother unable to exert herself."

"Dear me! poor creatures!" exclaimed Mrs. Law, "I am sure I hope we may come to some arrangement, I shall be glad to help if I can!"

The arrangement was come to, as Mrs. Law expressed it, and for the last year the little music mistress had been punctual to her appointment, and had more than earned the twenty pounds, which Mrs. Law had paid her by quarterly instalments.

Her patience was only equalled by her skill. Bertha's stubborn temper yielded to her power, and she and Leo had positively mastered "Diabelli's Duet," without more than an occasional halt, caused by Leo's tendency to ignore the exigencies of crotchets and quavers, or to distinguish between common and triple time! Alma had been even more successful with the two younger girls, who had no bad habits to cure, and moreover had some real taste for

music, which she tried to encourage by playing to them, and this came to be their reward when they had been attentive and good. It was their reward on this particular wet afternoon, and the strains had charmed other ears than May's and Janet's.

There was one person in the family who had learned to look forward to Tuesday and Friday afternoons, and managed to be in the house pretty regularly between three and five. Herbert Law was studying medicine at the great Coppersworth Hospital, and had already passed a very creditable examination. He was a fine handsome young man, free-handed and generous, and the champion of all that were oppressed.

"Play it once more, do please, Miss Merton," May said, as Alma rose, and looking at the clock, said she must really go home it was getting so dark.

"Don't bother Miss Merton," Herbert interposed, "but what an evening it is for you to turn out," he said, putting down the newspaper, in which he had apparently been engrossed. "Stay a little longer, this tremendous deluge, may stop ere long, and if not I will get a cab for you."

"Oh! no thanks," Alma said, putting away the music with her slim white fingers, "I never think of the weather, besides they will all wonder where I am."

She kissed the children, and went into the hall to put on her waterproof—Herbert following. "Miss Merton, let me hold your umbrella over you, and take you home, may I?"

"Oh! no, thank you, I can go quite well alone. Good-bye."

Her manner was a little hurried and confused, and she seemed anxious to get away. When the street door was opened, the rain came driving in with pitiless force, and just at the very moment Mrs. Law's voice was heard on the stairs: "Shut the door, Herbert, at once; the wind drives the rain full against the front of the house, Herbert!" But Herbert did not move, he was watching the little music mistress as she struggled bravely on down the Square to her home, in the stormy dark evening alone, and in weather which, as his mother said, as at last he turned and went with her into the dining room, "it was not fit to turn a dog out of doors."

"And Miss Merton is gone all through it," said Janet, "she says she does not care about the weather."

"Of course not, my dear, when people have to earn their bread they must not be over-particular. Now get your work, and I will have the gas lighted; we can't waste time."

"Herbert," asked one of his sisters, suddenly, "why did not you go home with poor Miss Merton? I heard you ask her whether you should."

Mrs. Law looked at her son with an eager sharp glance. But there was nothing to be learnt from his face, as he stood with his hands in his pockets before the fire which he had just stirred into a blaze.

(To be continued.)

TO THREE SISTERS.

I.

Marian! sweet Marian!
 None can with thee compare:
 Marian! sweet Marian!
 Of thee let hearts beware.

Marian! thou art passing fair
 With thy gently-waving hair
 Like a silken veil, and now
 Like a halo round thy brow;
 Features shaped in classic mould
 Of a statue rare and old;
 Tender deep-set eyes and true
 Like two lovely flowerets blue;
 Form of high and queenly grace
 Matching well with such a face—
 Who of thee could ever tire?
 Who could gaze and not admire?

Marian! thou art strangely sweet
 Gladd'ning all who with thee meet,
 With thy soft enchanting smile
 Made to charm and to beguile;

With thy bright, bewitching ways
 Changing even blame to praise;
 With thy laugh like rippling water
 O'er the hearts which thou dost slaughter.
 Taunts and mocking words flow fast
 From thy rosy lips, but past—
 Thou art eager to forgive
 Angry long thou could'st not live.
 Wit's swift arrows lose their smart
 Aimed by such a loving heart.
 Like an angel thou dost move,
 Who could know thee and not love?
 Marian! Marian! sweet and fair
 To describe thee I despair.

II.

Thou art a maiden whom I love to see
 From whom, once seen, 'twere misery to part—
 Thy dark hair waves from thy broad forehead free—
 Thy beauty, Nature's gift, devoid of art—

Amy! I love thy grey eyes' eager glance,
 Thy sweet lips parted for a lively jest,
 Yet more, when wrapt in a mysterious trance,
 Thy speaking face is silent and at rest.

For then I seem to scan thy secret soul,
 Full of deep communings and musings high,
 While lofty thoughts across thy being roll,
 Hushed in the consciousness that God is nigh.

Guileless thou art, and pure as any child,
 Who shuddering shrinks from every sinful stain,
 Or if for one short space he is beguiled,
 Prays for forgiveness and is clean again.

Thou ne'er could'st compass an ignoble thing,
 Thou ne'er could'st speak a bitter envious word,
 For thou with loving trust dost closely cling
 To Him who is thy Saviour and thy Lord.

Amy! the mystic rapture is for thee,
 Promised by Him whose feet this sad earth trod,
 "Bless'd are the pure in heart, from sin kept free,
 To them is given to behold their God."

III.

Like a warm and sunny day,
 Like a frisking lamb at play,
 Like a sweet song borne from far,
 Like a twinkling midnight star,
 Like a wild rose fair and free,
 Alice! such art thou to me.

None like thee can know how well
 To disperse a gloomy spell—
 Quaint and merry thoughts arise
 In thy "laughter-loving" eyes,
 Born of fancies bright and gay,
 Sweet as scented breath of May.

For every graceful movement born,
 Thee the wild roe would not scorn;
 Rather would she envy such
 Feet that scarce the ground do touch,
 As they swiftly glide along
 'Midst the all-admiring throng—

But when I thy soft voice hear
 Trilling in tones full and clear,
 While thy dark eyes melt and glow,
 Then my pulse beats fast, for so
 Sweetest singer, by thy lay,
 Thou dost sing my heart away.

Alice! may thy days remain
 Free from every care and pain—
 Strewn each path where thou dost move
 With the choicest flowers of love,
 Love both human and Divine
 Through eternity be thine.

MAY.

SPRING.

"Hail ye soft seats! Ye limpid springs and floods,
 Ye flowery meads, ye vales and mazy woods!
 Ye limpid floods, that ever murmuring flow!
 Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow!
 Ye shady vales, where zephyrs ever play!
 Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay!"

—(*Broome.*)

"What do you think of that, my dear?" I said to Araminta, one evening. Araminta and I were sitting alone, by various strategic and cunning devices we had induced our dear bairns to resign themselves in detail to the care of nurse, and as all seemed hushed in the upper regions, we fairly presumed that sleep had at length vanquished four pairs of bright little eyes, appertaining to your vigorous little system. I was indulging in tea, slippers, and an easy chair; my dear wife was employing her nimble fingers upon some article of human furniture, which I am unable through ignorance to enlarge upon. "What do you think of that, my dear," I repeated, "for something touching!"

Araminta looked up from her work to try and judge from my face what I thought of it myself. "It is *rather* pretty, Phil, isn't it?"

"Well, my dear, if you ask *me*," I said, cunning fellow that I was, well knowing that I meant she should ask me.

"If you ask *me*, I think it is great rubbish! What may I ask, are the 'soft seats' to be hailed for? Is it a suggestion to sit down out of doors at this season of the year? Frenzy! Absolute Frenzy! That young hopeful, Master Franky, seems to have been hailing some unusually 'soft seats,' to-day, judging from appearances, and I leave you to judge, my dear, whether it is a desirable suggestion or not! His appearance reminds one somewhat of a practice we are led to believe prevailed in our little island some years ago, of painting the body with 'woad' but then, if we are to believe all we read, they had no opportunity of spoiling their knickerbockers! and I can only hope that Master Franky's local colouring arose from accident, and not from vernal enthusiasm!"

"What *are* you talking about, Phil dear? Frank was running after his sisters, and his foot slipped, and he fell,—"

"Or rather," said I, finishing the sentence, "seated himself. Yes, my dear," I added, "that was what I supposed, only, as a man said to me the other day, we must talk!"

"I don't know about 'we,'" said Araminta, naively, "some one it appears must talk!"

But I was not to be silenced. "Ye limpid springs and floods," I muttered, "Ye flowery meads, ye vales and mazy woods!"

"Well! I am sure that is very pretty," said Araminta.

"Ah! but I have not finished yet, listen to this: 'Ye limpid floods, that ever murmuring flow!' 'Ye limpid floods,' I repeated, gazing sternly at Araminta, as if she had done me a personal injury, what is the meaning of 'limpid?'—the writer of those lines should have attended a 'Definition Bee'—limpid means, clear, or pure; a 'flood' is an unusual flow or rush of water, not necessarily a rush of water, but very often so; never 'limpid.' And then to speak of a flood 'murmuring,' it's a false image, not true to Nature! Floods do not murmur, if they are moving at all, it is with a rush, a roar, with sullen impetuosity. 'Limpid streams' may 'murmur,' flogged as they are by anglers and the sport of all. 'Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow!' Well now, Araminta, my dear, you must admit that does not apply to our neighbourhood! There may be favoured spots where the flowers keep on blowing, but they don't do it here, to paraphrase an expression of Mark Twain's, we wouldn't stand it from any flower! 'Ye shady vales where zephyrs ever play!' I should incline to the idea that these vales must be in the same part of the country as the flowers which keep on blowing, which, by the way, may account for the zephyrs. Ten to one this idea never occurred to the writer of these sweet lines! 'Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay!'"

"There now, Phil, you're getting ridiculous, you know you do not mean half you say! don't read any more, I am sure it's very pretty!"

"Well dear, I *was* just going to speculate upon the vast utility of the woods devoted apparently to the use of little warblers, like the green room of an opera house; I had also some feeble joke in embryo about the warblers 'laying,' but I am, as you say, getting ridiculous, and have certainly lost sight of anything like fair criticism, so I will not read any more about 'Spring,' but will turn my attention to—"

"The baby!" cried Araminta, jumping up and rushing frantically from the room.

"There he lay upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered over-much
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebb'd away into,
The faster for his love."—(*Mrs. E. B. Browning.*)

PHILO.

A VISIT TO SWEDEN.

BY HECTOR.

(*continued.*)

I ALWAYS have had doubts about those who talk very grandly of the absurdity of this or that precaution, and have invariably found such talk proceed from the lips of those who, if their boasted courage were put to any real test, nine times out of ten would be found decidedly "wanting." In stating this, however, (in justice to my friend S.) it could not in any way whatever apply to him, being of too good "metal" for mere boasting, and one who would be always found "ready," to use an old expression, when the bell rang. In his case, it was that he simply relied too much on the stable boys, having found the harnessing properly done till then. I am no advocate

whatever of fidgety and needless precaution, too frequently indulged in by those who are always making their lives miserable, by for ever imagining that something wrong is about to occur. Although I preach that proper precaution is a wise motto, I have over and over again neglected it in many ways, but not from undervaluing it or from affected bravery.

On stopping at —— Station, while waiting in the yard for horses, an old man, of fine and healthy appearance, informed us that he possessed a very good horse, which he valued at 600 Rix Dalers, (rather a high price in Sweden) and asked if I wanted to purchase one. On replying in the negative, he said, (in hopes I supposed that I should alter my mind) I would just like you to try him in your carriage to the next station, and then something to the effect of "let him have his head." The horse was then led out. He was a strong level-looking animal, with excellent points, plenty of life and vigour, yet quiet, and free from vice. And now the proof of his quality. I started first, that is, led the way, and according to my usual custom for the first mile or so, intended to drive slowly, to find out his natural pace, etc., and especially his sure footedness. Even in a selfish point of view, a long stage is accomplished more quickly by these precautions, to say nothing of lessening the chance of stumbling, than by the ignorant and brutal custom of forcing a horse beyond his pace, especially in long distances, and over hilly ground and bad roads. This course of driving slowly at first, is adopted by every old carriage driver with strange animals; being necessary in many of the long and trying stages met with in Sweden. This stage in question, however, was only 14 English miles, and the road tolerably good. My horse, who pulled steadily at the collar, and stepped out in real good style, seemed bent on knocking off the distance, in something less than no time. I saw he was well up to his work, so gave him his head a little. Up hill or down hill, ruts or no ruts, all seemed alike to him. My friend, although he had a very good animal attached to his vehicle, was soon lost to sight, but we arranged, should I be far ahead, to wait for him at the next Station. At the end of four miles, I stopped the horse, and examined his flanks,

and watched if he was fresh in the wind, as he had been pulling hard, and going fast, yet steady. Scarcely a perceptible heave of the flank, not the slightest sign of sweating, and he seemed more lively than when he started. I then gave him plenty of rein. The further we went, the faster did he want to go. At every hill, unless a very steep one, he fairly "bolted" at it, and when I came to the last four miles (a level stretch and smooth road) I almost began to fancy that I was being drawn by one of the English Match Trotters, and to which the speed was little, if at all inferior, according to the time. I remember patting him, and giving him biscuits at the end of the stage. These Scandinavian horses are much petted by their owners, and seem almost to look for kind treatment. The old man at the Station had by no means overrated his horse. It stood about fourteen hands, two inches, was of a dun colour (frequently met with in Norway), with dark legs, the usual stripe along the back and across the withers, had plenty of bone and muscle, was springy, and in form, quite a picture to look at. I have occasionally come across some unusually good animals in Norway and Sweden.

To be continued.)

THE OUTCAST.

The outcast roams, with vacant stare,
 Through London's crowded streets ;
 His form is bent,—his feet are bare,
 No friend the poor boy meets :
 He almost wishes he were dead,
 And lying in his earthy bed,
 He then would be at rest ;
 Then help this poor and homeless boy,
 And try to love him with a joy,—
 Not treat him like a pest.

Around his weak and ragged form,
 The trace of hunger's seen ;
 He has to battle with the storm,
 Of life's e'er changing scene :

And gazing on the star-lit sky
 He prays to God that he may die,
 And for e'er be at peace ;
 Then to him lend a helping hand,
 Ye who are rich and have command,
 To do it at your ease.

* * * *

'Tis winter time. The snow is laid
 In sheets along the way ;
 In heaps, and little castles made
 By children out at play :
 Upon the pavement cold and bare,
 The outcast's form with senseless stare,
 Lies rigid as in death ;
 Alas ! his heart is cold and still,
 None now can do him any ill,
 He's breathed his latest breath.

HARRY CLEERE.

"FROSTY BUT KINDLY."

(continued.)

It is thirty years ago, since my mother brought my father back to Northwych, as he too truly said to die. I was but a little girl of five then, but I remember very well, much of the trouble of that time. My father's parents were dead, and the few friends he had left, were little better off than himself; they gave him—advice—plenty, mingled with regrets that he should have left the warmer softer climate of the southern county, where, as he often said, he had been fortunate enough to meet poor mother. How they got on, I'm sure I don't know, for during the three years his illness lasted, he could do but little, if any work: but never was a truer saying than "God helps those who try to help themselves," and kindly helpers were raised up for them. Mother had been a lady's maid, and was a clever needlewoman, and understood also, the getting up of laces and fine linen. The Doctor's lady employed her, and was so well satisfied with her work, that she obtained from her friends

valuable laces and fine linen, to wash, so that she soon had as much as she could do in the time she could spare from attending poor father, whose lingering sickness became more and more distressingly painful. When he died, people said it was "a mercy;" but mother was broken-hearted; for her husband had been years younger than herself, and the love she had had for him was just the protecting tenderness we have for an ailing child. She was strongly advised to return to her "native home," but she had found friends up here in the north, and besides, she could not bring herself to leave the place where her husband was laid; so she resolved to stay here and try and keep the home she had made, until, as she said, I, her only child made a home for myself; when, by the time I had arrived to woman's estate, her race would be nearly run, and she could, in God's own time, be laid to rest beside her husband in St. Friedwolde's churchyard. She kept herself to herself, as she had always done, and lived most quietly as a Christian widow should live. She had as much work to do as she could manage, and being always busy, there was little time for grieving, and none for grumbling or discontent. She kept me at school till I was twelve years of age, and had as much learning as she considered good for me. I could read well and write fairly, so that I could make out the washing bills nicely, and add them up without a mistake.

It was a proud day when one of our Prebend's ladies called and offered to take me into her own service, and have me taught under her own maid, so that, as she said, I might be qualified in time to take a good situation, and receive good wages. She was pleased to commend me for my neat and modest appearance and manners, and also bestowed much praise on mother for the care she had taken in my up-bringing; but she added, "You are becoming an old woman, Mrs. Norton, and you should consider your child's interest hereafter, when you perhaps will be no longer here to keep a home for her." To this my mother replied gratefully, respectfully, but declined the offer so kindly made, saying, that she had always promised herself the comfort of having her girl to help her in her work, that even now she had a very pretty notion of washing the

choristers' surplices, and she did not fear but that in time she should make a clever skilful laundress of her, and though she *was* becoming old, she was strong and hearty, and trusted she might be spared some years yet, and for the farther future, she continued, "I must *trust*, as I have done before, and I am convinced that all will be well with my child."

The lady was very kind, and did not press the matter further, only saying in answer, "Well, Mrs. Norton! perhaps you are deciding aright. I am sure you have not done so without reflection, and I can only say I hope it will be well with Bessie always."

I had been standing behind my mother's chair during this conversation, and I was heartily rejoiced at her decision. I was a shy sort of girl, and I felt as if it would have killed me to have been separated from her. I thanked her warmly, and told her I would do my best to help her in every way, and this promise I think I kept.

There was a little girl at St. Friedwolde's School three or four years younger than myself, who was very fond of me, and I of her. She was a poor motherless little cripple, sadly deformed, sickly and helpless in every way. I believe it was love for me that kept her at the school; she used to pass our door, leaning on her little crutches, and always looked for me to go with her, which I did if I could. Ah! I used to save her many a toss in the dirt, the boys would come tearing out of school, rush past her with a shout and a push and down she'd go! sometimes a kindly lad would pick her up, but if I was by, I'd never let one of them touch her, and I'd rate them soundly for their cruelty.

Soon after I left school, she did so too, and we lost sight of each other for a long time.

About five years after, when I was a strong girl of seventeen, I was returning home from one of the Prebend's houses, having left the surplice and things for the Sunday; it was a beautiful evening in June, the day had been very hot, but a soft breeze had sprung up, and it was so pleasant that I thought I would make haste home, and coax mother out for a breath of fresh air. I had noticed as I went, a large perambulator, standing under one of the trees, empty, as I thought; as I returned, I saw there was some one in it.

I was passing quickly by, when a weak voice called out : “ Oh Bessie, Bessie, don’t you know me ? ” and tears fell down over the poor thin *old* face of the little creature seated in it. I was struck with astonishment; could it be poor little Maggie Brain I had been kind to years ago? *then* she was, a poor afflicted little thing, but now—there! she was so dreadfully altered, so deformed, so mis-shaped, so sickly, so uncared for, that as I looked at her I burst out crying myself, I was *that* grieved to see her.

She told me that she had often, often thought of me, and longed to see me, that sometimes she had got a sight of me, when her father had taken her out in her little carriage, but “ You never seemed to come near me, Bessie,” she said, and “ You looked so fine and tall—grown up so far away from one like me, that I was afraid to send, and ask you to come and speak to me ! ” Oh Maggie, said I, how could you think so ill of me ? You lived a good bit away from us, and you know mother never lets me roam about—not that I want to ; but I’m sure she’d let me come and see you ! “ Do you think she would ? ” she answered, “ but Mrs. Norton is very *high* ; and you know we are common people to you ! ” Don’t say that Maggie, said I, we are but poor people who have to work for our living ; and as for being high, well, in some things mother may be, but she isn’t proud, and I’m sure she’ll be glad for me to come and see you sometimes. Where do you live now ?

(*Concluded in our next.*)

M. A.

S H A T T E R ’ D .

Again my peace is broken,
 And all my toils are nought ;
 For that has just been spoken,
 Which ne’er should have been thought ;
 For Celia now, offended
 More than can be amended,
 Declares our loves are ended,
 Nor pardons when besought.

Eyes yesterday so tender,
 To-day are hard with spleen ;
 (I guessed not ire could lend her
 Such majesty of mien)
 Then trustfully believing,
 Now cold past all conceiving,
 And lost beyond retrieving,
 O what a change is seen !

A kiss too much or little,
 Caress too great or small,
 When love is new and brittle,
 Will sometimes spoil it all ;
 For this was my undoing—
 The wreck of all my wooing—
 Too eagerly pursuing,
 This turned my bliss to gall.

ALEXIS BOTREAUX.

RAGNHILDA.

A TALE.—BY CLEMENT DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER V.

How Havard won the love of Elsa.

WIT ye well, it is oftimes an easy task to woo a dolorous maiden. The tender words of a lover shall bring her comfort, and in sharing with him her sorrow she shall give him her heart also. But not in such wise could Havard hope to win the love of Elsa. He it was who with his own hand had snatched her from her father and from her kindred. From him she conceived came her sorrow and her bondage. Wherefore his gentle words availed him nothing, and he sought in vain to win her love. Sorely

was he aggrieved thereat ; and by divers means he assayed to banish from her heart the despite she bore him. In the morning he brought her fresh flowers. In the evening he took his harp and discoursed sweet music for her delight. But for all that she did not put off her dolorous mien, nor would she have any speech with him save only to pray that she might return to her father.

At length perceiving that he advanced nothing in his suit, Havard bethought him that he would send the damsel back ; for he was sore pained to see her so passing sorrowful. But not without sharp conflict with his own desire came he to this resolve. For his love for her was very great. Yet in sooth he had come to love her better than himself, and to set her happiness above his own desire. Wherefore he besought Earl Arnfin to send her home ; but Arnfin would not suffer it, for he lent his ear to the counsel of Liotr, who was a crafty man, and deemed it folly to abate ought of an advantage over an enemy. In this wise was Havard at first hindered from compassing the deliverance of Elsa. But Auda knew that he had with great pains striven to accomplish it, and she failed not to acquaint the damsel thereof ; which, when Elsa knew, her resentment against Havard was much abated ; and when he next came to her she greeted him courteously, though her manner was still grave and the traces of her grief manifest. But he, having with much pain subdued his love for her to such subjection that he could endeavour her deliverance, now pressed his suit no longer, but seemed only to regret the limit which his brethren had set to his power to compass her departure. But when Arnfin was slain, Havard became the Earl of Orkney in his stead, and therewithal the power fell into his hand to do with Elsa whatsoever he listed. Thereupon he made no more delay in the matter, but on the day following the death of his brother he came to her and told her that she was free to return to her kinsfolk. This he said somewhat sadly, for he was passing loth to lose her. But what marvel think ye he had when the maiden said with a blush : “ If ye “ asked me to tarry with you now, perchance I might not “ say ye nay.” For a breathing-while Havard wist not the full purport of the words she had spoken ; but seeing

her head drooping and her cheeks bespread with blushes, he knew that his greatest hope was achieved, and that at last he had won her love. As her head lay upon his shoulder, he softly stroked with his hand her beautiful hair, and said :

"Thou fearest not then to abide with me always and
"be my wedded wife?"

"I would wish for no other companion in the world but
"thee," she answered.

"How cam'st thou to banish from thy heart the despite
"wherewith thou formerly regardedst me?" he asked,
tenderly.

"That was thy work not mine," she answered smiling.

(*To be continued.*)

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"*The Amateur*.—Our Gloucester Magazine is still conducted with spirit. The best features in the present number are the conclusion of Mr. Albert Mott's thoughtful lecture on 'The Origin of Savage Life;' 'Sketches from China,' illustrated by a curious and excellent photograph by Mr. Abraham Thomas; and the lines suggested by the Shipping Bill controversy, 'Mary Ann's Song.'"—*Gloucester Chronicle*.

"*The Amateur* (of Gloucester) has wonderfully improved of late. The March issue boasts a photographic frontispiece, representing a Swatow Mandarin, and illustrating a series of most amusing papers upon China. The poetry is good: and Mr. Branth deserves praise for the respectable bill of fare provided."—*Gloucesterian*.

ERRATA.

Page 126. "My Queen," 2nd verse, 7th line, read :

"Brows in their darkness with a *curve* that just softly."

SUBSCRIPTION—payable in advance :—twelve months 5s. 6d.; which can be remitted, in stamps, to the Editor, Box No. 26, Post Office, Gloucester.

POST OFFICE ORDERS should be made out to the order of ADOLPH BRANTH, GLOUCESTER. Communications are welcome.

CONTRIBUTORS must subscribe for one year. Full address is required.

The Amateur :

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

Vol. II. No. 8.] AUGUST 1st, 1876. [Price 6d.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, AFTER DEDUCTION OF
PRINTING EXPENSES AND POSTAGES, WILL BE APPLIED
TO CHARITABLE OBJECTS.

ALMA ; OR, THE LITTLE MUSIC MISTRESS.

By EMMA MARSHALL.

AUTHOR OF "LIFE'S AFTERMATH,"
"HEIGHTS AND VALLEYS," "THE OLD GATEWAY,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

AT HOME BY THE FIRE.

ALMA! Alma!" cried a childish voice from the top of the narrow steep stairs, "is that you?"

Alma answered from the dark lobby, where the gas was not yet lighted:

"Yes, Guy, darling, yes, don't come down!"

"Are you very wet, Alma?" another little voice shouted; and a third, more vociferous, still echoed, "Are you very wet?"

"My cloak is wet, but I am all right. I wish Mrs. Greene would light the gas, for it is quite dark."

These words were heard in the little front parlour, and brought out the landlady, Mrs. Greene.

"Light the gas!—it is lighted at the proper time," she said, crossly, "and I do wish, Miss Merton, you would keep them children upstairs quiet. They do racket and scream till my head goes round. Well, bless me! you are dripping! Here give me your cloak, and come in and toast your feet a bit." Mrs. Greene was a kindly disposed woman in the main. Long ago Alma had found out that her "bark was worse than her bite."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Greene, I must go up to my mother and the children. I am late this afternoon."

"Very well, I'll send up the tea soon, you'll be glad of it, and do'ee keep the children quiet, there's a dear, for the poor old gentleman in the back parlour is very bad to-day. I expect we shall be having a death in the house before long; and I wish I had never took him in."

"Don't wish that Mrs. Greene, you have been so kind to him."

A sharp rapping at the wall summoned Mrs. Greene to the invalid lodger, and she was off in a moment.

Meanwhile Alma climbed the steep staircase, and was half choked by her two little brothers' kisses—strong boys of six and eight years old. Guy was the baby, he was scarcely five, and he was blind.

"Well mother," Alma began, going up to the sofa where Mrs. Merton was a close prisoner, and giving her a kiss, "how have you got on? Have the boys been good?"

"Yes, dear, pretty good. Charlie repeated his lessons very well—"

"And I did not make any mistake in the eight table!" Hugh exclaimed.

Guy did not speak, he was nestling with supreme content in his sister's arms.

"Mr. Palmer was here this afternoon, dear, and told me Mrs. Law was very much satisfied with your teaching. She ought to be, it is terrible drudgery for you."

"Oh no, mother! I don't mind, and I am so strong and well, no rain or snow hurts me!"

Alma was seated on a low stool before the fire—her little brother in her arms. She had taken off her hat, and the light flickered on the abundant masses of gold coloured hair, which were gathered back from her fair brow, and needed no artificial pads and frizettes. Alma was very small, but her little figure was in excellent proportion, and there was a harmony about all her movements.

Her eyes were of no particular colour, and changed, chameleon-like, in different lights—still more with varied emotion. Her nose was short and straight, and her mouth atoned for its somewhat too great width by a set of white teeth gleaming between coral lips. Alma's little body contained a large brave heart, a spirit which no adverse circumstances could wholly depress, and a temper quick to enjoy all that was beautiful around her.

The small sitting room, which was barely and poorly furnished, did not present much on which the eye could rest with pleasure, and the view from the window was across a narrow street to the row of brick houses, which were precisely like the one which Mrs. Greene, the widow of a sea captain, had hired and let out again to lodgers. But all the poor mean surroundings were nothing to Alma, when seated at the little piano—the one bright and pretty piece of furniture in the room—she lived in that world of beauty which music reveals to her own! No untoward circumstances could deprive Alma of her Beethoven and her Mendelssohn, her Schubert and Bach. After a weary day of teaching, nothing refreshed her like an hour with these great masters of her beloved art, and technical difficulties were surmounted by unflagging patience and untiring zeal.

The family occupied this one sitting room, and Mrs. Merton and Alma slept in the bed room behind, where Guy's little crib stood in a corner. The two elder boys slept in a garret above, and when their retreating footsteps were heard clattering up the steep stairs, at eight o'clock every evening, Mrs. Greene inwardly gave thanks.

She said thousands of times she never would be beguiled into taking a lot of children again—let alone boys

—but as to turning out the poor things now she had got them, she couldn't find it in her heart to do it.

After tea, and when the boys were in the desired haven, the attic, and Alma had heard them say their prayers, and sung Guy to sleep in his corner, instead of going at once to the piano, Alma came and knelt down by her mother's side, and said :

"The Laws are going to have a dance on the first of November, mother, and they want me to play."

"Oh! my dear Alma, I think they must find someone else. You are really too good to play galops and waltzes for hours."

"Oh! no, mother, I am too good for nothing which will bring in money. Mrs. Law offered me ten shillings and sixpence—a munificent sum—and besides, mother," Alma said, "I think I shall rather like the fun. Perhaps I may get a waltz myself—who knows—and I shall play a set of my own composing, which I am writing out—the one little Guy is so fond of."

"Very well, dear," said her mother, sadly, "but I little thought I should ever see one of my children working as you do."

"Work is a capital thing, mother, and if I can only scrape up courage I am going to Mr. Earl to ask him if he will give me a few lessons in the Christmas holidays. There are many things, oh! so many I should like to be complete mistress of. I think Mr. Earl may, for the pure love of music, be willing to help me."

"I scarcely see what use good lessons will be to you, Alma, if you play dance music for parties. Anyone can do that."

Poor Mrs. Merton spoke fretfully, and indeed the cross laid on her was heavy to bear. Her thoughts could go back to early days, when she lived in comparative wealth, and when her marriage to a captain in the 60th with but a few hundreds beside his pay was looked upon by her friends as a great mistake. She had not known what grinding poverty meant till she was left a widow. Before her husband's death, they had lived in a west country watering place, where Alma had had her musical talent cultivated by her fond father's desire. The little piano had been bought

for her just before the last accession of illness, which lasted for many months, and swelled the doctor's bill and all expenses, so that every available pound had been swallowed up. The large influential town of Coppersworth was recommended to Mrs. Merton as a place where music had always flourished; and after selling almost all their little possessions, the family had removed to this place two years before the time of which I write.

It had been a hard struggle, and if Alma had been less determined, hopeful, and bright, Mrs. Merton would have given up altogether, and resigned herself to debt and misery. But it is astonishing what one brave spirit can achieve, and Alma, with an administrative power wonderful at her age, had, by exertions of every kind, kept the wolf from the door.

(To be continued.)

CHILDHOOD.

A SKETCH.

She sat upon the mossy bank,
 A quiet shadowy nook—
 Her dimpled feet so white and small
 Just kissed the babbling brook.
 Above, the fleecy clouds sailed by
 Through a sea of azure blue,
 While the dying sun, with rosy blush,
 Burnished the falling dew.
 Careless she sat of all around,
 That wee, wee maiden fair,
 A wandering ray of the setting sun
 Fell on her golden hair;
 The birds in their leafy nests o'erhead
 Twittered a last "good night,"
 But still the bonnie bairnie stayed,
 A pretty, winsome sight.
 No sound the evening stillness broke,
 Save the balmy zephyr breeze,
 That passing through the quiet air
 Sighed love to the listless trees—

But the little maiden tarried still
 By the rippling, babbling brook,
 The sunshine of her happiness
 Brightened the shadowy nook.

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Free is her little mind from pain,
 Nought knoweth she of care,
 Earth seems to her a Paradise,
 And all things passing fair.
 —Ah! little, bonnie, winsome maid,
 Life's path before thee lies,
 Thick set with many a trouble
 Before ye reach the skies.
 What seemeth now of rosy hue
 May turn to sober grey,
 For bright as youth and childhood are,
 "It is not always May."

NORA MONCKTON

"FROSTY BUT KINDLY."

(concluded.)

"IN the Chapel House," said she, "down near St. Friedwoldes, not very far from you. Ever since good Mr. Wyburgh left, no minister has lived in the Chapel. There has been a good deal of worry lately; no regular minister for a long time. Local Preachers have come for a bit, and then a Deacon has been down for a few Sundays; now there's a regular minister come—Mr. Speck—but there! he says the house is ridiculous for him to live in! it's too small for him—or he's too big for it, I don't know how it is; but they've given it to father and me to dwell in, just for keeping the Chapel clean, lighting it up when they want it, keeping the urns for the tea, and such like." Here was a lot of things that I could no way understand!—tea urns in a chapel?—keeping all clean and the like! I couldn't make it out. I was looking at her and pondering on it, for mother had always kept strict to her church, and never held with any chapel at all. I didn't know what to say! "You'll come and see me Bessie, only say you'll come,

it's a nice little place, and father's made the garden lovely, and we've lots of flowers and vegetables in plenty." Oh yes, Maggie, said I, I'll try and come some time, but I've not much time to myself, for I help mother a good deal now; but, said I, isn't it time for you to go home? Who wheels your perambulator? "Never mind," says she, rather short, "I give Tommy Barrett a farthing to wheel me under the trees a bit, and he goes off for a play with the other boys. He'll come and fetch me back by and bye, if he doesn't forget."

As I looked at her, poor little soul, sitting so helpless there, with her poor hands straining at the iron handle of the chair, my heart ached for her—she thought I was cold about going to see her! Let me wheel you home, said I, I'll be glad to do it; so without more ado I took her home, she directing me to the passage you wandered into so innocent, sir, and very much obliged to me her father was, and he gave me a kind invitation to go and see her again. I thought the house was very nice, and as for the garden it was lovely, stocked with flowers,—all sorts,—not to speak of vegetables—peas in bloom, and the like.

When I told Mother about my having been to chapel, and old Mr. Brain and his daughter, she didn't seem to like it at all, and at first she said she wouldn't have me go there; but after a while, seeing that I was so grieved to think that Maggie might be fretted, expecting me, and never seeing me, that one Saturday she said I'd been so quick, and got all my work done in such good time, I might put on my hat and go and see her. I didn't wait to be told a second time, but ran off at once. I found them busy enough; the old gentleman was dusting the pews, a dirty hussy of a girl was on her knees washing over the floor in a sloppy sort of fashion, and poor Maggie was perched upon a chair polishing as bright as silver, one of the urns she had spoken of. She was very glad to see me, though vexed I could see, that I had caught them in a muddle; but I said I knew work had to be done, and if she didn't mind I'd help a bit. So I set to, with a brush and a duster, and in a short time when Mr. Brain came in from the chapel he looked round the room in amaze—it looked quite a different place.

From that time, never a week passed without my going in to see them. I used to spend as much of my Saturday's afternoon holiday with them as I could. I began even now to take a little pride in the chapel as well as the house. I would catch up Maggie in my arms and carry her in there, and set her up in the big chair by the pulpit, and bid her sing, while I cleaned—for she could sing like a whole nest of thrushes—and this she'd do, for she couldn't walk even with the crutches now, and was fain to 'bide where she was placed. And so the years went by till I was twenty-four, and she was twenty. She had two or three desperate turns of illness, and we thought we should have lost her, but God was good and spared her to us. What her father would have done without her I cannot tell; he was wrapped up in her, and for any kindness that was shown to her he didn't know how to show enough gratitude. Once or twice, when she was very bad, mother went to see her, and her visit was as much prized and thought of by both, as the Prebend's lady's visits were valued by us. Maggie would count from them, like this: "such and such a thing happened after Mrs. Norton called;" or, "I remember, father, you budded those roses the very evening Mrs. Norton was here."

Mother would say to me sometimes, "That really old Mr. Brain was quite a superior man, considering the few advantages he had had all his life, and that she quite enjoyed a little chat with him sometimes, and that some of his sayings reminded her of some good old-fashioned book. She was quite willing that I should go there and help them on a Saturday, or at such times as I could be spared if Maggie was ill. Ah! well! I thought of all this afterwards."

One day I was down on my knees scrubbing the floor, and we were singing "There is a happy land, far, far away!" when I heard some one hurrying in, and old Anne Brown, who lived near us, came in looking very pale and scared-like. She didn't speak for a minute, but stood looking at me, as if she couldn't speak, and then said, in quite a low voice, "Bessie, my girl, come along home with me." A terrible fear, I don't know why, came over me. I jumped up, and just got out "Mother!" she shook

her head, and Maggie burst out crying. I never stopped a minute, but ran out at once, tearing through the streets like a wild thing. When I reached our own door there was quite a little crowd standing round; they stood aside to let me pass; two or three women were in the room, and old Dr. Grindly was standing by mother's chair, she seemed to me asleep leaning her head against the tall cushioned back (it had been poor Father's chair, and she always sat in it after her work was done and she was resting, and I always used to say she looked so peaceful and happy in it I would have her picture taken in it some day); the doctor had his hand on her wrist, but as I sprang into the room he came forward, and said: "My poor girl!" I pushed him aside and ran to my mother. Ah Sir! she was *gone*: yes, though she was *there* in her own chair, she was in reality "far, far away." The Lord had called her, and I should see her no more in this world.

After the inquest and the funeral and all the excitement was over, I was like one lost for a long time. Mother's kind friend, the Prebend's lady, came forward and offered me a place in her household, but somehow I felt too old for service, and I shrank from going amongst strangers, and mixing amongst gay servants—besides, I did not feel equal to learning new duties in a gentleman's house. I thanked her humbly, but said I thought I would rather try and keep on in the old way, and I believed that with some little help from a woman I would engage, I should do well enough.

People said I was foolish to throw away such a kind offer, and were amazed at my "throwing away friends," and all that—perhaps I was—but there, at the time I could not help acting as I did.

I began my work as soon as I could, but somehow the Spring was gone out of me. I had been all my life so dependant on mother that I could not take on myself to be mistress to others older than I was. I had no end of worry with the women I engaged to help me; I never had but one at a time; the first I had, washed so badly, and was so vexed when she saw that I washed the things over again, that she went off in a huff and came no more; another, after the first day or two, came very queer, and frightened me dreadfully by suddenly "flopping" down on

the door step, leaning her head against the wall, and babbling to herself. I thought she was dying in a fit, and ran for help ; the neighbours I fetched in, in my distress, said : "It's nothing, she's drunk ! and that I'd better let her 'bide where she was." I was terribly put out, it made me sick to look at her, and I fell a crying bitterly as I thought of the happy days mother and I had spent together in our washhouse, or over the ironing board, with our beautiful white things smelling so sweet and fresh, from plenty of water and clear fresh air—presently the woman roused herself, and cried a bit too, and my heart was softening to her, when she turned round all in a minute into a perfect fury : "Drat your impudence, Miss Norton," says she, "who be *you*, to turn up your nose at my washing powder, come on and I'll give it 'ee !" and she shook her fist in my face and danced about in her passion. I screamed with fright, but daren't run away lest she should do mischief to the things. Hearing the noise she made—for never an ill sound had been heard from our place before—two or three came running in, and they managed to get her away, but I was sadly upset, indeed made quite ill by the trouble. She came next day and said she "was sorry—it was just the beer she'd taken, it always served her so if she took the *leastest* drop over and above her quantity." I paid her her day's wage, and told her I should not want her again, for I intended to do the work myself. She was very angry, but I stood firm. I took lodgers, a respectable man and his wife, but work became slack for him, and, after a time, he went elsewhere and got it, and his wife shortly after followed him, promising to send me the three months' rent they owed me as soon as they could, but they forgot I suppose, for they never sent it. I was sick at heart—fairly broken down with trouble and over work.

All this time I had seen nothing hardly, of my friends at the Chapel House ; but I had had several messages from Maggie, begging me to go to them as she could not by any means come to me. So one Sunday afternoon I went. I was very full of sorrow and she and I sat quite quiet holding each other's hands, for my trouble was so great I could not talk of it. Mr. Brain came in before I left, and said some good comforting words which seemed to raise me

up a little. I told them it was not forgetfulness which had made me give up going to help them on Saturdays, but that I had more to do at home than I could well get through. They were both so kind, and seemed as if they could not make enough of me. Mr. Brain busied himself in setting the tea things, and I could not refuse to stay. I left in time to go to St. Friedwoldes, for I never missed my church, promising to go there the next Sunday, and this became a custom; they were ever on the watch for me.

One Sunday in April, I remember it very well, nearly a year after dear mother's death, I thought they both seemed strange and quiet; they kept looking at each other now and again, and Maggie seemed to be fonder than ever of her father, and it seemed to me as if she wanted to comfort him like. I felt rather awkward, in the way, as it were, and made as if I wouldn't stay—but they seemed scared almost, when I spoke of going. After a bit Maggie said she thought she'd like to sit in the garden a bit, so father carried her out and we made her comfortable under the lilac tree which was just out; he went about the garden looking at this flower and the other, and I whispered to her "Is there ought amiss, Maggie, to-day?"

"No, no," said she hurriedly, "father wants to speak to you, that's all, and you'll be good, Bessie, won't you? say you'll be good!" and she looked imploringly at me, and I felt quite frightened, catching her agitation from her: but seeing Mr. Brain standing looking at us from the bottom of the garden, I went at once to him.

"What is it," said I, all in a hurry.

"Oh nothing, Miss Norton, nothing! but yet," said he, "it is a great thing! Oh Bessie, will you come home to us and be my wife!"

Sir, I was struck, bewildered-like! I didn't know what to say, didn't know what to think. I stared at him with astonishment. I had never thought of such a thing as this, and I felt sure mother never had. I looked at him with such a sudden curiosity that he became quite confused. He was a neat-looking little old man, with nice grey hair and whiskers—oh whiter than yours, sir! (I winced, a little old, my friend, old!)—but his face was smooth and

fair, and had a fresh wholesome colour in it, and the kindest eyes that ever shone in anyone's face.

I was too much surprised to answer, and turned away without saying a word, and was walking straight past Maggie when she reached out after me, crying: "Oh Bessie, don't'ee be angry, don't'ee be vexed with poor father, he meant no harm!"

"I'm not vexed, Maggie," said I, "but I'm 'mazed, that's the truth, I don't know what to do!" and I sat down on the step beside her, and cried heartily. I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry, whether to say "Yes or No."

Well, sir, I can't tell you much more. I don't know indeed how it came about, but at last I gave my word to Maggie, and in a short time her father and I were married. We were "asked" properly in St. Friedwolde's Church, and the clergyman, who had always been a kind friend to mother and me, married us, and I came straight home to the Chapel House.

There were plenty of people who said all sorts of unkind things: they talked of "May and December never agreeing together;" and "Wait a bit! and they'd see how a young woman barely five and twenty would get on with an old fellow well on in his *sixties*." But I never heeded, and was only vexed lest such ill sayings should reach *his* ears. I can truly say that the ten years we were together, no misword, no foolish jangle ever came amongst us; we lived in peace and harmony ever and always; and when a little daughter was born to us three years ago, "father's" happiness seemed to overflow: he often used to say, "Never was any man so happy or so thankful as he was with his three *girls*!"

But our happiness was not to last for ever; he caught a bad cold about last Christmas time and it turned to the bronchitis, and though every thing was done for him that could be done, all was of no avail; he went home this day six weeks!

I don't know which wanted comforting most, Maggie or me; but we clung together and loved each other the better for the sake of him that was gone. So we remembered our mercies, and like them of old time, "Thanked God and took courage." Little Nelly often speaks of "Fardie,"

and we talk to the child of him; of how good he was to us, and everybody else, so she shall grow up loving and remembering him.

I don't deny but that sometimes of an evening, after the little one is in bed, Maggie and I sit over the fire and grieve, for when God sends tears, we are bound to shed them, still, my dear husband "came to his grave in a full age like a shock of corn cometh in its season."

I have no fear but that some means will be opened up for us, so that we shall never want; and I have those to work for now, that I had not when dear mother left me *alone* in the wide world.

I am very much obliged to you, sir, for your kindness and sympathy. A kind look and gentle words are of more value than most people will believe, and do much to "raise up them that are down." I shall take it very kindly if you will come and see us again, sir, Maggie will be proud to know you, and I should like to show you my little girl, who, though I say it, is a pretty engaging little thing.

With this invitation I promised to comply. As I went my homeward way, thinking over the touching little history I had been listening to, I was led to reflect that in "all 'states and conditions of men," when earthly happiness may flag, and creature comforts be withdrawn, there *does* descend on those who know where to seek it, a peace with which no stranger can intermeddle, and a blessing to which no (real) sorrow is added.

M. A.

A VISIT TO SWEDEN.

BY HECTOR.

(continued.)

OUR next move (from Fahlun) was for the Gulf of Bothnia, a large arm of the Baltic Sea, of which it forms a considerable portion. Anxious to catch an early train to Gefle (pronounced Yayvla) we were not long in going to roost, and were up in excellent time—but not so the household,

who appeared to have overslept themselves. The consequence was we had to drag out the carriages, carry the luggage down, and go off almost breakfastless. It was only by dint of perseverance, that we succeeded in finding an ostler to bring out two horses, barely in time to take the vehicles to the station, which was about three quarters of an English mile distant. Just as we were leaving the yard, an exceedingly pretty maid servant, of the Inn, came rushing after us with a tray of coffee, rusks, and eggs,—a little of which I took, more out of civility than anything else, for she seemed much “put out,” and made several apologies for not being “up” in good time. After a run of about 70 miles (the extent of this line) we arrived at Gefle, a busy seaport town. Along the quay side were many fair sized traders and Baltic steamers. We embarked on board the “Niord,” a vessel on her way from Copenhagen up the Gulf. After touching at sundry places, Sundsvall included, where we went on shore, and explored the town, we at length arrived at Hernösand. Sundsvall is prettily situated at the head of a bay, and there is a variety of foliage about the town. We disembarked at Hernösand (after a tolerably fair passage), as our intention was to see something of the charming Angermann River, which runs into the sea near this place. On the shore of this part of the Baltic, there is a progressive rising of the land, which increases as you journey northwards. Marine shells may be found between 100 and 200 feet above the sea level.

Hernösand is by no means an uninteresting place, and there are many beautiful walks in the neighbourhood. The bishop of the diocese resides at this town. The church is well worth a visit. The interiors of the Swedish churches, especially the more modern ones, are famous for their internal adornments of blue, gold, silver, and white, especially the pulpits and altar, which are quite ablaze with them. The organs, usually very large and of powerful tone, are mostly white, with silver looking pipes, and are placed conspicuously in the west gallery. Large candelabra are invariably seen, and sometimes a painting or two, stained glass or painted windows, and an altar piece: much the same style is observable in the Norske churches. One of the prettiest ornaments in the churches of Norway and

Sweden (far more often met with in the former country) is the "Flying Angel," an elegantly carved, painted, and gilt figure of an angel, with expanded wings, suspended by a rod from the ceiling, or roof, and in the extended hands of which, is the basin (baptismal font). It can be raised or lowered at will. With all the adornments, crosses, and vestments used and worn in these churches, the priests and people are of the Lutheran religion, or what we term low church. They are far from the Romish Creed, and so we see it is possible to adorn churches, and still belong (in reality) to the Protestant religion. Yet how often do we hear of those, ever ready to cast stones at what they imagine to be the failings of others, pointing to this or that church, where there are (say) two lights on the altar, a few crosses about, or stained glass windows, etc., and at once styling them as on the high road to Rome. I am of course not alluding to those churches styled Protestant, where the regular Roman service is carried out almost in its entirety. Anyone possessed of brains ought to be able to pray in an open field, or in a plain whitewashed building, as well as in an adorned one, and *vice versa*; though it certainly would seem more respectful and decent, that every church, here or there, should be as perfect in their various styles, as surrounding means would permit.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR LAST GOOD-BYE.

On either side the gate, the chaliced lilies grew,
Each fair snow-cup inlaid with pearléd dew.

* * *

'Twas but a little word, a whispered word,
That mingled strangely with the wailing sigh
Of evening wind, moving like echoed thought;
Athwart the trouble of our last good-bye.

'Twas but the touching of our trembling lips,
Dumb lips refusing all, save like a cry
Drawn from our stricken hearts, that one short word
That breathed our souls' distress, our last good-bye.

'Twas but the lingering clasp of loving hands,
 That firmly pleaded 'gainst the parting nigh,
 The piteous raising of our tearless eyes,
 That looked in agony, our last good-bye.

'Tis but the memory of severed lives,
 Of fair lost hopes, of thoughts that ever lie
 Wrapped in the charmed spell of one dear voice,
 That breathes again in dreams our last good-bye.

* * * *

By biting winds, by cruel frosts, the lilies slain
 Lie low in death to blossom yet again.

JULIUS GREY.

RAGNHILDA.

A TALE.—BY CLEMENT DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER VI.

How Ragnhilda sought aid from Liotr.

Now, from her youth up, Ragnhilda had been worshipped of many men, until she had come to believe that there was no man by whom she was not desired. And having seen Havard for many days negligent of those things wherein he was wont to be most eager,—neither following the chase, nor sitting in the judgment seat, nor busied with the training of young soldiers—she straightway bethought her that his heart was moved with the love of a woman, and that that woman was herself. Forthwith she stirred up the fierce mind of Olave so that he slew Arnfin, her husband, and then fled from the island. Then she waited with what patience she could until Havard should solicit her hand, not doubting but that he must do this in a short time. But soon she came to know that he was about to wed Elsa, the captive daughter of the Earl of Moray, and then it was that the full extent of her vain folly was laid

bare to Ragnhilda. She now beheld the dearest wish of her heart, seemingly removed far beyond her power of attainment. Her design for which she had wrought such great crimes, for the present at least, could not be accomplished. But she was not one to yield tamely to the persecutions of mischance, and she was even now more ready to blame herself for her blindness than Havard for his neglect. For her mind was so haughty that she looked upon men as the mere playthings of her cunning and subtlety, and if, at any time, she failed to compass one of her designs, she chose rather to set the blame upon her own negligence in the contriving of her crafts, than upon the perversity of events which were in truth beyond her control.

But now she had fallen upon the need for her utmost craftiness. She had but a short time for deliberation. Havard and Elsa must be quickly separated if their marriage were to be prevented. Had Olave been at hand, he would doubtless have been summoned to her aid. But he, now a fugitive for his life, had already been sacrificed to her crafts. Frithiof, her other lover, she knew herself powerless to move for evil. Liotr only remained, in clumsy hands doubtless a dangerous instrument, but if cunningly used, the most effective. He was a cold and shrewd man, no less cunning and selfish than Ragnhilda herself; but he was also ambitious, which trait Ragnhilda having perceived, now determined to turn to her own ends. After spending a short time in deliberation, she forthwith bade Thyra, her maid, seek out Liotr and inform him that she desired immediately to speak with him.

Liotr made no delay in answering the summons. He was ever on the watch for that occasion to serve his own interests, which the events of late had seemed likely to bring forth. He expected not that Ragnhilda would forego her influence in state affairs without a struggle; but he had not yet divined the course which she would follow. Resolving with himself to observe the strictest caution, and to conceal within his own breast the hopes of self-aggrandisement which he had long nourished, he quickly followed Thyra to her mistress's apartment, whom on entering he saluted with ceremonious courtesy. Ragnhilda

received him without rising, and though she for a moment surveyed him with a hasty glance, she averted her eyes from his face, as she said :

"Liotr, I crave your counsel in a matter wherein me-thinks you and I are both gravely concerned."

He bowed his head, and she continued :

"While my husband lived, I needed not to bestir myself for the sake of the public weal, which now I fear has fallen into the hands of an unskilful pilot."

Liotr smiled, but still remained silent.

"But I know well that my dear husband was wont to put great store by thy advice, and failed not to seek it upon all grave occasions."

She paused again, and raised her eyes to Liotr's face, but meeting with nothing more assuring than a cold though courteous smile, she asked precipitately :

"Know you that Havard is about to wed our captive, the daughter of the Earl of Moray?"

"I know it," answered Liotr.

"But do you approve of it?"

"That is of slight import."

"Fear not to speak plainly," she said, "you speak to one whom you may trust."

Again a chilly smile played over Liotr's pale face. After a slight pause, he asked :

"Do you desire to prevent this marriage?"

"For myself," she answered quickly, "I care not whom Havard weds. He hath the right to follow his own liking, so far as accords with the public weal."

"You deem the alliance inexpedient?"

"I think the damsel will serve our turn better as a hostage for her father's good behaviour, than as Havard's wife."

"You desire to prevent the marriage?"

"I do. May I count upon your assistance?"

"I can do nothing if my brother be resolved upon the matter."

"You can do everything if you will."

"Your commands are always law to me. What must I do?"

"First, I would have you understand how greatly it is against your weal that this marriage should proceed. Now that Havard is lord of the island the lordship of Caithness falls to you, who are his next in age. How may you recover Caithness but by exchange for our hostage?"

"We shall hardly recover Caithness in any event."

"At least we shall have less hold upon Moray than heretofore if Havard marries his daughter."

"True."

"Then will you not prevent the marriage?"

"I will obey your commands?"

A shadow of vexation crossed Ragnhilda's face as she perceived that Liotr would not be made her tool as easily as she had hoped. After a short pause she continued, speaking more slowly and softly than before:

"Liotr, I perceive I must be plain with you, and I shall trust that you will not betray the trust I place in you. Neither you nor I can afford to lose all our influence in the conduct of affairs in this island; and yet this will befall us both if Havard weds the damsel. Will you make a league with me that we may aid each other? My word still avails somewhat among the people here, who forget not that I am the daughter of their ancient lords. If you deem my good will worthy the exchange of your own, we may greatly serve each other."

She watched Liotr with anxiety, but his face was turned from her as he slowly paced the floor of the chamber. After a pause, he turned to her, and said:

"And how could you assist me? I have all that I desire."

"Then you desire not to be lord of this island?"

As she said this, her eye fell upon Liotr with a sudden flash of mingled penetration and enquiry, and for a moment he quailed before her. Quickly recovering himself however, he said, quietly,

"I desire no ill to befall my brother."

Ragnhilda laughed. "Do as I bid you," said she, "and you shall be Earl of Orkney within a month."

Liotr smiled incredulously, and she continued :—

"Remove the damsel this night from Lodver's house. I will persuade Havard that she has escaped and fled to her father. He will pursue her, and it will then be your own fault if you do not benefit by his absence."

"Already I have informed you," replied Liotr, "that I will readily obey your commands. To-night I will remove the maiden to my own house, where she shall be kept close. But do not think that I expect or indeed hope in any way to profit by these crafts, in the doing of which I am only your obedient slave."

"I hope I appreciate your generosity at its true value," replied Ragnhilda, not without a slight touch of sarcasm in her tone; and with a formal obeisance Liotr retired from the chamber.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL MEETING OF BRITISH AMATEURS.

At a meeting, held at Leeds, on the 5th of June, it was resolved, that a general gathering of British amateurs shall take place at Stratford-on-Avon, at Easter, 1877. Mr. Loseby was appointed chairman of the committee, which consists of the following gentlemen: Wellsden, Balfour, Clarke, Schollfield, Scott, Palmer, Atkins, Tornes, Lewis, Ward, and Adolph Branth. They have power to add to their number, and we hope that this privilege will be freely availed of. We suggest that ladies should be admitted as honorary members, for it will be remembered that "*Haywardsfield Magazine*" is edited and written by ladies only.

A better place could not have been chosen than Stratford-on-Avon, with its proud reminiscences of England's greatest poet, also conveniently situated for travellers, and a better time of meeting could not have been selected than the beautiful Spring.

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CONTRIBUTORS must subscribe for one year. Full address is required.

The Amateur :

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

VOL. II. No. 9.] SEPTEMBER 1st, 1876. [Price 6d.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, AFTER DEDUCTION OF
PRINTING EXPENSES AND POSTAGES, WILL BE APPLIED
TO CHARITABLE OBJECTS.

A VISIT TO SWEDEN.

BY HECTOR.

(continued.)

IT strikes me, and I am positive must have struck multitudes of other people, that there is far too much "splitting of straws" in these matters, losing sight of the main question, and pelting each other with mud. Amongst the chief of these cavillers are the "would be" rationalists, free-thinkers, and atheistical portion of the community, for whom it would be far better if they were (to quote their "sum total of religious absurdity") on the high road to Rome, than on another far more dangerous highway. But I must hark back. The "exteriors" of these churches, especially the more modern ones, are, for the most part, plain and whitewashed, with some exceptions, including the few cathedrals, and some of the old wooden structures of the Byzantine type, about which there is a great deal of pinnacle, gable, and general carved work. The huge gold cross, at the top of some of the large and comparatively modern churches, in a bright sunlight, looks both conspicuous and grand.

After a day or two at Hernösand, we went on board the little steamer, "Maths Kjöörning," and proceeded up the Angermann. At first starting, the rain came down very smartly, and lasted almost until our arrival at Sollefteo, beyond which place there was no regular navigation, notwithstanding the width of the river; the swiftness of the currents, sand banks, floating logs, etc., etc., barring further encroachment of vessels. This river is justly celebrated for its beauty, especially above Sollefteo, where in some parts it is said to be unequalled. At this pretty village we staid three or four days, exploring the scenery, bathing, and fishing. The bathing was delightful: each morning we had a "dip" in a bay, about half-a-mile from the house. We did not, however, venture out in the main stream, in consequence of the great force of the currents, eddies, and the risk of being cannoned against by the huge logs of wood, which were careering along here, there, and everywhere. The water was clear, cold, and invigorating. I scarcely remember ever enjoying the limpid stream more than I did at this place, except one day when salmon fishing in the Conway. The heat was then so very excessive, that I laid my rod on the bank, undressed, and after swimming about, lay down in a shallow for a good five or six minutes. The sensation was delightful, and on coming out I felt quite invigorated.

On more than one occasion we amused ourselves by "floating off" huge logs that had accumulated in some parts of the river, and had stuck fast, on or between the rocks. Long and strong wooden levers are used by the timber men for this work, which, according to the position of the logs, is at one time very easy, at another, really hard work. My friend, his brother (who had joined us at this village from the north of the gulf), and myself, worked like navvies, one whole afternoon, "floating off" logs, and were pleased at the number we extricated, and set fairly off into the main current, when they would rush at headlong rate, possibly to their journey's end, unless entangled again in like manner with others; in which case they would in due time be again extricated and set afloat, in all probability by experienced hands; not amateurs, as we were. Alas, for human nature,—had we been ordered or compelled to have

worked thus hard, doubtless we should have expostulated, or, at least, not half enjoyed it. This is the way forest-felled timber is transported to its destination—of course a vast quantity finds its way with little or no let or hindrance.

At this Station (Sollefteo) we fared sumptuously. Do not, however, imagine joints of meat, pastry, wine, etc. We were provided with eggs, milk, butter, potatoes, cucumber, Strömming, a small fish about the size of a sprat, not very unlike anchovies, and quite a standing dish in these lands, very good rye bread, and bacon, with the addition of salmon, trout, an occasional cutlet, coffee, and beer. The fare on board the steamers, where they have great facilities of obtaining provisions, is of course, good. One thing very peculiar at the Swedish meals (where provisions are plentiful) is the Smörgaasbord. Sometime before each regular meal is brought in, there is spread a sort of preliminary course, such as sliced tongue, hard boiled eggs, cucumber, wild strawberries, radishes, etc., accompanied by spirits, drunk in liqueur glasses. At this stage of the meal, you may observe persons walking about, dipping their forks first in this delicacy, then in "that," washing all down with a glass of spirit, usually Ranehart, Pomerans, and sometimes Corn Brandy, but this latter is more used in Norway, when such can be got, which is not always. Honey, very fresh and pure, is often seen on the breakfast table. By some, the origin of this "Smör Gaas Bord," is said to have been the practice of having, in the olden times, goose fried in butter, as a first course, hence the word, compounded of "Smör," butter, "Gaas," goose, and "et Bord," a table—though the viands are varied since those days, the name is still retained.

One night at this Inn, when going off to sleep, I was surprised to see a head thrust in through the bedroom window (on the ground floor). At first, I thought it was an attempt at pilfering, but on challenging the apparition with the English, "Hullo!" and hearing an indistinct rambling reply, I concluded, from the tone of voice, that intoxication was the cause. The head was withdrawn, and I heard the footsteps dragging along the passage of the Inn, and soon a fall announced that alcoholic imbibing was taking great effect on this inebriated individual, who then

commenced stertorous and loud snoring, which woke the landlord, who, together with the hostess and her maid, after much tugging and useless persuasion, at length succeeded in bundling him into one of the back rooms for the night. We learnt on the following morning, that this wretched creature was said to be tolerably well off, but was much addicted to the horrible vice of drunkenness, and on the night in question had been imbibing heavily on board the little river steamer, moored to the pier about half-a-mile off our Inn.

(To be continued.)

A L M A ;

OR,

THE LITTLE MUSIC MISTRESS.

By EMMA MARSHALL.

AUTHOR OF "LIFE'S AFTERMATH,"

"HEIGHTS AND VALLEYS," "THE OLD GATEWAY,"

ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II. *(continued)*

MR. PALMER had called on Mrs. Merton as a parishioner, and Alma's situation in the Law family was the result. He had also been successful in procuring teaching for her in a small school. So that her time out of doors was well filled up; and at home she was the presiding genius which transmuted the common things of daily life into gold.

Several weeks' lessons intervened between the evening when Alma first mentioned the Laws' dance to her mother, and the eventful day when it really was to come off. By degrees, Mrs. Merton began to interest herself in the party, and she opened a store of relics of better days, and drew from them a white muslin, which she had once worn, and which she remodelled with skill for Alma. When she was dressed, her fair hair confined by a blue ribbon, and a little cross hung round her neck by a piece of black velvet, her mother's eye looked proudly and sadly on her.

The little boys called her "awfully pretty," and Guy stroked her hair and face, and felt the shape of the cross, and the bows on her sleeves, and said: "I think you are very pretty, Sissy." Fortunately it was a fine night, and with her waterproof cloak buttoned tightly over her, and her shoes and gloves in one of the pockets, Alma set off in high spirits. Mrs. Greene, to her surprise, was standing in her big many coloured shawl, and blue bonnet with a red feather, waiting for her in the narrow lobby.

"You don't think I be going to let you walk out alone at eight o'clock to Cornwall Square! No, not I—you be a deal too pretty for that. Now, there let me carry something.—If ever anybody deserved a helping hand you be the one."

Alma's quick sensitive nature was deeply touched by this kindness; she put her hand into her old friend's arm, and thanked her gratefully.

"Lor, it's nothing, the old gent is better to-night, and I can step out for half hour—and I want it—I sometimes think I be a fool to worry after him as I do!"

"You are the kindest and best of landladies, Mrs. Greene," Alma said, "and I don't believe you could live without looking after someone."

"No! that's true, I expect it was having Greene on my hands so long, afore he was took for death, that makes sick folks take to me. I have known trouble, my dear, I can tell you. Deary me! how they have lighted up the house!" she exclaimed, as they turned into Cornwall Square. "They do say Doctor Law's wife is a screw beyond telling, but them that's the most stingy, always cares most for show when they do come out. There! what time shall I come?—look at that man with white gloves at the door. He be the greengrocer, Tom Fuller—his poor wife don't like his going out to wait, he always goes home as drunk as a lord. What's he bawling out?"

"Carriages ordered at two o'clock," Alma said, "that is much too late for you to come, Mrs. Greene."

"There, there! my dear, go in," said the good woman, and Alma passed into the hall, and was shown into the schoolroom to take off her things.

Coppersworth society is wealthy if it is not select, and although Mrs. Law might not count amongst her guests the *crème de la crème* even of Coppersworth, still she had her stars. Dress of the extremest fashion, colours of every hue, feathers, ornaments, all passed in and out, as the little music mistress stood quietly in a corner, waiting for her turn to catch a glimpse of herself in the glass, which was put upon the table with the accustomed furniture of pin cushion, brush and comb, and needles and thread.

The two maid servants were busily engaged in helping the ladies to shake out their trains, button their gloves, and pin up a stray hair, or fasten a refractory flower. No one offered to assist Alma, though one of the servants said, when she was ready, "she had orders to tell her to go into the dancing room." As the stream of guests subsided a little, Alma made her way into the hall, and there a sense of loneliness came over her, and made her say to herself: "Mother was right, I ought not to have come."

Then she rallied herself, and said: "what does it matter, I am come to play, and why should I be so stupid." As she was hesitating whether to pass a group of young men, who were drawing on their white gloves, she heard one of them say: "Who is that? she is a pretty little thing." "Yes, a pocket Venus, and no mistake!—but it is only the girl who is to play for the dancing. Here's Law, ask him about her."

CHAPTER III.

AN OLD STORY.

ALMA heard the question, and went swiftly across the hall to the dancing room, where she was glad to hide herself behind the upright piano from all unwelcome observation. She seated herself, and ran her fingers over the keys, then striking a few chords of one of her beloved sonatas, she felt their soothing influence. But a quick step over the well-polished boards made her pause, the colour came into her cheeks, as Herbert Law, in all the glory of full evening toilet, came to her corner, with the words:

"Have you had any tea or coffee, Miss Merton?"

He stopped, and his eyes expressed the admiration he could not conceal. The little music mistress always looked charming, even in her well-worn blue serge, with its plain white collar—but now—he did not wonder that other eyes than his found in Alma something inexpressibly attractive.

“You must have some tea! let me take you into the room,” he said, offering her his arm.

But Alma drew back. “No, thank you,” she answered.

“Why *will* you always say no, to everything I ask,” he exclaimed, vehemently; “I say you must have some coffee; it is disgraceful that it has not been offered you!” Then in a gentler tone, he went on: “*Do* come!”

She put her little hand in his arm—he was so kind always to her—and yet—! They crossed the slippery boards together, and Herbert made his way into his father’s study, which was like all the rest of the house turned inside out for the great occasion. The room was still full, and the young men were busy writing names on programmes, and the popular girls were already engaged for almost every dance. Herbert made his way to the table, and got Alma her coffee and some cake, saying: “You must give me a dance.”

She laughed then merrily—“Who is to play for us?”

“Oh, I’ll manage that. I know two good-natured girls, who would stand on their heads if I asked them. So now, remember, I will have two waltzes, at least.”

“What do you want, Leo?” Herbert asked, as one of the girls came into the room.

“Herbert, I want Miss Merton. Mamma is in such a state—she says—”

“Be quiet, Leo,” said her brother, “and mind your own business”

“But, Herbert, everyone is wondering why the music does not begin. The drawing room is getting so full. Pray, Miss Merton, do come, there’s a dear,” Leo urged.

“I am coming directly, Leo; I really must,” Alma said, decidedly, putting down her cup and vanishing before Herbert could follow her.

Mrs. Law herself was now seen coming down stairs, and Leo ran to meet her.—“Miss Merton is beginning, Mamma; she was with Herbert in the tea room.”

Those words struck Mrs. Law's heart with a sharper pang than if she had heard that the raised pies she had bargained so sharply for at a second-rate confectioner's, had not arrived for the supper. But she took a hint from Leo, and only determined to keep her eyes open that evening. She called to her son, who was just below in the hall, to beg him to begin dancing, and then turning, apologized to a portly dowager for the delay—"but those sort of people were always so tiresome."

The lady grunted an answer, and scanned with eager eyes the young man who was leading off one of her daughters. "Who is that, Mrs. Law, who is carrying off my Georgie?"

"Oh! that is Mr. Walter Bartrum; he is much sought after, Mrs. Vawdry, and I am sure he has chosen a pretty partner." But what could Herbert be thinking of, to choose out that plain, fat Miss Jones for the first dance; how tiresome he was—when there was at least half-a-dozen pretty girls who would be proud to have him for a partner.

Could Mrs. Law have heard the conversation between her son and the fat Miss Jones, she would have been still more uneasy.

"Oh! yes, that I will, Mr. Law," Miss Jones was saying, "and so will Amy, I know. It must be awfully hard for a girl to sit and play all the evening when every one is dancing. I know the Bull Dog Galop and I think Amy knows the Hilda, and the Mabel Waltz—I will ask her."

"Thank you," said Herbert, fervently, "and mind you keep a galop for me, and I must ask your sister to favour me too, if her card is not filled up."

Herbert knew very well that the filling up of the Miss Jones' cards was never accomplished, their patient good tempered faces were well known in their set in Copperworth society as uncomplaining wall-flowers.

"What splendid playing this is though," said Miss Jones, "it is enough to make anybody dance, I am sure."

So the evening went on, with waltzes, and lancers, and galops, and every now and then Alma had an ice taken to her corner—or claret cup—or lemonade. She felt very happy, and the delightful sense of being cared for, gave her fingers more than their wonted spring. So that when she played her own waltz, several people came and asked

whose music it was—and when they heard, begged to have a copy when they were published.

When the elders were safely shut in at supper, Herbert came to Alma, with Miss Jones beaming and delighted on his arm:

“Now then, for this galop, Miss Merton; Miss Jones is so kind as to take your place.”

“Yes, but I know my playing will sound awfully bad after yours. I never heard such playing in my life—and so everyone says.”

Part of this good natured exordium was lost on Alma, for Herbert had led her away, and as soon as the vigorous strains of the Bull Dog Galop were heard to resound, and the dance begun, to two people, at least, it was unmixed pleasure. Alma danced as those who respond to every note of music alone can dance. And Herbert felt triumphant, and proud, and glad. What ever happened, he must have a second dance, he thought, even though his mother might not be, as now, safe in the supper room.

(To be continued.)

A N N I E .

A REVERIE.

The orb of day illumines the early morn,
 And in the eve glides sweetly to its rest,
 Yet shines next day as brightly as before;
 The sun of love shone in my life but once, *a week*
 And when its night drew near, the solemn knell
 Announcéd death—no rise on earth next morn;
 Yet in that sound there was a note of peace,
 Vibrating tend'rest chords within my heart,
 Which made mine inner eye look onward far,
 And told of hope, of everlasting hope,
 On which the rays of faith for ever beam.

Long, long ago, we met one Christmas Eve.
 Thou wast a child, and yet thy heart so young
 Beat strong and warm, as but a woman's can—
 Thou wast a child, yet gentle and sedate

And full of grace. We sat around the hearth,
 Thy chosen place was at thy mother's feet,
 Upon her lap thou laid'st thy fair young head,
 And auburn waves half covered thy face.
 Thy brother Willie told a Christmas tale,
 Whilst thou with dreamy look in silence sat;
 Thy thoughts seemed far away, and long before
 The mystic spectre in the tale appeared,
 Thy sylph-like form had vanished from our midst.
 With willing heart and ever-helping hand,
 Thou went'st the poor to comfort and to cheer.
 Let me recall that scene, that tender scene,
 When thou, once more amongst us, softly said'st:
 "Each had a little gift, my mother dear!
 "And I have left so many happy homes."
 Ah, when these words fell from thy gentle lips,
 Ethereal beauty shone upon thy brow,
 Thine aspect beamed so bright, that brightest day
 With it compared would seem a clouded night.

We often met, my Annie!—Years rolled on.
 The flower of love lay long in friendship's bud.
 And as the sunrise in the early morn
 Daily reveals sublime and beauteous scenes,
 Which fill the heart with joy and thanks to God,
 So day by day, the beauty of thy soul
 Dawned on my thoughts and acts and guided me.
 Around the past the wreath of memory clings,
 It is adorned with never-fading flowers;
 And when those days I picture to my mind,
 They beam as brightly as they did of old;
 Amongst them all one balmy summer eve
 Shines forth as in the night a gleaming star;
 With golden hues the western clouds were lined;
 In soft and tender notes, the blithesome birds
 Their evening prayer so sweetly carolled forth;
 Life in a rosy tint before me lay,
 For hope inspired me with its mighty power;
 I told thee of my love, and silently
 Thy trembling hand was gently laid in mine,
 Which told me more, than any words could say,

O moment, full of brightest happiness,
 When thy fair radiant face was turned to me,
 And, in the depth of thy soft eyes, I read
 Thy fervent, true, long hidden love for me!

Ere long fate bade us part, but bonds of love
 United evermore our faithful hearts.
 Far distant climes I traversed full of hope;
 Thy tender heart in each sweet message breathed.
 O simple, pure, and noble were thy thoughts!

But bitter woe encompassed my return.
 My work was done. I came to claim my bride;
 To form a paradise on earth, methought,
 A happy home of peaceful rest and bliss,
 Where soon the bud of love its balmy leaves,
 In fairest form, so sweetly should unfold.
 My joyous heart to God gave fervent thanks,
 To Him, who in His grace had held my bark,
 Which now with favoring gale did homewards speed.
 But did I dream what woe awaited me?
 And did I humbly pray, when full of joy:
 "Thy will be done, Thy will, oh Lord! be done?"
 Not then indeed my humble prayer arose,
 But afterwards—at Annie's grave, I prayed
 With stricken heart, but with a stronger faith:
 "Thy will, oh Lord! Thy will, not mine, be done."

ADOLPH BRANTH.

NAOMI :

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

By EMILIE KIMMINS.

IT WAS Christmas Eve! My mother, sisters, brothers, and I were seated in the dining room, around a thorough Christmas fire. It was a long established rule that my mother should tell us a tale, which, we, her grown up children, anticipated with quite as much pleasure as when we were little ones with short dresses and pinafores. Perhaps, it was

on account of the younger members of our family, that my mother consented, year after year, to favour us with her usual Christmas Eve story.

"The circumstances of the events I am about to tell you," began my mother, "happened just after I was married. I am afraid my memory will not serve me very faithfully, but I will do my best."

A murmur of approbation ran around our circle; each one gave a general movement, as if trying whether he or she could better his or her position, so as to feel ourselves quite at ease; then, finally settled down, and with one voice begged our mother to continue, which she did, as follows:—

"It was a cold, bleak, wintry day in November, and I was seated at the window of the drawing room, that overlooked the street, watching the soldiers' wives, who had that day arrived in our military town, seeking for lodgings. After some little time, I noticed a young and strikingly beautiful woman, who appeared to be engaged in the same occupation, although her appearance indicated a degree of refinement far above the average of soldiers' wives. As she drew near our house, she lingered, as if thinking whether she should come in. Feeling interested in her, I opened the window, and asked if I could be of any assistance.

"I should be truly grateful, if you would direct me to a house, where I could find plain but clean lodgings."

From her tone and manner of speaking, I found that she was well educated, and pitying her on account of her worn and weary looks, I asked her to come in and rest. She reluctantly complied with my request, and sank down upon the nearest chair with a sigh of relief. "You look tired out," I said; "have you had a hard day's work?"

"I'm weary in body and spirit. I have been searching for lodgings all day," she answered dejectedly.

"How is it that you have not found any lodging yet?"

"I cannot afford a very expensive one, and I am only a soldier's wife."

"But your husband is not a common soldier," I cried, thoughtlessly, for which I was sorry a moment afterwards,

when I saw the deep blush which suffused her face, as she answered in a proud tone: "Yes, merely a common soldier."

Both my sympathy and my curiosity were aroused. The young and beautiful woman sat before me with downcast eyes, and long eyelashes nearly reaching her clear olive cheek; the haughty mien, and graceful figure, were strangely at variance with the position of a private soldier's wife; her dress too, although plain, was of good quality, and in perfect taste. Her physiognomy proclaimed her of Jewish origin, and of good birth. A short silence followed the answering of my thoughtless question. Meanwhile, I was wondering in what way I could assist her, when I thought of my old nurse, who rented a cottage near, and who I knew would be willing to oblige me, by letting two rooms. I told my strange visitor of my plan, and offered to go with her and see my nurse about it, but begged of her first of all to let me get her some refreshment.

"No, thank you, I require nothing," she said, rising as she spoke, "you will indeed confer a very great favour upon me by accompanying me to the place you mention; but I fear I encroach upon your kindness."

I assured her it was no trouble at all, and seeing she was anxious to leave, I put on my things at once, and in a short time we arrived at our destination. As I expected, Nurse Harvey consented to let two rooms at a very moderate rent, which answered exactly to my companion's requirements.

As I was leaving, she took my hand in her's, and raised it to her lips—"I cannot thank you sufficiently," she said, "I thought charity was a mere myth, it is so little practised, though constantly preached, but I find it does exist, nevertheless."

Her tone was so mournful, that tears of sympathy started to my eyes as I pressed her hand in mine, it seemed so sad that one so young should have learnt such a bitter lesson.

"You have not yet told me your name. What am I to call you?" I asked, "as I wish to be your friend."

The smile that lit up her face at this remark, shed quite a radiance over it, and she answered in a different tone, from what she had used before, "My name is Naomi Morton ; and may I really call you my friend ?"

"Certainly ! and I shall be glad to prove myself a true friend to you."

With these words I left her, and being unable to leave home the next day, did not see her until the day after. Naomi had been anxiously expecting me—"You cannot think how I have yearned for some friend to whom I could unburden my mind," she said, when I had sat down in her plain, but neat sitting room.

"Well then," said I, "Just unburden yourself to me at once ; I know well that you are in trouble, and they say that a burden loses half its weight in telling, and I hope that will be the case with yours."

"Nothing can entirely remove my burden, I fear, but it would be a great comfort to me, to tell you a little of my history."

Having assured her of my interest, she commenced, as follows :—

"You may already have guessed, from my name and appearance, that I am of Jewish origin. My father is a Jew of high birth and great wealth, and I have been brought up in the very lap of luxury, petted and humoured in every whim and fancy. I was an only girl ; there was one boy, but he was many years older than I, and helped the rest to spoil me. My mother was a perfect character—as far as human nature can be perfect—gentle and patient, and having all those qualities that make a true wife and good mother. But, alas ! she died when I was only fifteen, and from that time I did just as I liked ; my word was law ; placed at the head of our household, I issued orders which none dared disobey—it is no wonder that I grew wilful and selfish.

"About a year after my mother's death, my father took a house in a large seaport town. I had always loved the sea, and it was on this account that he changed his resi-

dence. Nothing pleased me better than to roam about on the sea-shore by myself, and I would wander for hours with no companion but my romantic imaginative fancy. I had frequently been warned of the danger of being overtaken by the tide, during my rambles, but heedless as I was I paid little attention, and for a long time I met with no accident. But one day, about eighteen months ago, I had wandered farther than usual; the setting sun showed that it was time to retrace my steps, and then, to my great dismay, I perceived that the tide had risen considerably. I hastened on, hoping to be able to pass a certain point, which I knew to be covered at high water; my hopes were futile; the water there was already two or three feet deep, and the tide coming in so rapidly as to render it impossible for me to wade through. There I stood, tide bound; unable to escape one way or the other; far removed from any human help. I shouted until I was worn out. In an hour's time, the place whereon I stood would be covered with water. Feelings before unknown filled my breast; my whole life rose before me; the careless, useless manner in which I had wasted my time; my mother's teaching; her prayers and exhortations came back to my memory; and for the first time in my life I prayed. My father was a zealous Jew, but my mother had, against his will, accepted the Christian faith sometime before her death; and now, inspired by the remembrance of her prayers, I clung to the Rock of Ages. I felt that all earthly hope had fled, and closing my eyes, I sat resignedly down and waited for death, when, as if in answer to my muttered prayers, I heard a shout, and raising my head, I saw a man standing on the rocks above me.

“‘Try and climb to the ledge above you,’ he shouted, ‘and you may yet be saved.’

“With almost supernatural strength, I succeeded in reaching the ledge indicated, but not a minute too soon, for I had scarcely left the place where I had been sitting, before a wave dashed over it. The excitement had been too great for me, and I fainted away. How I was saved I know not; I only know that my preserver was sadly torn and bruised.

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT-WATCHING.

(WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.)

I write within the fitful wandering sound
 Of winds that make the midnight sad as love,
 The saddest strand that youth and life have wound
 Among the many-coloured threads of time.
 The hushed hours listen while my pulses move,
 The heavy moments lean upon my heart,
 And like a silent snake my memories climb
 And creep about the deepest-wounded part
 Of all my aching soul.

O dusky Night,
 Whose gift to weary-bodied men is sleep,
 Mine eyes are wakeful and my limbs are light,
 I have no will to lay my body down
 Upon the drowsy pillows, and to steep
 The sense of flesh in slumber or delight :
 But one like gift I ask of thee, to drown
 In quiet glooms and unremembering dreams,
 In stillness like the unmoved depth of seas
 Dark, far away from shores, and sunk from sight,
 And hidden away from sound of moving streams,
 Out of the reach of sun or rain or breeze,
 This out-watched, over-wearied soul of me.

O must my spirit keep awake with ye,
 Heart-happy Stars of yonder milky way,
 Eternal wanderers of the paths of night,
 Who shroud yourselves in sunbeams, and whose light
 Loses itself in the embrace of day,
 And sinks between the loosened arms of love
 Into the lap of sleep ? O must I stay
 The wearing of the night's slow-footed hours,
 While ye move on in lustrous ways above
 And look through darkness to the morning's ray,
 As hope looks through the winter for the flowers ?
 O must my soul keep watch for watch for you,
 Though hope will fall not on me with the dew,
 Nor pleasure dawn upon me when the skies
 Put off their dusky sleeping-robe anew ?

If Death would come like sleep on heavy eyes,
 Come from the murky heart of night, draw near
 And fall upon me as a mist that falls
 Upon the Autumnal and regretful year,
 I should not bid him hence, not though Delight
 Stood on my left, and Mirth upon my right :
 For mirth is food for tears, and pleasure palls,
 When the aftertime has proved them to the core ;
 But sweet Lethean death has power to smite
 The adder's head of memory. Ah ! sweet Death,
 Slay this, and I will yield thee up my breath
 Gladly, and will not ask thee any more.

How sweet were life if memory were dead.
 For all these roses that a man may pluck
 Whatever sunless pathway he may tread
 Were good enough to smell, and daily sweets
 Were sweet enough for mortal lips to suck,
 But that each odour and each savour leads
 The fleet-winged thought back, back, until it meets
 Some such-like day when such a rose was culled
 And died on plucking, and became as weeds :
 Or when the tongue grew sick, and lips grew dulled
 Tasting too deep, alas, of such a sweet,
 Ere Life had shackled Hope and lamed his feet.

I rise from writing, throw the window wide,
 And lean my face into the glooms outside.
 The Dawn is stirring : ashen-pale she seems ;
 And garbed for sorrow or for hopes outworn ;
 She cometh stealthily upon our dreams,
 Attended by the grief-appareled Hours
 Who bring her slowly like a widowed bride,
 With shadowed eyes. Go back, unhappy Morn ;
 Come not to tread these weary ways of ours.
 I bid thee back : night wrap thee like a hood ;
 Die down into the gloom whence thou wert born :
 Thou pale-faced ! turn : and as thou dost depart
 Draw back my breath with thee, suck down my blood
 That beats with pain through mine embittered heart,
 That life may ebb within me as the sea
 Bitter all through with savour as of tears,

And death may come upon me, even me
 Who gave my whole soul up to one desire
 And saw it vanish as a meteor-fire
 Dies into night: and now my hopes and fears
 Would flee the starless darkness of the coming years.

F. WYVILLE HOME.

RAGNHILDA.

A TALE.—BY CLEMENT DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER VII.

How Liotr abetted the crafts of Ragnhilda.

IN the evening of the day whereon she had besought Liotr of aid, Ragnhilda sent Thyra, her maid, to Lodver, her dead husband's brother, and to Auda, his wife, desiring that they would come that night and sup with her, for that she was very desolate for the loss of her lord. So Lodver and Auda came and supped with Ragnhilda, but Thyra remained at Lodver's house, by command of her mistress, to watch over Elsa. And the same evening Liotr bade two of his people feign a quarrel, and then, coming upon them suddenly, he brought them both before Havard, desiring him to judge betwixt them. And while Havard was thus busied, Liotr sent his body-servant, habited in the guise of the Envoy of the Earl of Moray, to Lodver's house that he might carry off Elsa to another place according to Ragnhilda's command. So Liotr's servant, aided by Thyra, conveyed Elsa away; and when Havard came to the house he found Thyra there, who lied to him and said: "Even now the Envoy of the Earl of Moray hath been here and hath taken away the captive; and me he gagged and bound, even as you found me." But in truth she had gagged herself; and Liotr's servant had bound her at her own behest.

Then Havard was sore aggrieved, and for a short space could do nought for the agony of his soul. But when the force of his grief was somewhat spent he inquired of Thyra which way the Envoy had fled? but the woman

said she knew not. Then Havard asked whether Elsa had seemed willing to be carried off; and Thyra answered that she had gone very joyously; whereat Havard fell again into sore distress and tore his hair, and wept aloud. At this moment arrived Schuli, Havard's youngest brother, who, hearing Thyra's tale, and enquiring as to the time at which the thing had happened, suggested to his brother a speedy pursuit in the direction of the sea-shore. This Havard desired Schuli to take in hand; saying, that he himself would remain where he was. For in sooth, when he was told that Elsa had gone willingly, he listed not to pursue her himself. So Schuli set out towards the firth with what following he could collect at the moment.

Then Thyra came to her mistress and told her privately what had befallen, whereupon Ragnhilda forthwith came herself to Lodver's house, and Lodver and Auda, his wife, accompanied her. And when Ragnhilda came to Havard, he had swooned for very sorrow; so she tended him with her own hands; and, when his life came into him again, she whispered softly to him and bade him take comfort. But he would not listen to her words, but broke away from her, and, going without the house, wandered alone to the peak of a desolate hill. And there he sat down and wept. "Woe is me!" he cried. "The delight of my life has passed away for ever, and never shall I be glad any more. For I put my trust in the words of a woman that lied, and henceforth to me no woman shall bring delight."

For two days and nights he remained apart from the dwellings of men, until on the evening of the third day he was found, weary and faint and lying on the ground, by certain men whom Ragnhilda had sent in search of him: and by these he was conveyed to the castle and laid in his chamber. And they wept over him as for one about to die.

But Ragnhilda ministered to him with her own hands, and bade a wise leech tend him, so that after seven days he recovered, and the sickness passed from him. And while Ragnhilda sat beside his couch he told her how he had loved Elsa and had been fain to take her to wife, and had put his trust in her word when she had said that he had won her love. Then he added, "But for me there is

"now no more delight in woman; for she is framed only to deceive a good man or to be the bond slave of a wicked man."

"Say not so," said Ragnhilda, gently, "But rather blame thyself for casting away thy love upon a stranger."

"Alas! we were no strangers when last we parted," sighed Havard; "Methought I knew her heart more wholly than I had ever yet known the heart of a woman."

"She deceived you," answered Ragnhilda; "Think not of her more; but when next thou lovest go not so far from home, but mate with one whose weal may more easily consort with thine own, and whom thou hast known from her cradle."

"Alas! I have no heart now to give to any woman," he replied, mournfully.

"Then wed one who will give thee her heart for naught; for I wot thou mayest easily find such an one."

In such wise Ragnhilda daily strove to appease the great sorrow which overshadowed the spirit of Havard. At first he would not be comforted; but after she had spoken softly to him for many days and had made it appear that she strenuously laboured for his weal, his heart turned to Ragnhilda and he bethought him that he would wed her. He loved her not with the same passion where-with he had formerly loved Elsa; but his great grief had left him weaker to withstand the daily jars of life than he had formerly been, and in Ragnhilda he seemed to find a guardian who would make the remainder of his days pass smoothly. Thus he came to her not like a brave and joyous youth, bent with his whole soul upon winning the maiden who had enchanted his fancy, but he fell into her lap as a wounded soldier sinks helpless into the arms of the nurse who first comes to his aid.

(To be continued.)

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POST OFFICE ORDERS should be made out to the order of ADOLPH BRANTH, GLOUCESTER. Communications are welcome.

CONTRIBUTORS must subscribe for one year. Full address is required.

The Amateur :

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

VOL. II. No. 10.] OCTOBER 1st, 1876. [Price 6d.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, AFTER DEDUCTION OF
PRINTING EXPENSES AND POSTAGES, WILL BE APPLIED
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A L M A ;

OR,

THE LITTLE MUSIC MISTRESS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

AUTHOR OF "LIFE'S AFTERMATH,"
"HEIGHTS AND VALLEYS," "THE OLD GATEWAY,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III. (*concluded*)

HE watched his opportunity, and when the rooms were a little thinned, Amy Jones struck up the Mabel Waltz, and again Herbert led off the Little Music Mistress.

"I do not mean to dance all through this waltz," he said, after a few rounds, "I must have a little talk with you."

"Oh! do dance," she said, with the earnest simplicity of a child, "it is so delicious."

So they went on, till poor Miss Amy Jones' fingers were almost paralysed, and then Herbert took Alma to the supper room. The game pies had vanished, that is to say, their nicer parts were gone, and only the outer crust

remained. But cold chickens and tongue were still visible on the table, and Herbert and Alma seated themselves. They were almost alone. One or two dowagers had retreated to the banquet for a second edition of supper and champagne, but they were too busy with their gossip to pay much attention to the young happy faces opposite—Tom Fuller was hovering about with another waiter, but both were too hazy with repeated potations to heed who was there and who was not—and thus Herbert and Alma had virtually the field to themselves.

Herbert intended to say a great deal, but instead, found himself unusually silent. Still there are other means of communication than by the lips, and words are fortunately not always needed when our hearts are full.

"I must go now," she said, "they will be inquiring for me; take me back to the piano, please."

"Yes, you shall go back, if you will promise to let me take you home."

"Oh! no—no, I think not."

She had scarcely spoken the words, when Mrs. Law's harsh discordant voice broke the spell which was upon them both.

"Miss Merton, will you have the goodness to return to your duties," she said—the feathers in her head vibrating with their wearer's emotion—"Herbert! Miss Barton tells me you engaged her for the next lancers. Will you attend to your duties, if you please!"

Here, fortunately, one of the ladies, who had at last completed her supper, broke in with: "my dear Mrs. Law, what a delightful party to be sure; you do manage things so beautifully." But the cloud on Mrs. Law's face did not disperse, and for her the glory of the evening was over.

It was not over for poor little Alma, for as she and Herbert Law walked through the quiet streets, with the eternal stars looking down on them, there seemed nothing real but their love. For Herbert found his voice when they left the heated atmosphere behind them, and in a few manly, simple words told out the story of his love. How it had grown stronger and stronger, since the afternoon when he had gone into the schoolroom and found his

sisters with their new music mistress. How his love was not a thing to pass away, for it was founded on the deepest respect and admiration of her brave efforts for her mother and brothers; for he had heard it all from Mr. Palmer. Then before Alma knew what she was saying, she had made him a full response, and the future looked golden, bright, and beautiful; while the present was a dream of happiness, as pure as any that the silent stars ere looked down upon.

One minute they stood on the steps of the little mean red brick house, and when at last the time came to part, and the door opened, the little dark lobby was transformed for Alma into a fairy palace, and she only seemed to hear the soft sweet cadence of the opening melody of her beloved Lobgesang, as it told out for her, her thanksgiving and praise.

"There, there!" exclaimed Mrs. Greene's voice, as she bolted and locked the door. "There, there! I have been hometen minutes. I came for you as I promised, but I wasn't the one to go and spoil his pleasure—no, not I. When I saw you going out of the big house with your hand in his arm, and your face shining like a glowworm, well! I said, let'em go, and I'll just step past 'em, they'll never be the wiser, and be home before them! Ah, well! Greene was young once, and so was I, my dear. And I knows all about it. He is a fine handsome young man, that he is, and I am right glad, I am."

The rough homely words roused Alma, and she said, turning suddenly to the good woman: "You are very kind, Mrs. Greene; kiss me, I am so happy!"

"Lor bless you, you deserve to be; there now, go up stairs as quiet as you can, for he's been fidgetting dreadful, since ten o'clock, and said he'd 'leave the place to-morrow, if I didn't send away the brats upstairs.' But he has said that fifty times before, and one thing, he couldn't get away if he tried; he's that helpless, you might almost as well have an infant in arms."

"Good-night," Alma repeated! "I wonder if mother is asleep."

She went into the bedroom softly—Guy in his little bed, dreaming pleasant dreams, to judge by the smile on

his rosy lips. Alma thought he had never looked so beautiful. Then she looked at her mother—she was awake, and said: “Well darling, have you enjoyed it?”

“Oh! mother!” and then Alma slipped down on her knees by the bed, and told out her tale, as she covered her mother’s hand with kisses, then quietly undressed, and at last lay down by her side, happy in her love—happy and hopeful—for with Herbert she could brave the world.

Mrs. Merton’s last words had, however, struck a note that was a little discordant—“*What will Mrs. Law say?*”

Ah! what indeed! But Alma silenced the discord for the time, and went to sleep in the harmony of one of the most beautiful songs ever given to us to sing—the song of young first love!

(*To be continued.*)

A SONG.

It was a cold and dreary day,
And dark as night,
When lo! there shone a glorious ray
Of sunshine bright;
And clouds and darkness fled away
At that sweet light.

It was a long and toilsome road,
All steep and bare;
But suddenly a wafted load
Of perfume rare
Refreshed my inward sense and showed
Hid violets there.

Life was this cheerless day to me,
This lonely race,
Till thou did'st bid its shadows flee
With thy dear face—
And now I nothing ask but thee—
Thy love and grace.

MAY.

N A O M I :

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

By EMILIE KIMMINS.

(concluded.)

"MEANWHILE, my father and brother were almost wild with anxiety on my account. They had searched everywhere for me. When I was restored to them, they could not thank my noble preserver sufficiently, and offered him a handsome reward, which he proudly but firmly refused.

"I was ill for several days, during which time my preserver came constantly to enquire after me; when all danger had passed away he ceased to come, but the first day that I was able to go out I met him; a certain sympathy sprang up between us, and I soon found that his present position was far below what he was fitted to move in. He had the true stamp of the gentleman. It ended, as you may have already guessed, by our falling in love; he told me he was poor; how, for an act of folly, he had been cast off by his father, and in despair, he had enlisted as a common soldier; before, he had no incentive to work, but, if I would consent, he would strain every nerve to make a home worthy of my position. I could not withstand the dictates of my heart, and ignorant as I was of the world, I saw no obstacle to our union.

"He was perfectly honourable; went immediately to my father, and told him of our mutual affection; he did not ask me to marry him then, but he would go away and wait until he had prepared a home for me.

"I shall never forget my father's and brother's rage. They cursed him before his face; not only was he a poor man, but he was a christian; and in spite of my mother's influence, my father swore that no child of his, professing that by him despised faith, or in any way connected with any one holding it, should have any claim upon him, as a parent. I might choose my own lot: to be the wife of Charles Morton, and be considered as dead by my friends; or, give up my lover for ever.

"I never saw my preserver to greater advantage than I did upon this occasion: he listened in silence to my father's abuses, then turned to me, and said: 'Naomi, which is it to be, I await your decision?'

"The struggle was a bitter one; I loved my father, and brother passionately, but I found that I loved my preserver better, and the faith of my mother was his too. He watched me anxiously, and seemed as if about to speak, when I crossed the room to where he was standing, and put my hand in his, saying, I have decided, I will go with you; then, turning to my father, I threw myself on the floor at his feet, and prayed, in the name of my mother, that he would be merciful to her child. But it was useless, he would not listen. 'Go,' he said, 'my curse be upon you and yours for ever; you are no longer my child. I will give you until to-morrow morning to consider, if you are then of the same mind, do not let me see your face again.'

"I need scarcely say that my intention remained unaltered, I went to an old nurse of mine, who was living near, and stayed with her until I was married. I have never regretted my decision, for my husband is worthy of the deepest love; but the anger and bitterness of my father and brother hangs like a dark cloud over me, and my husband, knowing how unused I am to trouble or privation, worries and vexes himself. Now another trouble has risen upon our horizon. My husband's regiment is ordered out to India, and only twenty of the soldiers' wives are allowed to go with them; and I am one of those who are to be left behind."

Here, she bowed her head, and large tear drops rolled down her cheeks. "It seems," she said, "as if God's mercy had been turned from us."

"No, dear Naomi, it has not," I said, as cheerfully as I could, "we shall, I trust, soon see his guiding hand. I know the Colonel of your husband's regiment, and I will see what I can do for you."

"I fear it is useless," she said, "my husband has already spoken to him; he has been very kind indeed, but he says it is impossible for me to go out with the regiment. The only way open is for me to follow him, and he has given

my husband a sovereign towards defraying the expense ; still, there is no way by which I can raise money enough ; but, here is my husband."

When Mr. Morton entered, he bowed to me, and holding out his hand, said, in a gentlemanly tone, " You are the lady who was so kind to my wife in assisting her to find lodgings : I am very glad to have the opportunity of thanking you most heartily."

" No thanks are needed," I said, " your wife has been giving me an outline of her history ; I sympathise with you deeply, and trust that the silver lining of the cloud, under which you have been labouring, will soon appear."

" God grant that it may not be far off," he said, fervently ; " I cannot bear to see my poor little wife suffer, and to feel that I have brought it all upon her."

" Hush, Charlie!" whispered Naomi, gently, " we have each other. Then suddenly, as if the thought of the approaching separation came to her mind, her courage seemed to fail her, and throwing herself into his arms, she cried passionately : " Oh, Charlie! don't leave me here alone ; I shall die if you do ; I cannot, cannot live separated from you." I did not stay to hear more, but left husband and wife to comfort one another.

I went to the Colonel, and stated the case ; but he was unable to help me ; the only feasible plan was that of raising money to take her out, but this I found impossible ; unable to give it myself, and she having no one to whom she could apply.

The departure of the regiment was postponed for about a fortnight. As the time sped on, Naomi and her husband grew more and more anxious. She suggested that he should desert the army, and fly with her, if no way was opened before the time to start. But this was proudly refuted by him, who in no case would break his oath.

I was sitting in my drawing room, one morning, a few days before the departure of the regiment, when Dr. Thomas was announced. He was an army doctor, and was, I found, going out with the regiment to which Mr. Morton belonged. Being an old friend of mine, I told him of my

trouble for Naomi's difficulty, and, as I expected, it attracted his whole attention.

He remained deep in thought for some minutes, then, suddenly he cried out :

"I have it, Mrs. Crofton, by George! we'll have her on board yet; I'll smuggle her on as medicine."

"As medicine," I repeated, in surprise.

"Yes, my dear, if she does not object to running a little risk and a little shaking; I think I can manage it. We must get a large chest and put her in it. I have one that will do capitally."

Naomi was first startled, then delighted with the plan, indeed, the poor girl would have consented to suffer anything that would enable her to go with her husband. All the necessary preparations were made, when once in the doctor's cabin, she would be released from the confinement of the chest, but she would have to remain in seclusion until a favourable opportunity offered itself for the doctor to tell the captain, who was a good natured man.

A few days before starting, however, a command was issued, that no packages above a certain size were to be taken on board, and, unfortunately, the chest intended for the valuable medicine was of a greater dimension than allowed. The disappointment was terrible. Naomi found only comfort in fervent prayer, she laid her fate in His hand. Dr. Thomas was as bad as any one; he tried every possible way to get her on board; but all in vain.

It was the evening before the departure of the ship; both Naomi and her husband were calmer; their grief had almost spent itself, and yielded to despair. I had just left their lodgings, when who should I meet but Dr. Thomas, who was considerably out of breath :

"You are the very person I want," he cried, "I have a plan that will succeed yet: let us turn back, and talk it over with Morton and his wife."

We did so, and this was the plan devised by the doctor :

Naomi and I were to go in a small boat that evening, after dark, and the butcher would try and get her on board as meat. She would have to go down into a miserable

hole, where she might have to stay for some days ; but she did not mind, she was ready for anything.

It was a miserable evening ; a heavy fog hung over the river, penetrating through everything, but apart from the personal inconvenience, it was better for us.

Mr. Morton was already on board, the ship intending to sail early next morning. Very cautiously we approached the side of the vessel ; sentinels were placed at different points, to prevent any one leaving or coming on board without their knowledge. We were beginning to think our plan had succeeded beyond our expectations, when we heard a voice from the ship demanding our business. Your papa was with us, and he answered in a clear tone : " Our business is with the butcher ; we have been delayed." " All right," was shouted back, and we proceeded on our way. For nearly an hour we waited for the doctor's signal, which was to be given before we came up to the vessel. Naomi was in agony, fearing the doctor had forgotten her, or was unable to carry out his plan : but after a long time we heard the doctor's whistle, and then we went up close to the vessel ; in another minute a rope ladder was lowered, and Naomi was told to mount it. Fearlessly she mounted it, after a most affecting parting. We waited to see her safely on board and hear the doctor's " It's all right," then we made our way back again, feeling deeply thankful that the poor girl was safe.

We heard afterwards, that the second day after the ship left the docks, the doctor told the captain all about her ; he not only allowed her to take her place on board, but treated her with that deference due to a lady. She had a most favourable voyage out, and won the respect of all on board.

In one of the battles in which Mr. Morton was engaged, he acted so nobly that he was promoted, and he and his wife live happily together in the far East. Mr. Morton is ever thankful to Dr. Thomas for the chest of " medicine" which the doctor intended to have smuggled on board the vessel in which the soldier left Old England's shores. He needs, God be thanked, no other medicine, as he is enjoying perfect health and strength derived from it.

A VISIT TO SWEDEN.

BY HECTOR.

(continued.)

THE evening before leaving Sollefteo, we strolled down to the boat by which my friend's brother—whose cheerful company we were sorry to lose—was about to go to Hernösand on the following day, and there for the first time I tasted Swedish Punch, which is really excellent. At almost every mile of the road towards Östersund, to which town we were now journeying, some new and beautiful panorama met the eye, and here it is, just above Sollefteo, that the river begins to shew forth in all its grandeur. Time will scarcely permit me to follow closely, and describe, the many pretty and singular stations, and glorious scenery passed through, between this and Östersund,—of the lovely Indals Elven, of the fine expanses of water, and falls.

The evening after leaving Sollefteo, we passed almost immediately under the base of a huge rocky mountain, which towered far, far, above us, and out of whose rugged sides, lofty pine trees, dotted here and there to the very top, seemed dwarfed to the size of mere willow wands; while on the other side of the road was a smooth mirror-looking lake, stretching away for miles—a bright moonlight adding greatly to the general effect. The fare at some of the stations on this route, was a marked improvement to what we had experienced on the other side of Fahlun. The structures too, though isolated, were some of them well built and spacious. The papering of the walls of one house, was entirely adorned with illuminated paintings on a large scale,—Eastern scenes, battles, the chase, etc.

Ragunda should not be passed by, without a visit to the falls on the fine river, in the valley below the station, nor should a visit to the quaint old church be missed. All along this road, right on to the frontier, we ever and anon passed singular-looking old wooden churches of fantastic shapes, the bell towers of which were separated from the main buildings. The towers were built of huge beams, and with covered tops. Östersund, about half way between the

shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, and Levanger on the north west coast of Norway, is situated on the edge of the noble Storsjön lake. The country about this part seems regularly covered with enormous sheets of water. Here we stayed a day or so, and at the Station found plenty of good things, and large airy rooms.

On leaving Ostersund, we were kept waiting unnecessarily an entire hour for horses, owing to the neglect of a new post boy. Crossing the long bridge on part of the lake, and ascending a steep hill, we came to a high mountain plateau, at the far side of which is an abrupt descent. From the highest point of this mountain, a more extensive and clearly defined view, I seldom, if ever, remember having seen; the whole of the apparently endless and ever recurring stretches of water, that we had been passing and passing for miles and miles, seemed to burst at once before our eyes. Whichever way we looked, there was a panorama of islands, pine forests, water, and distant mountains. On we went down the descent, below which was a military encampment, with a fine large open plain for exercise and manœuvres.

(To be continued.)

FORGET-ME-NOT.*

One eve, when Vesper's twilight veil
Was gently falling on the dale
And shadowing the sky,
A maiden-form as angel fair,
Her heart oppress'd with tender care,
Was wandering mournfully.

For one afar she heaved a sigh,
While glistening from her dark blue eye
A crystal tear-drop fell:

* It will, no doubt, astonish our readers to hear that the author of this poem is only 12 years old.—ED.

Pure witness of her constancy—
 Did all unheeded there it lie,
 Down in that shady dell?

Oh, no ! there rose a little flower,
 The token of that pensive hour,
 Upon the hallow'd spot ;
 In simple loneliness it lies,
 Bearing the hue of her bright eyes,
 'Tis called "Forget-me-not."

W. P. MARLING.

"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

By AGNES DRAKE.

"MISS HETTY ! Miss Hetty ! do make haste with those peas, I'm all behind as it is, and master home early to-day—why the child has but just started to pick them ; I declare its more than a body can stand, betwixt mistress and master, those terrifying youngsters, and Miss Hetty, the worst of them, I do think sometimes, though I don't know what we should all do without her." And Mary looked out of her kitchen window, and watched with her kindly old eyes the little figure so busy in the garden.

"There, Mary ! there's a basket full, and wasn't I quick about it ; hand me a basin and I'll soon shell them."

"Oh, miss, dear ! what a heat you are in to be sure, and never so much as put a hat on in all that broiling sun."

"Well, Mary, if I had waited for a hat, you wouldn't have had them so quickly." So saying, Hetty caught up a basin, poured in some water, and seated herself on the kitchen doorstep.

The sun was shining with all the fervour of its July days, the heat was intense, but this was the shady side of the house and comparatively cool. Hetty Vaughan, sitting on the doorstep, quietly shelling peas, dreamily looking out from the shadow of the house, which fell so sharply defined upon the grass and pathway, into the glowing

garden beyond, where sunflowers, hollyhocks, and roses struggled for supremacy, with peas, beans, and all the other proper inhabitants of a so-called "kitchen garden." Hetty, with the green pods snapping crisply between her fingers, with the round peas dropping with cool tinkling sound into the water-filled basin at her side, was, without consciously thinking, yet feeling what a pleasant time it was. How beautiful was summer; how delightful to be young, to enjoy the sunshine; to love the sweet fresh air; to thoroughly appreciate the purple plums and the yellow gooseberries; to feel amused with the great big-headed puppy's antics; to own an interest in the pigeons. Yes, life was very nice certainly. Mother said "no!" but then mother was nearly always ill—and it must be dreadful to be ill and suffer pain—father grumbled sometimes too, but then father was old, and of course life must be very dismal to the old. Poor creatures! She rather hoped she should never be an old woman. Here a smile parted the cherry lips. It was so absurd you know, she, Hetty, would be twenty next month—old age seemed so very, very far away. She was so pretty too—yes, she knew she was pretty—Rymer Wallace need not tell her so, nor Jamie either, she knew it; she knew her hair was a golden brown; that her eyes were soft and sweet; that her cheeks glowed with the pure colouring of health; that little dimples came and went with every smile that crossed the sunny face. Of course she was pretty.

There is the "croquet set" put out under the shady old walnut tree, looking as if asking someone to play. Yes, "croquet" is very nice too, but rather hot to play just yet; by and bye when it gets cool in the evening, when the boys have done their lessons and Jamie comes over from Holly Farm. It's very nice playing with Jamie, he is so kind, never calls her disagreeable names like the boys do—not but what they are dear good fellows.

It was a pretty picture, the shadowed courtyard, the old fashioned many-gabled house; the kitchen windows, with the rose bushes in front of them; the feathery tribe industriously scratching and clucking amongst the corn-stacks and hayricks; the pigeons circling overhead, sleeping on the ivy-twined gables, or waiting quietly expectant

near by our heroine. A very homely picture, a very simple heroine. Fancy a heroine sitting on a kitchen doorstep shelling peas, and looking as if perfectly happy too, and so quaint and beautiful. So thought Rymer Wallace, as he came along lazily over the clover field, with a wistful look in his middle-aged eyes, and a sharp pain in his middle-aged heart. The sun was beating down fiercely, he was hot and tired, but not too tired to look at Hetty sitting on the doorstep so cool and fresh. How fair she was, robed in her dainty morning print, her bright little head turned towards an importunate flock of pigeons. She would see him as he opened the gate at the end of the clover field, and very likely come down to meet him. Ah! that was the worst of it, she was so frank and free, so utterly child-like; her brown eyes met his as unconstrainedly as if he was her father. Had he been a very young man perhaps he might have been flattered by it, but he was not a very young man, not a young man at all, and he knew enough of a woman's heart to be certain Hetty's looks and Hetty's manner would not have been what they were, had she entertained for him the slightest approach to the feeling which had so gradually but surely crept into his heart for her. For Rymer Wallace had long ago owned to himself, that to make Hetty Vaughan his wife was the grand hope of his existence, a hope not utterly without foundation. He was well off; well looking; not old by any means, though the grey hairs would show now and then, and cruel crow's feet began to circle round his eyes. He was a great friend of Mr. Vaughan's, and had laid him under many an obligation, for Hetty's father was a poor man, dreamy and unpractical, and more than once Wallace's friendly aid had stood between him and some dread creditor. So he used to think over all this, and consider in his own mind (which remember was middle-aged) that the gratitude of the father would influence the love of the daughter, not that he really believed he had much chance, hence that pain that would make itself felt sometimes; hence that wistful look that shadowed his eyes occasionally; malgré the crow's unkindly feet.

The gate of the clover field had hardly swung-to behind him, when Hetty, followed by the big mastiff puppy, was

dancing down the garden path to meet him, a sunflower in one hand, her hat in the other.

"Oh, Mr. Wallace, I am so glad you are come; we want to go to Harescombe, this evening, and father says we are not to go by ourselves, but it will be all right if you are with us."

"Is that all you are glad to see me for, Hetty? but I suppose that ought to do."

Poor man! he had been thinking and thinking all his long, hot, dusty walk, for it *was* hot and dusty, and possibly it had rendered him a little irritable. His tone was decidedly more *testy* than she had ever heard him use towards *her* before.

She looked up at him surprised: "Ah, you are tired, and no wonder such a morning, but come in and rest, father will be here soon, for he said he should be home early; and see here's a lovely flower for you," and peals of merry laughter rang out amongst the demure cabbages and stately hollyhocks, as Hetty, standing on tip-toe, triumphantly fastened the great yellow sunflower into his coat.

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"Well, Hetty, so you have your wish then? I fear my little girl is a dreadful plague, Wallace."

"She shall always have her wishes gratified whenever it rests with me to carry them out."

"Ah! we old folks always have to give up to the young ones, it seems. How singularly obtuse are lookers on at that game called 'love.'"

Mr. Vaughan, good man, had no idea that the wish to please his "little girl" lay deeper in his friend's heart than the kind desire of an elderly man to make life pleasant to the "young people," and when poor Wallace, wincing with pain and mortification at being called "old" in Hetty's hearing (just as if she ever thought of him as anything but old) muttered something and abruptly walked out on to the lawn, Mr. Vaughan simply considered, as his daughter had done once before that day, that the great heat had "upset Wallace."

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(To be continued.).

RAGNHILDA.

A TALE.—BY CLEMENT DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER VIII.

How Elsa fared at the hands of Liotr; and of the meeting of Frithiof and Olave.

Now the servant of Liotr, when, by force, he had taken Elsa from the house of Lodver, stinted not of his journey until he came to a castle which his master had on the northern shore of the island. And when he came there, he set her under the care of the servants of the place, and returned to his master.

At first, Elsa was in doubt of the cause of this second carrying away; but her heart foreboded her of harm. She had been awaiting the coming of her lover at the time when Liotr's servant had hastily entered her apartment; and, when she had asked the reason of her sudden departure she had been told no more than that it was by the Earl's command. But when she saw herself set in a dungeon and in the charge of people, in whose looks was nothing of softness for her, she no longer doubted but that she was the victim of treachery. That Havard had deceived her she would not believe. But she feared that he had been slain, and every day she enquired many times of the dame, who tended her, how he fared, and why he no longer came to her. For many days, the woman vouchsafed no answer to these questionings, but at length, wearied of the damsel's importunities, she said: "The Earl alive? Ay, child, I warrant he's alive enow', for 'they say he'll be married in a sen'night.'" With that she left the apartment, taking no heed of Elsa's cries and entreaties to be informed more at length on the matter. Thus left alone, Elsa's grief broke forth in sobs that were belike to rend her breast in twain. Had Havard in sooth deceived her? Then there was no longer truth on earth. Or had he been himself deceived? Then it was the will of the gods that they should both be destroyed, and to resist

was useless. She would await the decree of heaven, but to the last she would be true to Havard.

Next day, when the old woman returned to the chamber, she found the food of the previous day untouched, and the captive lying on the ground in a state of stupor. Being unable at once to restore her, she summoned to her aid the leech of the castle, an old man, and not without skill in his art. Under his care, Elsa slowly revived, but she was still very weak, so that the leech remained with her the best part of that day. He was a man prone to gentleness, and perceiving that grief was the cause of the damsel's sickness he readily answered her questions, and strove to set at rest the doubts and alarms by which she was tortured. From him, Elsa learned that Havard was indeed to wed Ragnhilda; that for several days, after her own carrying away from Lodver's house, Havard had been sore sick, and that he had been restored to health by the care of Ragnhilda. Then Elsa told the old man how Havard had said that he loved her, and promised to make her his wife; how she was suddenly snatched away from Lodver's house, and that she suspected, nay, believed that Havard had been deceived, and all this had not been brought about with his consent.

The old man listened with an attentive ear to the maiden's tale of sorrow, and when, having paused, she turned to him for a reply she saw that he wept.

"Alas!" he said, "I thank the gods that I am soon to depart from this world of sorrow and suffering. I can do but little to assist you. That the Earl has been deceived I make no doubt, nor that he still loves you. But he is now pledged to wed Ragnhilda, and although perchance if he knew all he would desire to wed you still, yet Ragnhilda is exceeding cunning, and her friends are very numerous and strong, so that Havard himself could hardly now thwart her in anything."

"But, at least, you could inform Havard that I am here and desire to see him. If he loves me still, surely he would not leave me in this place, and among these people."

"The task is a more difficult one than you wot of," replied the old man, thoughtfully. "I may not myself

"quit this place, and I know not whom I could trust with such a message."

"O let me implore you to assist me," cried Elsa, throwing herself at his feet. "Havard will richly reward you hereafter for any danger you may now undergo in my behalf. For he loves me, indeed he loves me, and has been grossly abused by those about him, or I should not now be divided from him."

At this moment, the old woman re-entered the apartment, and somewhat roughly dismissed the leech, who went out timidly, as though he had been guilty of an imprudence in so far listening to Elsa's tearful behests. When he was gone, Elsa began to implore the crone to send a message to Havard to ask him to visit her, but to this the woman replied that she had her orders and should obey them. After this she remained silent, and Elsa could not again draw from her speech of any kind.

Meanwhile, the news that Havard was about to wed Ragnhilda, had spread through the land. It reached Olave in his place of concealment, in Caithness, and even Frithiof, in his fruitless pursuit of the slayer of Arnfin, heard it. Fierce was the wrath of Olave at the tidings, and he swore that he would be avenged upon the woman who had deceived him. The great heart of Frithiof was subdued when he heard it. The friend whom he trusted, the mistress whom he loved, each had deceived him, and for a time he almost doubted whether the good gods, whom he had served from his youth up, any longer existed. Then a stern resentment took possession of his breast, and he thought he heard a voice bidding him wreak the vengeance of heaven upon the guilty pair. He ceased his pursuit forthwith and hurried back to the island. But on the sea-shore he came upon Olave, also returning for purposes of vengeance. Frithiof bade him stand and say for what cause he had slain Arnfin. But Olave was in no mood for empty parley, and haughtily bade Frithiof ask him no questions till he had time to answer them. Frithiof then drew his sword, and Olave did the like, and a fierce conflict ensued betwixt them. Olave, wrathful and full of vengeance, hoped to have finished the fight quickly by the fierceness of his first onset; but Frithiof,

whose heart was swayed rather by a sense of duty than by passion, put forth his utmost skill, and, avoiding his adversary's first thrust, very deftly disarmed him. Then he bade Olave yield himself a prisoner.

"I yield me," cried Olave, "on one condition."

"Name it," said the other.

"That I may have fitting time allotted me for bearing witness against Ragnhilda."

"I grant that condition," answered Frithiof, and forthwith Olave yielded himself a prisoner.

And the twain set forth on their way to the castle where Havard and Ragnhilda were, and by the way Olave told Frithiof how that it had been to gain the favour of Ragnhilda that he had slain her husband. And as Frithiof listened, the love that he had erewhile nourished for Ragnhilda passed from his heart, and fierce loathing took possession of his soul.

(To be continued.)

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

We are glad to notice that the popular lectures held in the theatre of the Schools of Science and Art last year, for the higher education of women, embracing "The English Poets" and "Greek History and Literature," are to be continued. The first lecture this season, being introductory remarks by Mr. Ernest Pauer, to a course of lectures on celebrated composers, such as Bach, Handel, Galuppi, Paradisi, Haydn, Clementi, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, Liszt, etc., will be delivered on Tuesday, October 31st, at 11 a.m., and the course will be continued on succeeding Tuesdays at the same hour.

The subject recommends itself sufficiently, and we think much credit is due to the Committee and especially to Mrs. Marshall, the Honorary Secretary, for arranging these important lectures.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"We have just received the 'AMATEUR,' of Gloucester, England, a neat 26-page magazine. The printing is excellent. Its contents are far different from that of American amateurs, and would pass as a professional."—*Boys' News, Kenton, O., U.S.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS (*continued*).

"THE AMATEUR is at present publishing a story by Mrs. Marshall, which promises to prove interesting. 'Frosty but Kindly' is also a noticeable contribution."—*Glocestrian*.

"THE AMATEUR.—(Gloucester: Adolph Branth.)—We have received the ninth number of the second volume of this neatly got-up local amateur magazine, of which we are able to write in terms of unqualified praise. 'A visit to Sweden' is accompanied by an artistically-executed coloured lithograph depicting a rural scene in Sweden. 'Alma,' a pleasing tale by Mrs. Emma Marshall, of this city, is continued; and there is the commencement of a story, entitled 'Naomi: a Story founded on Facts,' by Emilie Kimmins. Adolph Branth's 'Annie,' a reverie in blank verse, shows that the writer has 'poetry in his soul,' and a keen appreciation of the English language. 'A Night Watching,' by F. Wyville Home, is equally worthy of praise. The number is published at sixpence, the subscriptions, after the payment of necessary expenses, will be applied to charitable objects."—*Gloucester Mercury*.

"THE AMATEUR.—This is certainly one of the best non-professional Magazines extant. A handy-sized, neatly got-up periodical, containing twenty pages of really good reading matter, a Chromo-Lithograph as frontispiece, and what is more, the fact that all profits (after deducting the necessary expenses incurred by printing and postages) are devoted to charitable purposes, should be indeed a sufficient inducement for readers and philanthropic persons to subscribe the really trivial sum—5/6 per annum for its support. In glancing through the September number, we notice an admirably written account of Sweden, by Hector (who has also executed the frontispiece); a lively continued story, 'Alma; or, the Little Music Mistress,' by Emma Marshall; and a story founded on fact, entitled, 'Naomi,' by Emilie Kimmins; the story is well worthy of insertion in a professional magazine. Though last in the number, 'Ragnhilda,' a tale, by Clement Douglas, is excellent, and ranks with the rest in merit. Of the poetic contributions, there are two: 'A Night Watching,' by F. Wyville Home, very pretty, though 'written in dejection;' and 'Annie, a Reverie,' by the Editor; want of space forbids us quoting any portion of this really beautiful poem; but an Editor who can write such charming poetry deserves encouragement."—*Silver Tokens*.

SUBSCRIPTION—payable in advance :—twelve months 5s. 6d.; which can be remitted, in stamps, to the Editor, Box No. 26, Post Office, Gloucester.

POST OFFICE ORDERS should be made out to the order of ADOLPH BRANTH, GLOUCESTER. Communications are welcome.

CONTRIBUTORS must subscribe for one year. Full address is required.

The Amateur :

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

VOL. II. No. 11.] NOVEMBER 1st, 1876. [Price 6d.

*This year's entire profit will be divided between the
"Infirmmary" and the "Eye Institution."*

ALMA ;
OR,
THE LITTLE MUSIC MISTRESS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

AUTHOR OF "LIFE'S AFTERMATH,"
"HEIGHTS AND VALLEYS," "THE OLD GATEWAY,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

STORMS.

WHEN Alma returned from giving her lessons at the school the next morning, she saw a note lying on the table—a large square envelope, with a large blue cypher, addressed in a straggling pointed hand. She was just telling her little brothers to be quick and dress for their walk with her, when the ominous-looking letter arrested her attention.

Her mother watched her face as she read it. All the bright colour faded from her cheeks, and her lips quivered.

"What is it, my Alma?" Mrs. Merton asked; "What is it, dear?"

Alma could not speak, but putting the note into her mother's hands, she left the room. She felt as if she must be alone to face the trouble. Meanwhile, her mother read:

"Dear Miss Merton.—Circumstances oblige me to say that I must, for the future, decline your lessons to my daughters. It is not necessary for me to enter into particulars; your own conscience must be your best informant. I enclose a cheque for two pounds, ten shillings, for the half quarter, terminating last Tuesday. I do this solely from a sense of *duty*, for, in cases like yours, where confidence is betrayed, salaries are forfeited.

I am, yours, etc.,—Barbara Law!"

Poor Mrs. Merton's pale, weary face, flushed with a sense of the insult thus offered to her child—Alma betray confidence! Alma forfeit hard earned and meagre pay for her lessons! Oh! what a bitter cup does poverty hold to our lips!—how we shrink from the contents as we drain it to the lees—and how, even in more prosperous days, the flavour remains.

The little boys looked at their mother's agitation in bewildered wonder, and they went up to her sofa and began to kiss and fondle her, while little Guy, with his timid, faltering step, went to the door, and followed his sister, by the instinct of love, to the room adjoining. There Alma had thrown herself on her knees, by the bed, and was weeping hot tears of wounded pride and distress. The substantial loss of twenty pounds a year was indeed serious, but the sting lay in the way in which it was withdrawn. Had she not again and again refused Herbert all opportunities of walking with her?—had she not tried hard to be cold to him, and to hide what was in her heart—and now to be addressed as if she had been deceitful and underhanded. A great storm of indignation swept through the girl's heart, and her sobs grew more and more violent. Guy's soft hands were clinging round her neck before she knew he was near—"Sissy, Sissy, don't cry, I will be very good.—Oh! don't cry, Sissy, I do love you so." The blind child's comfort was like a charm to quiet

her—she gathered him close in her arms, and gradually grew calm. After all, Herbert would always love her—she could get more teaching—Mrs. Law was not the only woman who had daughters who needed cheap lessons—she would go to Mr. Earl and tell her tale—there was still enough to get on till Christmas, and then——

So the strong hope of early youth plumed her wings, and raised Alma to a brighter region, and made a rainbow of many fair colours through her tears.

She returned at last to her mother, with her eyes still wet with tears, but a smile was on her lips, and going swiftly towards her she put Guy down by her side, and said: “Cheer up, darling mother, we won’t care for Mrs. Law. She is very silly and very disagreeable, but I dare say I shall get something better after all. Now, mother, don’t be downhearted.”

“My dear, my dear, I cannot bear to have you treated like this; I must have an explanation; I will not suffer such an ill-bred woman to assert herself over you, her superior in everything but money!”

“There is nothing to be done but to bear it, darling mother; I am strong, and I can work, and then”—she whispered as she bent down and kissed her mother—“and then he will always love me.”

Strong faith, strong love of twenty summers, why should we bring our middle aged philosophy to cast a shadow over it. Let Alma believe and love, and let us wish her God speed.

Mrs. Law was a good diplomatist, and she carefully hid from Herbert her feelings of indignation during the day which succeeded the party. He, on his part, thought his mother particularly amiable, and attributed it to the marked success of her entertainment. But he knew his confession must be made, and he was too honourable to hide anything from his father and mother. Indeed, it was not Herbert’s way to indulge in concealments of any kind. Moreover, it looked as if he was ashamed of his Alma, when he was so infinitely proud of her! So that evening, when he returned from the Hospital, he walked into the drawing room, where his mother sat in an arm chair,

resting from her labours, and turning his back to the fire, and leaning against the chimney piece, he said: "Mother, I have some news for you. I am—well, not going to be married, but I am engaged to Alma Merton! So when she comes here to-morrow, will you say a kind word to her? Of course you know I must wait till I have passed all my examinations, and till my London life is over. But—"

Mrs. Law started upright, and then said, very slowly, but with deadly emphasis: "Miss Merton will *never*, never enter this house again. I have written to her and dismissed her; a designing, artful girl, repaying kindness by treachery, mean treachery! Herbert, how can you be such a fool?"

"I don't think I ever showed so much sense in my life," he said, "nor was I ever so fortunate; it's more than I deserve, I know that!"

"Listen to me, Herbert," Mrs. Law went on vehemently, "and here comes your father to hear what I say. I have written to dismiss Miss Merton, and I declare she shall never set foot in this house again. Here, James, here is grand news indeed for you. Your eldest son fancies himself in love with our little music mistress!—is engaged to her, he says."

"What, that pretty little Miss Merton, who played so well last night—well, she is a good little thing, Palmer told me her story; but, Herbert, my boy! you can't marry without money, still—" and the good doctor hesitated.

"Still what, James?"

"Well, my dear, the love of a really good girl is the best safeguard for any young man."

"Absurd! ridiculous! there are such things as differences of rank and station. I beg you to remember whose son Herbert is; *my* son, and the grandson of Sir Peter Pursewell."

"Very true, very true, Barbara, but Miss Merton may be, is a lady for all that!"

"Well done, father," Herbert exclaimed, and then he burst into a laugh which was not very respectful, as he remembered the lost aspirates for which poor Sir Peter had

vainly sought, and his futile efforts to keep up the dignity of the title he had received as a compliment for serving as Mayor of Coppersworth, when the heir to the throne saw the light. "Well done, father, and she is a lady, and what is better, she is the very best and most noble girl that ever lived."

"It may be very true, Herbert, but you are bound to respect your mother's and my wishes, and certainly, till you are established in practice, you have no right to think of marriage to Miss Merton, or Miss anybody else. You will be off to London soon—the summons may come any day—and then you will be out of the way for a time, and see many new faces, which may eclipse even Miss Merton. It is the way with all young men, although—"

Again the doctor left his sentence unfinished, and his wife broke in afresh. She repeated all she had previously said, and added a great deal more. Herbert lost his calmness and his temper, and departed at last, fuming and indignant, and sitting down in his room, wrote a long letter to Alma full of love and sorrow, and begging her to forgive his mother if she had expressed herself warmly, and taking upon himself all blame if she had been distressed and grieved. He knew the loss of the money would be no small loss to Alma, but he did not dare to touch on that part of the subject. This letter was read and re-read, copied and re-copied several times, and, at last, near midnight, was dropped into the pillar postbox at the end of the square, and reached Alma early the next morning.

Her reply caused her some tears, and many searchings of heart, but she was too loyal and steadfast to encourage in him any want of respect to his father's and mother's wishes. She told him she must wait for happier times—that she should love him always—but that she could not see him or hold any communication with him by letter, or otherwise, until their engagement was sanctioned by his family. Her mother would not allow her to do so, and she knew he would acknowledge she was right.

There was a touch of dignity in this little note, which struck Herbert, and he only loved her ten times better than before.

His summons came sooner than he expected, and he called on Mrs. Merton the day before he left Coppersworth. Alma was at the piano, brightening the murky November afternoon with her music, and Guy was curled up at the foot of his mother's sofa, while the other boys were playing dominoes at the table. There was some constraint in this meeting, but Herbert's frank pleasant manners won the mother's heart. She could almost forgive him for being the son of the woman who could call her Alma treacherous and designing!

"We shall meet again, I hope," he said at parting, "and may I think you will not forget me, Mrs. Merton, and welcome me when I come back. Play to me," he said to Alma, "before I go." She hesitated, and then went to the piano, and made it tell out the parting, she had no words to speak. Tears were in her eyes, as she rose, and putting both her hands in his, said "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, my darling, my love," he whispered, and then he pressed a kiss upon her forehead, and was gone.

"Gone!" how much meaning lay in that little word for Alma, as she listened to his quick steps down the stairs, and then heard the door close sharply behind him as he went out into the street.

A long dreary winter followed. Troubles seldom come singly, and the three little brothers were all confined to their beds with measles, five weeks before Christmas. The two elder boys soon got better, but little Guy was very ill, and not all Alma's tender care seemed to be effectual. He would lie quietly in her arms, when he could find rest nowhere else, and his moans, when Alma left him, were pitiful to hear. Anxiety and distress did their work on Mrs. Merton, and she became unable even to sit up on her sofa and employ herself with her needle, as she commonly did.

Expenses increased with illness, and, as Christmas drew on, Alma looked despairingly at her little store, and wondered what Mrs. Greene would say if she were unable to pay the rent of the lodgings. Then while the children were so ill, it was impossible for her to leave them with her invalid mother, and she had to ask to give up the lessons at the school till after Christmas. The mistress

was more considerate than Mrs. Law, and promised to keep the situation, Alma filled as music mistress in her small school, open till after the holidays. Hearts less brave and steadfast than Alma's would have failed, and given up the unequal struggle, but she held on her way, and Mr. Palmer, who was a confirmed bachelor, had his standard of woman-kind considerably raised, by what he saw of the little music mistress in these, her days of dearth and scarceness.

Mrs. Greene was kind and ready to help, but she was a poor woman herself, and had her own rent to make up to the landlord, so that she was obliged to look to her lodgers for their remittances.

"But there you are, wearing yourself to a shadow, and I know you eat next to nothing," she said, one chill morning in January, when Alma had gone into her little parlour to ask her if she could wait for the remainder of the rent, till the next quarter—"Wait, bless you, I'd wait, but Mr. Scrape is a hard one, and if I don't send him *his* quarter in a day or two, he'll be down on me."

Alma folded her hands, and stood looking into the fire, almost hopelessly. The remittance of the widow's pension was almost all forestalled for tonics and wine ordered for Guy and her mother. Then there was the doctor and the chemist, and though she had tried ceaselessly to keep up the weekly payments for coals and bread and the necessities of life, it had been only done with a hard struggle. Then how thin and worn were the little boys' boots, and how much they wanted new suits. She dare not let them risk getting cold after the measles, and so she was obliged to keep them at home. And a small room, with five inmates day after day, became very oppressive, and though the poor children were good, they were but children, and *boys*! Suddenly, as she stood musing by Mrs. Greene's fire, a thought struck her, she had never been to Mr. Earl's, the great musician of the place. She would go out that moment and try to find him. She had heard him play on the great organ in St. Pancras Hall, and she knew—that though so widely separated by the gulf which is set by success and prosperity on the one side, and poverty and failure on the other—there was a tie between her and

Mr. Earl—a nameless sympathy—a subtle-feeling in common—a chord which would respond, were it only struck. “Yes, I will go,” she said. And then running upstairs, she dressed quickly, and looking in upon her mother and the boys, said: “Be very good, for an hour, children, I am going out,” she departed on her mission.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO A DOG OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD,
IN LONDON.

Monarch of dogs ! majestic in thy strength,
Yet gentle as a tender lamb at play—
How dost thou stretch at full thy stately length,
Musing and dreaming the long hours away !

Thus in ignoble ease thy days fly fast,
Bringing of wasted energies the pain,
As when the forest lion curbed at last,
Despairing yields to th'imprisoning chain.

For thou should'st be upon the mountains cold,
Braving the piercing wind and blinding snow,
Like some kind shepherd leading to the fold
His foolish sheep oft wandering high and low.

Eager to quit thy friendly convent home,
Nor once delaying e'en to count the cost,
Thro' many weary days and nights to roam
That thou might'st be the saviour of the lost.

And when thy life of sacrifice were done,
Thy loving mission well accomplish'd, then
Thy meet reward for race so nobly run,
The benediction sweet of God and men.

Thrice honoured then would be, thy lowly bed—
 The thought of thee, thy very name how dear!
 In memory living on, when thou wert dead,
 The hope of safety to the traveller's ear.

But thou wert born 'neath a serener clime,
 A stranger both to peril and renown—
 And not for thee the gratitude of time—
 The scars of conflict, or the victor's crown.

Therefore the wistful longing of thine eyes,
 The mournful utterance of thy deep-toned groan—
 Ah! who can tell what hidden yearning lies
 In every mute caress and stifled moan?

Full many a human soul still thirst like thee
 For higher destiny—yet bears its pain—
 Unmurmuring at th' inflexible decree
 Too weak to move, too noble to complain.

MAY.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

THE fact that the *written* Chinese language is understood in China, Tartary, Thibet, Siam, and Japan, countries whose inhabitants number about one-third of the entire population of the earth, should be a sufficient inducement for an intellectual mind to desire to know a little more than generally is known about the origin and construction of this, perhaps, the most ancient of all languages.

The Chinese have no alphabet expressive of *sounds*, nor have they any grammar, their verbs have no moods or tenses, and their nouns no plural. Their language consisted originally of 214 radicals, or symbols of material objects, which they wrote with a sharp iron point on slips of bamboo. However, as their civilization advanced, it became necessary to have signs for more than the mere material objects which these 214 radicals represent, and by an ingenious method they combined 2 or more radicals into new symbols, and made them express abstract ideas,

so that, at present, they have about 40 to 50,000 characters. If the radicals did not form a key to the comprehension of the other symbols, it would be impossible to learn them all; a *savant* knows from 30 to 50,000, but an ordinary business man is satisfied with 2,000 to 5,000, and the bulk of the population with many less. In order to illustrate how radicals were formed to characters signifying abstract ideas, it may be mentioned that the signs for sun and moon put together stand for "brightness," both the sun and the moon being the brightest objects imaginable. Shakspeare lets Romeo say that Juliet's appearance was brighter than the moon; but the Chinese knew and know just as little of poetic love as they do of Shakspeare. The figure eight with a knife underneath indicates "division." The characters expressing a wife and a son, when combined, represent "good,"—and no doubt it is very "good" to have both wife and son! especially in China, where a son cannot be too highly estimated, as he, after his parents' death, will look after their tombs and burn paper and incense, which, according to Chinese ideas, is so consolatory to the departed spirits!

It is said that the radicals were suggested by tracks of birds' feet in the snow, and by the figures on the back of the tortoise.

The characters are now written with a sort of brush and Indian ink, just in the opposite direction of our writing, beginning at the right hand side of the sheet and going to the left or downwards, the latter mode being that which is most used. The brush is held in a perpendicular position between the thumb and first and second fingers, and the arm, not the hand, rests on the table when writing.

Letters are not signed, but the writer has a piece of wood (a chop), in which his name is cut, and with which he stamps his signature with red paint, unless he is in mourning, when he would use a blue colour.

We read a book which interests us, and if, at some future time, we are fortunate enough to meet the author, we are able to converse on the subject of the book, but this may not be the case with Chinese people. The reason for this is that the same character is pronounced in many

different ways ; for instance, a horse is called in one dialect "mah," in another "bæ," in a third "see," and so on.

The mandarin dialect is spoken by almost all educated people,—the late emperor T'ung Che, however, spoke the Manchu dialect, therefore the address, read in French by the Russian ambassador at the famous audience, which the ministers of the foreign powers had with the emperor in 1873, was translated into the Mandarin dialect, and by Chung How interpreted into Manchu. A Chinese in Hong Kong does not understand his countrymen in Canton, Foochow, Shanghai, or in other places at some distance, but as said before, the written language is the same for all. Europeans' servants, who travel with their masters from one place to another, make themselves understood amongst their countrymen by speaking Pigeon-English, a mixture of many English and a few Portuguese words, expressed in Chinese idioms.

ADOLPH BRANTH.

"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

By AGNES DRAKE.

(continued.)

HETTY dreamily watches the rippling river, dreamily counts the diamond drops that fall from her fingers as she dips her hands into the cool water; dreamily and rather sadly.

Harescombe is a lovely spot, and the row up the river she has always found so delightful, but somehow, Harescombe, without Jamie, is a very ordinary valley, and, as to the row, she would just as soon have stayed at home. She quite thought he would have come; he came nearly every evening, and he knew she had made up her mind to go to Harescombe this evening. Ah well! what did it matter, no doubt he was happy enough; very likely at The Knoll; she had often heard him say how pretty the Miss Grahams were. What matter! it was nothing to her. But these brave thoughts were strangely contradicted by the painful pat-pat of the poor little heart. The shadows were lengthening and softening, the blackbird's mellow

song filled the copsewood with rejoicing, a faint breeze stole up the river, whispering amongst the reeds, scattering the pale pink leaves of the wild rose, and lifting Hetty's soft brown hair with sweet lingering caress. Hetty, in her white summer dress, with the sunset's glow on the peach bloom of her cheeks and her downcast eyes; with a lovely rose of deepest crimson in her bosom, with one velvety brown hand lazily dipping in the sparkling water, with tears very near her eyes and a new found pain in her heart, this morning all was so bright; what shadow had come over her?

Rymer Wallace had his thoughts likewise, he was congratulating himself on the absence of "that fellow Thorn." Jamie was not handsome, but he was young, and Wallace even exaggerated to himself this advantage; then again, he was but a poor sailor; it would be years before he could dream of marrying, even if he thought of such a foolish thing.

Hetty and Jamie had known each other from childhood, and young people so circumstanced seldom fall in love, but still he could not help remembering many a little incident that awoke his anxiety and jealousy, and Hetty's evident preoccupation was singularly displeasing to him. "I would be so good to her, I would be so good to her," was the burden of his meditations.

"I am surprised Jamie did not come with us, but from what I heard in the town this morning, he is due elsewhere. I hear he is often at The Knoll now, one can hardly wonder. Ida Graham is very pretty, and will have some money, I suppose."

Wallace raises his head, and looks at the girl, as he says this, just to see how she takes it. He knows it is not true, but she does not; and she feels sad and miserable as the boat glides in amongst the reeds, and Wallace takes her hand to help her to land.

Is it true? Have Ida's bright eyes stolen away Jamie's love? Only a few days ago she would have asked him what he meant, and who had told him, but of late a something had awakened in her heart which made her very very shy of saying anything about Jamie; but she would let Mr. Wallace see how little she cared. So she laughed and

tossed her sunny head, saying: "I daresay it is true, Ida is very pretty and very nice; do look at the boys, how they have raced on; I will run after them."

She soon tired; they had reached the pine wood, the sweet-smelling shadowy pine wood, and sitting down on a felled tree she declared her intention of resting. Wallace would gladly have remained with her, but feared to allow Gilbert and Willie to wander off by themselves, so she is left alone.

She had said she was tired: tired—yes, but not with bodily weariness alone. Across her fair bright life had crept a cloud; she could not tell how it was; only this morning how happy she had been, and now everything seemed so dreary. Jamie did not care to come with her; he would rather go to The Knoll and play croquet with Ida Graham and hear *her* sing. But she herself could sing, people said her voice was like a bird's, so full and sweet. What did it matter! What did anything matter! and to show her perfect indifference, this foolish maiden covered her face and cried bitterly.

A hasty tread over the pine needles awoke her from her sad reverie, and a merry voice, singing, sent the blood rushing to her cheeks, and brought the bright light to her brown eyes, for Jamie is coming up the path from the river. Jamie with his tall graceful form—with his brave blue eyes and yellow hair—ah! better than all with his kind, loving, generous heart—her Jamie—but was he hers?

Who shall say how it all happened?—whether it was the half-dried tears on Hetty's cheeks, or the beauty of the evening, the grand solitude of the pine wood, or Jamie's approaching departure to join his ship, or all combined; who may tell? But there, with the evening shadows falling around them, with the mighty trees rocking to and fro in the rising wind, and the ripple of the unseen river sounding through the perfumed stillness of the summer night, they sat, quiet, wordless, but intensely happy. Hetty never forgot that song of the river—never forgot the soft rustle of the fir trees—never forgot the love that shone so true, so dear, in the brave blue eyes of her sailor love—never, ah, never.

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How happy they were, those two, all through the long sweet summer days. What though father frowned, and mother sighed; what though Mr. Wallace found his time so occupied he could seldom come over to River Villa. The sun shone, the flowers bloomed, Hetty and Jamie loved each other, what more could mortals want? Food! Yes, of course, and Hetty still picked the peas and shelled them too, and Jamie helped her, and Mary looked benignly at them from between the rose bushes that grew before the kitchen windows.

Mary was the stoutest champion Jamie possessed; Mr. Vaughan considered his daughter too young to have a lover at all; Mrs. Vaughan thought Jamie too poor to be that lover; Gilbert and Willie had come to the conclusion that he had never been much amusement to them, and now had ceased to be any; but Mary liked him well, he was young and bonny, always had a kind word and smile for the lowliest. Nor had she been blind to the dawning love of her dear nursling. It wasn't for nothing Miss Hetty chose the prettiest ribbons, the fairest buds. Mary was a wise old body and had long ago penetrated poor Wallace's secret, but she did not care for the idea. It is true he was good, kind, and rich, but too old and sedate for laughing, sparkling Hetty, and then anyone could see the girl cared nothing for him, save as a friend.

So Mary went on with her cooking and meditations, whilst the pigeons stroked their feathers in the sunshine, and the lovers talked softly in the shadow--and those long delightful talks! what dreams, rosy with youth's fair imaginings, were recounted for the far future. Jamie would make his fortune, not a large one perhaps, but just enough to have a nice house and pretty surroundings for his little wife. Did she fear poverty? poverty! scorned be the thought. What was poverty with Jamie? And then, she was so helpful. Ask Mary! couldn't she tuck up the sleeves over her rounded arms and make such puffy tempting pastry, as should please the appetite even of her poor pining invalid mother; didn't a few flowers and grasses, touched by her dimpled hands, look so carelessly beautiful, that the eye rested on them gratefully, longingly. How many years? two or three at the most.

So they chatted on and on, so the roses bloomed and fell, and the days waxed shorter and shorter, the blackbird's voice grew plaintive as the summer died, and the river's song more solemn. Then Jamie left. Hetty wept, and used to sit much in her own little room, especially in the evening, it looked down the lawn and over the river, and in the distance she could see, on moonlight nights, the fir wood, where she had first listened to Jamie's love story. She would sit hour after hour, with her chin resting on one hand, looking and thinking; as his letters came, reading them over time after time, kissing them, and crying over them; she was so silly, our poor little heroine!

* * * *

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

LINES ON QUEEN ANNE'S MONUMENT IN GLOUCESTER PARK.

Oh, mighty Queen! if thou could'st speak,
What tales thou could'st unfold
Of walks, and talks, and plighted vows
Around thy statue old.

Some, who have met beneath thy form,
Are parted now for aye,
And never more in this wide world
Will see thy visage grey.

But others still the custom keep
At morn and even-tide
To swear Platonic friendships there,
Their secrets to confide.

Long may thy royal face look down
On friends and lovers true,
But keep thy peace, Queen Anne, about
The past, and all things new!

CONSTANT.

A VISIT TO SWEDEN.

BY HECTOR.

(continued.)

IN this part of Sweden, indeed, almost the whole way from Ostersund to Levanger, we observed swarms of Lemmings, in some parts thicker than in others. Along the roads they were crossing and recrossing by twos and threes, every six or seven yards, while the shallow ditches on each side seemed filled with them. They kept up a perpetual singing noise, and on nearing these little creatures, they would at first shuffle away, but when you came close to them, would turn round, and shew their teeth, as if ready to fight. The forests swarmed with them, the mountains, and the plains. When out fishing, almost every step we took disturbed one or more of these animals, which would then jump about, making a whistling and squeaking noise, and toddle off elsewhere, as fast as they could. In appearance, at the first glance, they had somewhat the appearance of the guinea pig, but slighter, and something of the rat build, without the activity of the latter. The back and sides are tawny and black, the stomach a whitish yellow, and with a stump tail. They are a distinct species in themselves, and are not the regular Norwegian and Swedish rat, few specimens of which I have seen, but those I did see, were like the English rat, but larger and stronger looking. The Lemmings, are sometimes, it is said, not seen for many years, but in certain parts they appear every three or four years. Anyway, their presence is very uncertain. Their being in such countless myriads is truly wonderful. Imagine the distance from Ostersund to Levanger, and consider (as we never entirely lost sight of them, and saw them in vast numbers some parts of the way,) what the total number must have been that extended far and wide of the track, which we found to be the case when on our fishing expeditions. They are migratory, are said to come mostly from Lappmark, and usually move from East to West, or S. West, which course is continued till they reach the sea, where

they ultimately perish, after swimming as far as they can. They are said to be destructive to the crops. In former times, prayers were offered up in the churches, begging to be relieved of these pests. One of the old exorcisms, translated into English, ran thus :—

“I exorcise you, pestiferous worms, mice, birds, or locusts, or other animals, by God the Father, etc., that you depart immediately from the fields or vineyards, or waters, and dwell in them no longer, but go away into those places in which you can harm no person; and on the part of Almighty God, and the whole heavenly choir, and the Holy Church of God, cursing you whithersoever you shall go, daily wasting away, and decreasing, till no remains of you are found in any place. Which may he vouchsafe to do, who shall come to judge the living and the dead, and the world by fire. Amen.”—(*see Mr. De Capel Brooke's travels to the North Cape, page 154.*)

The dogs usually seen in Sweden are of a very handsome description; somewhat resembling the Scotch Colley, but have more of the appearance of a wolf. Some are very powerful. They are armed with a good set of teeth, and are usually black or tan, a mixture of both, or a reddish brown with white throat, chest and feet, but not unfrequently the exact colour of the wolf, peculiar to these regions. Speaking of the wolf, I may here remark, that although in these countries, the wolf, bear, lynx, and wild cat, etc., are to be found, they are seldom, if ever, seen in the summer months, but in the long winter time these animals are much dreaded, and although their numbers are said to be nothing like what they were many years ago, still they are too numerous to suit the taste of the inhabitants. I have heard sometimes from old hunters, interesting stories about the danger attendant on hunting these wild animals, especially the bear and the lynx; the former (the brown bear of North Europe), owing to his size, vast strength, and activity, being a most formidable enemy to oppose. The wolves also, when in packs, are very bold and dangerous. Some writers affirm that, met with singly, wolves are cowardly; and that they may be disposed of easily with a stout stick.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

RAGNHILDA.

A TALE.—BY CLEMENT DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER IX.

How the crafts of Ragnhilda were brought to nought.

THOSE were sad days which saw Elsa a captive in the house of Liotr. But Liotr, when he saw that Ragnhilda would wed Havard, conceiving that by returning Elsa to her father he would obtain her ransom for himself, easily persuaded Ragnhilda that the damsel's removal from the island was a thing to be desired, and having received her consent, forthwith set about to convey his prisoner across to Caithness.

But in this scheme he was prevented by meeting with Frithiof and Olave, then returning home with anger in their hearts against the woman who had deceived them both; and who compelled him to bring back his fair prisoner to the castle. For Frithiof, who now perceived the whole depth of Ragnhilda's treachery, said: "When Havard again beholds the face of this damsel, he will be freed from the witchcraft which now enslaves him."

Meanwhile at the castle all was prepared for the nuptials of Havard and Ragnhilda. The feast was set, the guests were assembled. Ragnhilda, regally attired, sat on the right of her plighted spouse to receive the congratulations of her friends. Her countenance expressed the gratification of the moment, when every obstacle having been at length overcome by her patience and subtlety, she was about (as she thought) to reap the reward for which she had so long thirsted. Not so Havard. He sat moody and silent; and if at any time a faint smile played over his countenance, it was only when he vainly strove to reflect the gladness he witnessed around him. For the image of Elsa was ever in his mind, and he reproached himself that he had not more strenuously striven to recover her.

Suddenly the noble form of Frithiof entered the hall, and his brow was overshadowed with a sorrowful indignation, for he came to accuse her whom he had loved from

his youth up with an endearing affection. Him Olave followed humbly enough, but his cheek blanched with rage as his eyes fell upon the fair false face of Ragnhilda, and he longed to be avenged upon her for her crafts and her lying tongue. And behind Olave came Elsa closely veiled, so that none might know her.

Forthwithal Frithiof cried aloud, and bade stay the marriage feast until he should have spoken a certain thing to them. Then turning to Havard, he said: "I have that to say to thee which thou wouldst give an eye to hear. "She whom thou lovest and who has not deceived thee is now come to keep her plighted troth; and she whom thou art preparing to wed, and whom thou lovest not, she hath deceived thee and many others who have put faith in her lying tongue; and quickly shall the vengeance of heaven fall upon her."

Then Frithiof took Elsa by the hand, and bade her unveil herself; but ere she had time to obey him, Havard, having already divined who she was, had lifted her veil and discovered the face he loved so well. The exchange of a single glance told the lovers all either at that moment desired to know. The rapture of their embrace was in just proportion to the agony of their long separation.

Meanwhile Olave, his eyes flashing with hate, had seized Ragnhilda by her robe and dragged her from her chair of state. But even Olave started with horror when he found that he held a corpse in his grasp. Ragnhilda was dead. Immediately on the appearance of Frithiof, perceiving that all her villanous crafts were discovered, she had pressed to her lips a deadly poison, which she was wont ever to carry in her bosom. Thus perished proudly this wicked woman, who deemed life insupportable when the guerdons of love and ambition were removed for ever from her reach.

When Havard came to know all that had befallen Elsa, he could scarcely lift his head for shame at the pusillanimity with which he had believed the foul aspersions on her faith which had been so craftily imposed upon his credulity by Ragnhilda's accomplices; and long after Elsa had granted him a free pardon for his crime, he continued to declare that he was unworthy of the good fortune which made her his wife.

Frithiof never took a wife; but his friendship with Havard continued to the day of his death.

As to Olave and Liotr, it was decided by the council that whereas each was worthy of death, it would be merciful to leave to one of them a chance of reprieve. They were therefore condemned to fight together until one of them should be killed, and in the combat which followed, Olave slew Liotr.

THE END.

UNITED AMATEUR AUTHORS' ASSOCIATION.

To Amateurs this Union must be of interest. Its official organ will be *The Imperial Magazine*, to be edited by Mr. Leopold Wagner, and the first number will appear on January 1st, 1877. As all accepted papers will be paid for at a certain rate and elegant book-prizes also are offered, we would draw amateurs' special attention to this association. Full particulars can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, Mr. John T. Hulme, 4, Victoria Street, West Grimsby. A neatly got-up 44-paged magazine has already been issued by this society, and three illustrations embellish its pages. Its contents consist of not less than 14 items, of very various character, and as the price is only sixpence, we cannot do better than recommend all amateur writers who have no organ for their productions to apply for the book and judge for themselves.

OPINION OF THE PRESS.

"THE AMATEUR.—This Gloucester monthly periodical continues to hold its own, unobtrusively but satisfactorily. Among the contents is a poem on the 'Forget-me-not,' by Master W. P. Marling. The subject is hacknied, but it is pleasantly treated by our young fellow citizen."—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.

SUBSCRIPTION—payable in advance:—twelve months 5s. 6d.; which can be remitted, in stamps, to the Editor, Box No. 26, Post Office, Gloucester.

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CONTRIBUTORS must subscribe for one year. Full address is required.

The Amateur :

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

VOL. II. No. 12.] DECEMBER 1st, 1876. [Price 6d.

With this number the "Amateur," as a separate magazine, ceases to exist.

On and after January 1st, next, it will be incorporated with the "Scribbler," and the title of this latter periodical will be

THE SCRIBBLER,

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

THE AMATEUR.

(LATE EDITOR, A. BRANTH, GLOUCESTER.)

The "Scribbler," of which the first number was issued on October 1st, this year, has been started to supply a first class medium for amateur authors. It is printed on fine tinted paper, got up in a neat style, and has already been favourably mentioned and encouraged by the leading north country papers.

The subscription, payable in advance, is 2/6 for the half-year. No further liability than the subscription is incurred by members, who can withdraw their names at the end of a half-year, by giving intimation one month beforehand.

The magazine will be obtainable by any one not a member, from the editor or publishers at the rate of 6d. per copy, or post free 7d. A copy of each number when issued will be forwarded, without charge, to every subscriber residing within the United Kingdom.

All members can send in papers, etc., which *must be original*, and all MSS are carefully read through and discussed by a competent and unbiassed committee.

If suitable for the magazine, the contributions are inserted without comment, but if not up to standard they are reviewed in a space set apart for that purpose.

All further particulars may be obtained from the editor, R. H. Holme, 2, Marianople Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The new magazine will be forwarded to our present subscribers in the usual manner.

A L M A ;
OR,
THE LITTLE MUSIC MISTRESS.
By EMMA MARSHALL.

AUTHOR OF "LIFE'S AFTERMATH,"
"HEIGHTS AND VALLEYS," "THE OLD GATEWAY,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

"THE CLOUD BREAKS."

ALMA's little figure threaded its way swiftly through the busy crowded streets. The shops were still full of Christmas toys, and books, and baubles, but Alma had eyes for none of these. In her heart was the Song of Love and Hope, and a brave determination to do all she could to relieve the pressure which the absolute want of money caused.

As she passed one of the large shops, where ball dresses were standing up on frames—with flounces and trains, to tempt the eyes of the young and fair—she heard two girls say, as they stepped across the pavement to their carriage, "It was a bore that mamma would only let us have the six-guinea dresses, those at eight were so much prettier." Six guineas! What would not Alma have given for the price of one of those creamy-coloured gauzy garments, to put into Mrs. Greene's hard horny hand. She gave a little sigh—for she was young and loved pretty things as much as the two girls now rolling away in their luxurious carriage.

But a little further on, Alma heard another voice, which touched the opposite point in the social compass. A poor, pinched, wan, miserable face was turned on her, with the words: "I be sick of the world, I be—I am starving—give me a penny for the love of Heaven."

Alma's heart was touched at once, she could not pass by; she stopped, and feeling in her pocket, found twopence, which she put into the thin dirty fingers. The hungry gleam in the woman's eye, as she clutched the money, told its own tale.

"There, God bless you, you've saved me from despair," she said. "Poor thing," the sweet musical voice said; "I wish I could do more, but try to have faith in our Heavenly Father's Love, though I know it must be hard for you."

Something near a smile came into that wretched face, as the woman repeated "God bless you." And with that benison little Alma went on her way, cheered and braced for her enterprise.

When she reached Mr. Earl's handsome house, her courage nearly failed, but she rang at the bell, and a manservant opened the door.

"Can I see Mr. Earl?"

The man hesitated. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Miss Merton." The tone was so unmistakeably that of a lady and the little face so pretty and so sweet in its earnestness, that Mr. Earl's old servant acknowledged its power. "If you will walk in, I will enquire if Mr. Earl can see you, Miss."

Alma was left waiting in the large well-carpeted, well-warmed hall, for a few minutes, and then the man returned. "Walk this way, if you please, Miss," he said, and in another moment Alma stood in the presence of the great man. He was seated in a spacious study—an organ at one end, a grand piano of Broadwood's at the other—piles of music on all sides, and before him, on his great library table, sheets of music paper, on which were many cabalistic signs.

Mr. Earl was a small man, with a large forehead, from which grey hair retreated, and beneath were the deep-set mysterious eyes, with which so many musicians have looked out upon their idealized world.

Mr. Earl rose, and made Alma a stiff little bow as she drew near his table. The moment she spoke, he, like his old servant, recognised the quality of his visitor.

"I must beg you to forgive me for troubling of you," she said, "but I am making music my profession, and I thought you might be disposed to help me. I am very poor, and I could not pay much for lessons—at this moment nothing—but I hoped you in your kindness might tell me if you

thought I was competent to teach, and recommend me to such pupils as you may think beneath your notice."

Mr. Earl listened with surprise to the straightforward appeal; but it suited his temperament; he hated all beating about the bush, it only wasted time.

"Will you play to me?" he said, abruptly; and going to the piano, he ran his fingers over the keys. Alma's colour rose, but she took off her gloves and hat, and sat down on the stool Mr. Earl moved towards the piano.

Then he returned to his arm-chair again, and for a moment there was silence. Alma collected herself, and with the first touch of the keys her spirit came upon her. She began with a solemn Adagio in one of Beethoven's Sonata. It seemed to suit the frame in which she found herself. Then on to one of Mendelssohn's Songs—then to a dreamy mysterious Fugue of Bach's—ending with a little bright happy conception of her own.

Mr. Earl rose quickly when Alma paused—"My dear, you have the gift in a wonderful way. I always thank God when I hear anyone able to render like that the meaning of the great masters. Yes, I will help you, I shall be proud to help you. Tell me what I can do, see, take that chair—it is Mrs. Earl's seat when she comes in here to listen to me—and make yourself comfortable."

Alma obeyed, but the sudden sympathy and revulsion of feeling were too much for her. She tried to speak, but tears came instead of words. Then when she was calmer, she told Mr. Earl her story. All the past struggle—the present dire need—the fear that oppressed her.

The little man suddenly rose, as with a new idea: "I have it," he exclaimed, "there is a concert to-morrow night in St. Pancras Hall; Miss Rosetti, who was to have played a solo, and a duet with me, has just telegraphed to say, she has sprained her wrist, and that she cannot come. You shall fill her place—you shall have her fee, my dear, and as many pupils as I can find for you. There, there, don't cry again. Why on earth did you not come to me before? Now we shall have a little wine and refreshment," he said, ringing the bell, "and then we will go over the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and you shall choose your

own Solo. What shall I give you for this first appearance? Half Miss Rosetti's fee—will that do? It will be ten guineas!"

Alma could scarcely speak, her astonishment was so great. "Oh! thank you," she said at last, her face flushed with delight, "but I never played in public in my life; I am not worthy to play with you."

"I am the best judge of that," Mr. Earl said, almost sharply; but seeing her look of distress, he added: "You must know what your power is, and I know that the music will lift you above any nonsense or shyness. Come take some wine and water and biscuits, and then we will try to do our best."

This direct speaking was just what Alma wanted. When she sat down to the piano with Mr. Earl, all her fears vanished. How was it possible not to play with him? They went through the duet twice, then Mr. Earl marked several passages, and gave her the music to take home.

"And my Solo?" Alma asked timidly.

"That Fugue of Bach's for one thing, and the Concerto in D of Mendelssohn's. If you are encored, play something else. It will be a Classical Concert in the small room at St. Pancras Hall. I will send my carriage round for you to-morrow at six. You shall, if you will, dine with me and Mrs. Earl, and we will rehearse before we start; all this time, I am forgetting to ask where you live?"

"In Preston Street—No. 14," Alma answered.

"Preston Street!" Mr. Earl repeated questioningly. "Ah! I think I know, near the New Gymnasium."

Alma still lingered, but felt as if she ought to say more. "Mr. Palmer, the Rector of St. Catherine's Church, knows us very well, if you want any reference about me; and I have four pupils at Miss Smith's School in Clare Street."

"Very good, my dear: if I want any information I will apply for it. Now Goodbye."

"Goodbye, and oh! so many thanks. I have now some hope that I shall get on."

"Of course you will, and you may depend upon my help now."

How swiftly Alma's feet flew over the pavements, on her homeward way. It was nothing now to her that the shops

were full of ball dresses—that carriages were rolling up and down Broad Street with their gay freight of pretty girls, to whom life was like one great holiday. When Alma reached her little humble dwelling, and, springing upstairs, told her tale of success to her mother, there was no heart in England lighter or happier than hers.

“But to play in public, darling, will you not feel nervous?”

“No, Mother, not when I am once begun; Mr. Earl says the music will lift me out of myself, and besides, I shall be thinking of you mother and the boys, and—” she bent her head down—“and of Herbert. He shall not be ashamed of me when he hears I played at Mr. Earl’s Concert.”

Alma was ready in her white muslin by 5.30. the next afternoon. Mrs. Greene was all interest and excitement at the idea of Mr. Earl’s carriage arriving at her door, and just before the appointed hour, she came up breathlessly, holding high above the heads of the children a bunch of flowers.

“There! you know Tom Fuller—he is n’t bad natured when the drink is out, and when I was buying some celery to flavour the old man’s broth a bit, I saw these flowers. Lor, I said, I wish I could get ’em for my young lady, who is going off in a carriage and pair to play at a grand concert. ‘Well, says he, I have had ’em a day, and if you won’t tell the Missus you shall have ’em, as you deals regular for all your green stuff with me.’ Now then, I do hope you like the flowers.”

“Yes indeed, Mrs. Greene; here mother,” said Alma, kneeling down, “put some of the ferns and this lovely camellia in my hair.”

Mrs. Merton smiled proudly on the little bowed head, and when it was decorated, the effect was so charming that Mrs. Greene said:

“Do’ee look in the chimney-glass, my dear, afore you go. Well, I declare, that’s the carriage,” she said,—bustling to the window—“Come, I’ll put you in—take up your skirt—ah! I remember when I last saw you in this dress—it’s a thousand pities somebody can’t see you now.”

“Goodbye, goodbye, Sissy,” the children shouted.

"Goodbye, darlings; you will see they go to bed at the right time, Mrs. Greene;" and with a last kiss to her mother Alma was gone.

The small room at St. Pancras Hall was full. Those who frequented these Classical Concerts were mostly real lovers of music, although there was a sprinkling of those who went, either to kill time or to look at their neighbours, remark on their hair, dress, or behaviour, and indulge in as much whispered conversation as decency would allow. Amongst the latter was Mrs. Law, who had had the offer of two tickets at a late hour, and had carried off Herbert, who had just arrived from London, to the Concert. He had telegraphed his successful examination early in the day, and had appeared himself in the afternoon. His mother was greatly in fear as to where he would betake himself in the evening, and considered the concert tickets a most fortunate solution of the difficulty. It was even worth the expense of a fly, if Herbert could be prevailed upon to go.

"Such a delightful concert, dear, and besides, I am so proud to be seen with you, after your success."

Herbert shrugged his shoulders. "Take Leo, mother, she is the musical genius."

"Oh! no, dear, Mrs. Law exclaimed; Leo is too young for this sort of thing—do come."

Herbert yielded, but truth compels me to say he was not a very interesting companion. He yawned in the midst of the great opening piece played by Mr. Earl and a celebrated local violinist, and his mother in vain tried to draw him into conversation, in the pause which followed, with a young lady on the seat before them, who was the daughter of one of the richest merchants in the place.

Presently Mr. Earl appeared on the small platform where the performers were collected, and said: "In consequence of an accident, the lady whose name appeared in the programmes was not able to appear, he had therefore to inform the audience that her place would be supplied in the piano-forte duet and solo by a young lady, whom it gave him great pleasure to introduce as Miss Alma Merton."

The name acted as an electric shock on both mother and son. Mrs. Law's face became rigid, and then a contemptuous curl of her lip was the only sign she made of recognizing the little dainty figure, clothed in white, Mr. Earl led to the piano.

"How young she looks," several exclaimed; "Quite a child;" "Who is she?" "It is rather a sell though." But Herbert's listlessness vanished; he leaned forward, and gave himself up to the contemplation of her whom he loved well and faithfully as befits a true-hearted man.

There was no sign of hurry or nervousness in Alma, and she performed her part well. When the duet was over there was prolonged applause.

"It was all Mr. Earl's playing of course," said a lady, near Mrs. Law, "but she is a very nice little person—so quiet and lady-like."

Then the programme was proceeded with, and at last Alma's solo came on. Mr. Earl led Alma on, and seated her at the piano, standing near her as if to give her courage. There was a pause rather longer than usual, and one at least in the audience waited in breathless expectation. At last the piano spoke—no trembling uncertain sound—and, as the sounds rose, the courage of the performer rose with them. Soon her full power came on her, and when she ceased, she was rapturously encored. She went on, as Mr. Earl advised, and played with all her heart—bright visions before her, which the audience knew nothing of—of her mother and little Guy, with all they needed, furnished by her hand—of Herbert rejoicing in her—of his love—and as she played she turned, and for the first time, looked down on the benches. His face was looking up at hers, and a smile of proud recognition was on it.

Thunders of applause followed her at last, as Mr. Earl led her away. She had to return again and again to bow in answer to the kind reception she had had; and then she sat in the little room behind the orchestra, filled with joyful happy thoughts I have no words to tell.

The concert was over; and, as the crowd dispersed on all sides, Mrs. Law heard:

"Most delightful; where did Mr. Earl pick her up?"
 "A true musician," said another; "who can she be?"

"I will tell you,"—said a voice Herbert recognised as Amy Jones's—"It is Miss Merton; she played at Mrs. Law's dance in the autumn."

"Yes," said a hard metallic voice near, "Yes, she is *only* a little music mistress whom I employed for pure charity—Herbert!" but Mrs. Law spoke to the thin air, or rather to the thick Ulster of a young man, who was elbowing his way to secure his sister's carriage, and was not Herbert at all.

He was waiting at the door of the Hall where the performers were coming out. Alma appeared almost directly, leaning on Mr. Earl's arm. "I have been listening to you with much pleasure," he began. "I have passed my first examination, and I am all right; I shall come and see you to-morrow."

Mr. Earl turned and faced Herbert, saying, in his abrupt way: "We are stopping the line of carriages, suppose you reserve the rest till to-morrow."

Herbert had only time to press Alma's hand in his, and then he was obliged to leave her and return to his mother.

CHAPTER VI.

"TURN FORTUNE, TURN THY WHEEL."

FROM that memorable evening, there was a turn of Fortune's wheel for Alma Merton. Her name as a musician was established, and Mr. Earl, by his useful teaching, added to her style the finish which characterised his own. There was no undue elation in Alma—nothing of conceit or self-sufficiency. The simplicity of true genius characterised her.

She had more offers to play at concerts than she could accept, and private pupils came pouring in on her.

Two years passed thus, and still, though faithful to Herbert, she would not engage herself to him without the consent of his friends. Perhaps there was a little pride here. A rebuff, like Mrs. Law's, in the days of sore need could not be so easily forgotten. After the first year, Mrs. Greene being rid of her troublesome and exacting old gentleman, took a larger and better house, in

the Queen's Park. As Alma could now pay her a higher rent for her rooms, she was enabled to start well in this new venture, and another permanent lodger secured her expenses. Her devotion to, and pride in Alma knew no bounds, and she repaid this devotion by thoughtful kindness and affection. Mrs. Merton could not help feeling a thrill of regret, when again and again Alma refused a proposal of marriage from one of the richest men in monied Coppersworth. But Alma was firm, and only smiled when her mother hinted that she could not always go on working as she did without breaking down. Still it was impossible to mourn and lament over anyone who was as bright and happy as a bird, and as healthy and strong as heart could desire.

Herbert Law never failed to call on the Mertons when he came to Coppersworth, but all his entreaties that Alma would consent to an engagement were in vain, for Alma, though loving and tender, was firm, and, perhaps, the very bar between her and his love intensified and strengthened it.

One evening, just two years after the dance at Mrs. Law's house, the Mertons were gathered in their pretty cheerful sitting room—less circumscribed in its limits than the one in Preston Street, and full of many pretty simple adornments which Alma provided from time to time. The two elder boys were preparing their lessons for the school they now attended, and little Guy was listening to a story Alma read by the fire in a low voice. Presently steps were heard on the stairs, and Mrs. Greene came up, and throwing open the door, announced in a loud and not very pleasant voice—"Mrs. Law."

Mrs. Merton started upright on her sofa, and Alma, moving from her low seat before the fire, advanced to greet their visitor with quiet dignity. Mrs. Law was by no means dignified nor at ease. She tried to be patronizing but failed, she was a mother after all, and a mother who loved her children—Herbert most of all.

"Miss Merton," she said, "I don't know when you last heard from my son."

"I *never* hear from him, Mrs. Law,"—and then with a

few words spoken in a low tone, she despatched her little brothers to pay Mrs. Greene a visit downstairs.

Mrs. Law looked incredulous, and became more and more confused and incoherent. "Well, be that as it may, Miss Merton, my son Herbert is very ill. He has strained his leg severely, and he has been overworking himself, his father thinks; he came home a few days ago, so ill—so altered—so—."

The mother triumphed—the daughter of Sir Peter Pursewell vanished—and poor Mrs. Law burst into tears, and then between her sobs, said: "Will you come and see him."

Alma's bright face had become very pale, and she turned a look of distress and appeal on her mother. "I must go, mother," she said, in a low faltering voice.

"He is craving to see you," Mrs. Law went on, "and I say let bygones be bygones; I am not one to bear any grudge, though of course it was only natural we should object to—; but I am sure I didn't wish to be unreasonable, and though professional people——."

Alma had now collected her energies, and said, calmly: "Mrs. Law, I will come and see Herbert—for no one can love him better than I do—but I must know distinctly from you, that you withdraw the charges you made against me two years ago. So deeply did they wound me and my mother—so little had I deserved them. I cannot forget the terms on which you dismissed me, when for a year I had done my best for your children."

"Alma is perfectly right, Mrs. Law; she ought to receive a full apology for the manner in which you treated her."

"Apology!" Mrs. Law exclaimed; and then the remembrance of Herbert lying on the sofa, lame and ill, stopped her. "My dear, I am sure I wish to receive you kindly, if you will meet me half way, and come back with me now. I am very very anxious and miserable"—and Mrs. Law's tears burst forth afresh.

Alma went up to her, and said: "I will come with you at once, and I am only too glad to be of any comfort to you."

It was with very mingled feelings that Alma entered the house in Cornwall Square, which she had not seen for

two years. She resolutely avoided it in her many walks, and now, when she paused at the door, a host of recollections swept through her. How changed her position, how good God had been to her, blessing her efforts, crowning her life with goodness. But she was not prepared for the sight which met her eager eye, as she followed Mrs. Law into the drawing room, where Herbert lay on a sofa, pale, spiritless, and weak. Thin and worn, he rose with evident pain to meet her, and sinking back unable to stand he could only say, faintly, "So you have come at last."

Alma knelt down by him, and laid her head upon his breast, and thus they remained too full of tears for words, for some minutes.

"You have been very persistent and hard on me, my Alma, and I thought, perhaps, the news was true that you were going to marry Walter Barton."

Alma raised her head and looked with her straight steadfast glance into his face: "Herbert you did *not* really think so."

"Well, darling, it would be a far better thing than holding on to a poor broken down wretch like me."

"Nonsense," she said, rallying herself, "You will be as well as ever very soon; you only want rest and feeding, and—"

"You?—"

"And me?" she answered.

It is needless to rehearse more of what passed, we can all fill up the hour for ourselves, in which Mrs Law left Alma and Herbert together.

His recovery was very slow, and it was not till the early summer that he was able to take any part in his father's practice. But those who had waited so long, could afford to wait still, and Alma, hopeful, energetic, and bright, relaxed none of her efforts, and became more and more famous in Coppersworth. She found in Doctor Law a true father and friend, and the large tribe of Herbert's brothers and sisters made much of her.

Mrs. Law was never tired of proclaiming that Miss Merton had refused the most brilliant offers of marriage

for the sake of her Herbert, and had shewn thereby her taste and discrimination.

At last the reward came. Herbert, established in practice, was able to engage a pretty house in Queen's Park, near Mrs. Merton, and there he took his bride at the close of the second year of their engagement.

Coppersworth, was, on the whole, satisfied. Mrs. Herbert Law was universally sought after, and her music at evening parties was looked upon as the greatest attraction.

She was as ready to play as ever, and Mr. Earl rejoiced in her. In him and Mrs. Earl, Alma found the truest friends of her whole life.

And now we must leave her, knowing well that her bright energetic spirit, her faith, and her courageous effort, for those whom she loves, will stand her in good stead in the battle of life.

For though the troubles and difficulties of the Little Music Mistress are left behind, there will be for Alma, as for us all, cares and trials, worries and vexations.

But we will not fear for her; she has grasped the golden thread which will guide her safely on; and if her simple story shall stimulate others to follow in her steps, it will not have been written in vain.

THE END.

"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

By AGNES DRAKE.

(concluded.)

ALAS! alas! did she forget that her father looked more and more careworn as the days and weeks went by? Did she forget that trouble and anxiety were snapping the thread of her mother's weary fretful life; was she blind to the fact that luxuries and even comforts that used to abound at River Villa, had for sometime become things of the past. Rymer Wallace began to visit them again, and all looked brighter. Then came a sore time for Hetty—

no letter from Jamie—no letter, day after day, week after week, still no letter; but she knew she should hear soon—to-morrow perhaps—it might be he was nearly home. Oh dear thought! she would wear the white dress he always liked, this very evening! Who should say when he might come now. It was over a year ago he sailed, would he think her so pretty as she used to be? She had lost her colour rather lately, and her eyes had taken a wistful far away look; her hands were white and thin as she fastened a late blossoming rose into her hair, and robed in her shimmering dress, carefully regardful to preserve its purity from damp grass or gravel path (for might not Jamie be coming to her this very evening); she waited at the wicket gate for the postman—or Jamie.

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What is it! what is it! what has this cold official letter to do with Jamie! dear heaven, she must be going mad. This is the account of a ship going down at sea—"James Thorn, second lieutenant amongst the missing crew"—oh Jamie! Jamie! Poor Mr. Thorn, the sailor's father stands aghast. When he came up to the wicket gate the sorrowful bearer of the dread tidings, he had meant to break it to her quietly and gently, but no sooner had he taken the fateful letter from his pocket, than the white stoled figure at the gate stretched out a hand and took it from him, and with one exceeding bitter cry Hetty fell a crumpled heap at his feet.

They carried her in and laid her on her mother's bed, thinking she would comfort her; poor woman! she could pillow the bright head on her shoulder; she could take the crushed rose from the silky hair; she could look with tearful dismay at the drawn mouth and haggard eyes; she could whisper vain platitudes and goodly sayings; but that was all. Slowly and painfully Hetty came back to life. "The days of our years are threescore years and ten." Why should we live when joy is done with? Why drag on a wretched hopeless existence? Jamie was dead, would that she could die too. Her youth, her strength, which unconsciously she used to please herself with, had now become unbearable burdens. Ah, Hetty! Hetty! you

must learn yet another lesson—one taught us by many a heartache, many a sorrow, one some of us learn so slowly, so painfully, that grey hairs steal upon us, and our feet stand trembling on the verge of the grave, yet still we are spelling it over letter by letter, word by word.

During this sad time, Rymer Wallace showed himself a perfect friend, without forcing himself into notice or wearying by his attentions. When Hetty lay on a couch by the parlour window, looking with large sad eyes at the storm-driven clouds or pale winter sunshine, he would sit, and patiently talk to her father, or amuse the boys, so that she might rest undisturbed. Lovely exotics and baskets of grapes came constantly from his hot houses; the last new book lay by her side; if her couch wanted moving, it was his strong arms that pushed it; was she fretful, he was patient; did passionate bursts of sorrow shake the frail young frame, his upraised hand forbade the fussy, fidgety sympathy, that seemed to drive her wild. As the sun shone warmer with the glad spring time, a little pony carriage waited every day before the villa. Rymer would gently help Hetty in, and wrapping her up carefully, they would spend hours driving through the pretty lanes or over the breezy downs, and come home—she, with a faint pink on her cheeks and her lap full of early primroses; he, with that hope in his heart which had been so cruelly blighted, putting forth fresh and stronger blossoms.

So the days and months went by. Mr. Vaughan had told his friend of pecuniary troubles weighing heavier than ever on him. Rymer had revealed to Mr. Vaughan the hope he cherished of calling Hetty his wife. The father was surprised at first, and found himself calculating his friend's years, but it was astonishing how soon he began to consider that there was no one into whose keeping he should so like to commit the happiness of his daughter. Poor man! He feared there would be some difficulty with regard to Hetty—but still it would be such a good thing for her—Jamie was gone—he would never have interfered between them had he lived—but to know that his favourite child was so well settled and provided for, would lighten the load of care he bore and send him happy to his grave. All this he genuinely felt, and now that Hetty had taken

her place in the household again, he never ceased to instil it into her mind. He was her poor old father—her mother needed many a luxury he could not possibly afford—her brothers ought to be at a good school, they were growing up rude and uncultured. Rymer Wallace doted on her—his kindness was something wonderful—he, ^{her} poor father, could not possibly have got over the last year had it not been for help generously extended him by his friend—*his* friend! *her* friend, for surely it was for her sake—surely, surely his child would think it all over—it was not for himself, he should soon be gone, but for *her own* sake more than others. He had nothing to leave her, not a penny. Was she able or calculated to earn a living for herself? Surely it was for her good to accept the love and home of such a man as Wallace!

He never pleaded her own sake but once: “ah! stay, father, stay, to help you or mother, but *not* for my own sake. I would rather go out as a servant—I would rather beg my bread from door to door than marry Mr. Wallace, feeling for him as I do. How can I vow to ‘love’ him when I know that I love him not? I wish I was dead and at rest.”

And Hetty ceased to take pleasure even in the drives that did her so much good—to have Wallace always by her side—to watch his care for her—to feel his hand resting on hers—to note his love shown in a hundred different ways—disgusted, sickened, humbled her. Many and many an hour she would sit in her mother’s room on some pretence or other, whilst he fidgeted and fidgeted about in the house, or out in the garden, longing for her to come down, but fearing to ask for her; and Mary would take care she was left in peace, for she saw how it was with her nursling. “They’ll drive her into the grave betwixt them,” she would mutter.

But before the summer roses were in bloom, she had promised to become Wallace’s wife, not with a shy gladness, making music in her heart, as it did that other time now two years ago, but with a listless indifference. Yet since it *was* indifference, Hetty thought it would do; it was the old song:—

"My father urg'd me sair, my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break."

So her father kissed her and blessed her, her mother even seemed pleased, however happy Wallace felt he made no particular demonstration—which was wise and prudent. Things went on just the same as before. It is true, some few letters worn with much reading and stained with tears, were carefully locked away, and with them was put a locket with a curl of yellow hair in it, and a small hoop of pearls, which Hetty took off her finger and lay reverently, tenderly by the side of the packet of letters, and soft silky bit of hair.

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Hetty has been married a few weeks, she and her husband returned to their home two or three days ago. A handsome home it is, one anyone might be proud of, a comfortable English mansion surrounded by its own shrubberies, orchards, hothouses; but the new made wife takes no pleasure in it; she looks up at its many windows twinkling in the Autumn sunshine, and longs to "flee away and be at rest"—longs for liberty again. Oh! to be free once more! Oh! to have done with the sorry shams that envelope her day by day. It is true Wallace knew she did not love him when he married her. He married her despite that want of love, hoping, thinking he could win it, only give him time. He thought such kindness as his must win any woman's love. But he had not won it and he knew it, and the pained look in his eyes as he watched her wretched attempts to respond to his love and caresses added to her trouble.

The wind is keen, and she shivers, wrapt up warmly as she is, she wanders up and down the garden aimlessly, listlessly; she, who such a short while ago could scarce walk steadily but must run or dance, or chase Nero, her mastiff puppy, now paces slowly, quietly, from path to path, from lawn to lawn. She does not like the shrubberies, "they are cold," she tells Wallace; the wind moans so dismally amongst the trees; and she hates the smell of the pines.

So in the garden she walks, the wind rustles the poor

dead leaves, and whispers sad warnings to the pale chrysanthemums in their shadowy beauty; Nero demurely follows, looking at her sometimes with solemn and surprised tenderness; she has reached the iron fence at the end of the path by the orchard, and is looking at the distant hills, dimly regardful of their changeful tints, when a short sharp bark from the dog causes her to turn her head. Someone is standing by the orchard wall, looking at her. Ah! yes, someone she knew—how long ago? Let us think!—many years—surely many years—someone who kissed her once in the pine wood by the river—who fitted on her finger a tiny hoop of pearls. Yes! yes! the ring was locked away,—she had never looked at it since *her* marriage eve—the ring, his letters, and a curl of his hair—he was drowned—Jamie was dead—this was his wraith! Yes, it was fading away—it *was* his ghost! “Darling, I have come back to marry you.” Ah! it is Jamie himself! Her white lips refuse to utter a sound—she puts up her hands as if to ward off a blow—then comes a cry, a faint quivering sound like a child in pain.

Is there anything more to tell?—of that one kiss they took—of how Jamie, when he knew the truth, went off to sea again—the song does not tell us so, but no doubt he did.

And Hetty? We know she tried to live her sorrow down—she would not, must not think of Jamie; so she took the only mementoes she possessed of her first love into her hands once more; she tied them all carefully together—and though her heart rebelled bitterly against it—with a whispered prayer for him, for her husband, and for herself, she dropped the packet into the river. She might cherish memories of the dead, but the living she must forget. She would try with all her power to make a good wife—she would strive to take an interest in what her husband liked—she would sing to him of an evening “in the gloamin,” for he loved it—she would get out her habit and ride with him as he wished her to—heaven helping her, she would at any rate make *him* happy; he deserved to be, he was “sae kind.”

A VISIT TO SWEDEN.

BY HECTOR.

(concluded.)

OUR journey from Skalstiernstugan to Suulstuen, the first station on the Norwegian side of the frontier, and, including a visit made to a Lapp Encampment, has already been spoken of, by me, in this magazine.

After the Suul River Valley, we passed the Stations of Garnøes, Nøes, etc., and then came to the pretty Værdals valley.

Levanger is situated on the east shore of the Værdals Fjord. It has the appearance of a small English maritime town, and the houses look very neat and clean. There is quite a picturesque little fleet of traders to be seen in the bay. Having stayed a day or so at this town, we took a southerly direction, and made for Drontheim or Trondhjem.

Few drives will be found to surpass the one between Levanger and Trondhjem. Skirting the sea for many miles, now high up, now nearly on the sea level, rounding innumerable headlands, islands and bays, rendered still more attractive by the numbers of beautiful sea birds of great variety; the road is one that could scarcely fail to charm the minds of the most apathetic, or fault-finding people.

After a drive of fifty English miles, we arrived at Trondhjem. The streets of many of these northern towns are so much alike, that unless very familiar with the locality, nothing is easier than to mistake one for another, notwithstanding the knowledge you may have from former visits. At length a landmark or two refreshed my memory, and we reached the hotel. Having stayed here a couple of days, we started for Bergen, by the "Nordstjernen," leaving the Fjord, late one evening, amidst the usual confusion of boats, luggage, and a babel of tongues. The night was fine and attended by a refreshing breeze, that breeze so very suggestive to some, of what it may be when fairly out

in the "open." We soon saw the town lights one by one disappear, and then the light on Munkholm Island, and another two or three hours, found most of the passengers asleep, trying to get all the rest they could before it might get rough.

On our voyage homewards we touched at several places, Aalesund, Christiansund, Molde, etc., etc. At one little town where we stopped to take in cargo, I saw the Aurora Borealis in great perfection, though not so marvellously grand as those nearer to the Polar regions. The special softness and beauty of the tints were really exquisite, and called forth much admiration from two old northern travellers.

Once more did I see the fine town of Bergen before me, and here we stayed on this occasion some days, during which we rowed, bathed, and journeyed up to the Fjelds, the views from which heights were very fine, and especially one evening, when on the high mountain to the North East of the town, did we admire a sunset of the most extravagant kind, regarding brilliancy, variety of colour, and the numerous fantastic forms and shapes assumed by the tinted clouds. The sunsets on the Norwegian coast are proverbially grand.

The last night of our stay in Bergen, we visited the theatre, where a good French company were performing "*Les Diamans de la Couronne*."

The voyage down to Stavanger being mostly inside the islands, was smooth, and with fine weather, we were able to view this iron bound coast to advantage. It is strikingly bold, rugged, and grand in the extreme, and quite peculiar to Norway. We stayed some little time at Stavanger, to embark horses and sheep, during which we went on shore, and visited the Cathedral. The building, however, was in repair.

This was the last landing we made on Scandinavian ground.

After a rough passage, we entered the Humber, when the sea grew calmer, and the sun, in all his glory, burst through the clouds, and bid us welcome on England's homely shores.

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